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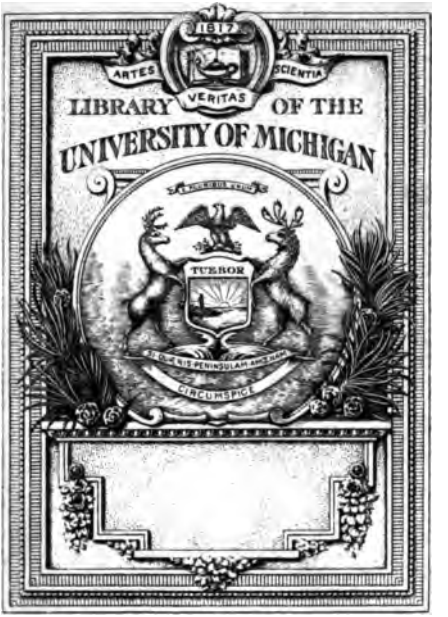
Henry Crabb



From the Library of
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THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

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TATLER.

N° 145—209.

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THE TATLER.

N° 145. TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1709-10.

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 103.

Ah! What ill eyes bewitch my tender lambs?

White's Chocolate-house, March 13.

THIS evening was allotted for taking into consideration a late request of two indulgent parents, touching the care of a young daughter, whom they design to send to a boarding-school, or keep at home, according to my determination; but I am diverted from that subject by letters which I have received from several ladies, complaining of a certain *sect* of professed enemies to the repose of the fair sex, called Oglers. These are, it seems, gentlemen who look with deep attention on one object at the play-houses, and are ever staring all round them in churches. It is urged by my correspondents, that they do all that is possible to keep their eyes off these insnarers; but that, by what power they know not, both their diversions and devotions are interrupted by them in such a manner, as that they

cannot attend to either, without stealing looks the persons whose eyes are fixed upon them. this means, my petitioners say, they find thei selves grow insensibly less offended, and in tir enamoured of these their enemies. What is r quired of me on this occasion is, that as I love a study to preserve the better part of mankind, the males, I would give them some account of this da gerous way of assault; against which there is little defence, that it lays ambush for the sig itself, and makes them seeingly, knowingly, w ingly, and forcibly, go on to their own captivity.

This representation of the present state of affa between the two sexes gave me very much aları and I had no more to do, but to recollect wha had seen at any one assembly for some years l past, to be convinced of the truth and justice this remonstrance. If there be not a stop put this evil art, all the modes of address, and the e gant embellishments of life, which arise out of t noble passion of love, will of necessity decay. W would be at the trouble of rhetoric, or study t *Bon Mien*, when his introduction is so much eas obtained by a sudden reverence in a down-cast lc at the meeting the eye of a fair lady, and beginni again to *ogle* her as soon as she glances anotl way? I remember very well, when I was last at opera, I could perceive the eyes of the whole au ence cast into particular cross angles one upon a other, without any manner of regard to the sta though king Latinus was himself present when made that observation. It was then very pleasant look into the hearts of the whole company; for balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes spectacles to another to read his heart with. T most ordinary beholder can take notice of any v lent agitation in the mind, any pleasing transpc

' any inward grief, in the person he looks at; but
ie of these Oglers can see a studied indifference, a
ncealed love, or a smothered resentment, in the
ry glances that are made to hide those dispositions
' thought. The naturalists tell us, that the rattle-
ake will fix himself under a tree where he sees a
uirrel playing; and when he has once got the
:change of a glance from the pretty wanton, will
ve it such a sudden stroke on its imagination,
at though it may play from bough to bough, and
ive to avert its eyes from it for some time, yet it
mes nearer and nearer by little intervals of looking
other way, until it drops into the jaws of the ani-
al, which it knew gazed at it for no other reason
it to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of phi-
sophy until that night I was just now speaking of;
it I then saw the same thing pass between an Ogler
d a Coquette. Mirtillo, the most learned of the
rmer, had for some time discontinued to visit
avia, no less eminent among the latter. They
dustriously avoided all places where they might
obably meet, but chance brought them together to
e play-house, and seated them in a direct line
'er-against each other, she in a front *box*, he in
pit next the stage. As soon as Flavia had re-
ived the looks of the whole crowd below her with
at air of insensibility, which is necessary at the
st entrance, she began to look round her, and
w the vagabond Mirtillo, who had so long ab-
nted himself from her circle; and when she first
scovered him, she looked upon him with that
ance, which in the language of Oglers is called
le *Scornful*, bu immediately turned her observa-
on another way, and returned upon him with the
ndifferent. This gave Mirtillo no small resent-
ent; but he used her accordingly. He took care
be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes

full in the *Indolent*, with his lips crumpled up, in the posture of one whistling. Her anger at this usage immediately appeared in every muscle of her face, and after many emotions, which glistened in her eyes, she cast them round the whole house, and gave them softness in the face of every man she had ever seen before. After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As soon as the first act was over, she stood up with a visage full of dissembled alacrity and pleasure, with which she overlooked the audience, and at last came to him; he was then placed in a side-way, with his hat slouched over his eyes, and gazing at a wench in the side-box, as talking of that gypsy to the gentleman who sat by him. But, as she fixed upon him, he turned suddenly with a full face upon her, and, with all the respect imaginable, made her the most obsequious bow in the presence of the whole theatre. This gave her a pleasure not to be concealed; and she made him the recovering, or second courtsy, with a smile that spoke a perfect reconciliation. Between the ensuing acts, they talked to each other with gestures and glances so significant, that they ridiculed the whole house in this silent speech, and made an appointment that Mirtillo should lead her to her coach.

The peculiar language of one eye, as it differs from another, as much as the tone of one voice from another, and the fascination or enchantment, which is lodged in the optic nerves of the persons concerned in these dialogues, is, I must confess, too nice a subject for one who is not an adept in these speculations; but I shall, for the good and safety of the fair sex, call my learned friend Sir William Read to my assistance, and, by the help of his observations on this organ, acquaint them when

the eye is to be believed, and when distrusted. On the contrary, I shall conceal the true meaning of the looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: all which is but too little against creatures who triumph in falsehood, and begin to forswear with their eyes, when their tongues can be no longer believed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** A very clean well behaved young gentleman, who is in a very good way in Cornhill, has writ to me the following lines; and seems in some passages of his letter, which I omit, to lay it very much to heart, that I have not spoken of a supernatural beauty whom he sighs for, and complains to in most elaborate language. Alas! What can a Monitor do? All mankind live in romance.

"*Royal Exchange, March* 11.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Some time since, you were pleased to mention the beauties in the New-Exchange and Westminster-hall, and in my judgment were not very impartial; for if you were pleased to allow there was one *Goddess* in the New-Exchange, and two *Shepherdesses* in Westminster-hall*, you very well might say, there was and is at present one *Angel* in the Royal-Exchange: and I humbly beg the favour of you to let justice be done her, by inserting this in your next Tatler; which will make her my good *Angel*, and me your most humble servant,

A. B."

* See Tatler, No. 139.

N° 146. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1709-

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu, et cæca magnâque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.
JUV. Sat. x. 347, &

Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel:
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs, but to the gods alone
Our future offspring and our wives are known.
DRY

From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMONG the various sets of correspondents who ply to me for advice, and send up their cases f all parts of Great-Britain, there are none wh more importunate with me, and whom I am r inclined to answer, than the Complainers. Or them dates his letter to me from the banks purling stream, where he used to ruminate in tude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is looking about for a convenient leap, which he me he is resolved to take, unless I support under the loss of that charming perjured wor Poor Lavinia presses as much for consolation on

other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an antient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another, who I believe is serious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot-heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly! Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities. Many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot: and many an hero cast into a fit of melancholy, because the rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running horse, Suffenus in a

gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory, for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam*, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with blessings, and the other with misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that, as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences; Ocean gave in his trident, Earth her fruits, and the Sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the

* Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to those, to those distributes ills;
To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and Heaven.
POPE'S Hom. Il. xiv. ver. 863.

Destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right-hand; but, as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that, having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The *three* Sisters immediately repaired to the earth in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but, instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

N° 147. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1709-10.

——*Ut ameris, amabilis esto.*

OVID.

——Be lovely, that you may be lov'd.

From my own Apartment, March 17.

READING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this r n, virtue which we gather from a fable, or an a ry, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues t accompany it.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he had con-

braces, without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that, without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in *lotuses*, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman, who has a mind to preserve, or recall the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the *cestus* in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their

husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste "of two hundred and sixteen hogsheads, which are to be put to sale at twenty pounds a hogshead, at Garraway's coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the twenty-second instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in major Long's vaults from the twentieth instant until the time of sale." This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impanelled a jury of men of nice palates, and strong heads, who, being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict until three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, "Extra-a-ordinary French claret." For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right-good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I must, at the same time, do myself the justice to let the world know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a fishmonger, consisting of a collar of brawn, and a joll of salmon;

but, not finding them excellent in their kinds, I ha the integrity to eat them both up, without speaki one word of them. However, for the future, I sha have an eye to the diet of this great city, and wil recommend the best and most wholesome food t them, if I receive these proper and respectful notice from the sellers; that it may not be said hereafter that my readers were better taught than fed.

N° 148. TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1709-10.

——Gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus.

JUV. Sat. xi. 1

They ransack ev'ry element for choice
Of ev'ry fish and fowl, at any price.

CONGREVE

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my last paper, that I desig to take under my inspection the Diet of this gr city, I shall begin with a very earnest and seriou exhortation to all my well-disposed readers, that the would return to the food of their forefathers, and re concile themselves to beef and mutton. This w the diet which bred that hardy race of mortals wh won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt. I need no go up so high as the history of Guy earl of Warwick who is well known to have eaten up a dun cow o his own killing. The renowned king Arthur is ge

looked upon as the first who ever sat down
) a whole roasted ox, which was certainly the best
ay to preserve the gravy; and it is further added
at he and his knights sat about it at his round ta-
le, and usually consumed it to the very bones be-
re they would enter upon any debate of moment.
he Black Prince was a professed lover of the Brisket;
et to mention the history of the Surloin, or the in-
itution of the order of Beef-eaters; which are all
) many evident and undeniable marks of the great
spect, which our warlike predecessors have paid to
iis excellent food. The tables of the antient gen-
y of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot
ast beef; and I am credibly informed, by an anti-
uary who has searched the registers in which the
ills of fare of the court are recorded, that instead
f tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed
f late years, the maids of honour in queen Eliza-
eth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their
reakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute
ong our valiant countrymen; but was formerly
bserved to be the food rather of men of nice and
elicate appetites, than those of strong and robust
nstitutions. For which reason, even to this day,
e use the word *Sheep-biter* as a term of reproach,
we do *Beef-eater* in a respectful and honourable
nse. As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and
her animals under age, they were the invention of
ckly and degenerate palates, according to that
holesome remark of Daniel the historian; who
kes notice, that in all taxes upon provisions du-
ng the reigns of several of our kings, there is no-
ing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and
ittle as were arrived at their full growth, and were
ature for slaughter. The common people of this
ngdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors;
id it is to this that we, in a great measure, owe

the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricassees and ragoûts.

For this reason, we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry who have been educated among the woods or mountains. Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families, to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it; as physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a French ragoût to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false Delicates are, to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes, not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses, but what would offend those of their inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and, as the phrase is, "eats well." At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me, I took to be a roasted porcupine, however did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed, that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several hashes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I saw something like a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but, to my great surprize, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility, "I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death." I must confess, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died so tragical a death. I was now in great hunger and confusion, when methought I smelled the agreeable savour of roast beef; but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head I saw a noble surloin on the side-table smoaking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see without some indignation that substantial English dish banished in so

ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickshaws.

The desert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plums, disposed like so many heaps of hailstones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them; and was half angry with the rest of the company, that, for the sake of a piece of lemon peel, or a sugar-plum, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with *lumps of ice*, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over, I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house. For as I in every thing love what is simple and natural, so particularly in my food; two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenuous friends, would make me more pleased and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my maxim, That "he keeps the greatest table who has the most valuable company at it."

N° 149. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1709-10.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

It has often been a solid grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious nation, which is the scene of public happiness and liberty, that there are still crowds of private tyrants, against whom there neither is any law now in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. These cruel men are ill-natured husbands. The commerce in the conjugal state is so delicate, that it is impossible to prescribe rules for the conduct of it, so as to fit ten thousand nameless pleasures and disquietudes which arise to people in that condition. But it is in this as in some other nice cases, where touching upon the malady tenderly is half way to the cure; and there are some faults which need only to be observed, to be amended. I am put into this way of thinking by a late conversation, which I am going to give an account of.

I made a visit the other day to a family for which I have a great honour, and found the father, the mother, and two or three of the younger children, drop off designedly to leave me alone with the eldest daughter; who was but a visitant there as well as myself, and is the wife of a gentleman of a very fair character in the world. As soon as we were alone, I saw her eyes full of tears, and methought she had much to say to me, for which she wanted encouragement. "Madam," said I, "you know I wish you all as well as any friend you have: speak freely

what I see you are oppressed with; and you may be sure, if I cannot relieve your distress, you may at least reap so much present advantage, as safely to give yourself the ease of uttering it." She immediately assumed the most becoming composure of countenance, and spoke as follows: "It is an aggravation of affliction in a married life, that there is a sort of guilt in communicating it: for which reason it is, that a lady of your and my acquaintance, instead of speaking to you herself, desired me, the next time I saw you, as you are a professed friend to our sex, to turn your thoughts upon the reciprocal complaisance which is the duty of a married state.

"My friend was neither in birth, fortune, education below the gentleman whom she married. Her person, her age, and her character, are such as he can make no exception to. But so it is that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obsequiousness of a lover was turned into the haughtiness of a master. All the kind endeavours which she uses to please him, are at best but so many instances of her duty. This insolence takes away that secret satisfaction, which does not only excite to virtue, but also rewards it. It abates the fire of a free and generous love, and imbitters all the pleasures of a social life." The young lady spoke all this with such an air of resentment, as discovered how nearly she was concerned in the distress.

When I observed she had done speaking, "Madam," said I, "the affliction you mention is the greatest that can happen in human life; and I know but one consolation in it, if that be a consolation, that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing so common as for men to enter into marriage, without so much as expecting to be

happy in it. They seem to propose to themselves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at best to the usual course of their life: and for aught they know, to constant misery and uneasiness. From this false sense of the state they are going into, proceed the immediate coldness and indifference, or hatred and aversion, which attend ordinary marriages, or rather bargains to cohabit." Our conversation was here interrupted by company which came in upon us.

The humour of affecting a superior carriage, generally rises from a false notion of the weakness of a female understanding in general, or an overweening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedness and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy in which the wife has no opinion of her husband's wisdom; but, without offence to so great an authority, I may venture to say, that a sullen wise man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge, softened with complacency and good-breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant, and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love. I, who am a bachelor, have no other notions of conjugal tenderness but what I learn from books; and shall therefore produce three letters of Pliny, who was not only one of the greatest, but the most learned man in the whole Roman empire. At the same time I am very much ashamed, that on such occasions I am obliged to have recourse to heathen authors; and shall appeal to my readers, if they would not think it a mark of a narrow education in a man of quality, to write such passionate letters to any woman but a mistress. They were all three

written at a time when she was at a distance fr
him. The first of them puts me in mind of a
ried friend of mine, who said, "Sickness i
pleasant to a man that is attended in it by one
he dearly loves."

"PLINY TO CALPHURNIA.

"I never was so much offended at business,
when it hindered me from going with you into
country, or following you thither: for I more
ticularly wish to be with you at present, that
might be sensible of the progress you make in
recovery of your strength and health; as also of
entertainment and diversions you can meet with
your retirement. Believe me, it is an anxious
of mind to live in ignorance of what happe
those whom we passionately love. I am not only
pain for your absence, but also for your ind
sition. I am afraid of every thing, fancy e
thing, and, as it is the nature of man in fear, I
those things most, which I am most afraid of.
me therefore earnestly desire you to favour me,
these my apprehensions, with one letter every
or, if possible with two; for I shall be a little at
while I am reading your letters, and grow anx
again as soon as I have read them."

SECOND LETTER.

"You tell me, that you are very much a
at my absence, and that you have no satisfi
any thing but my writings, which you often
you upon my pillow. You oblige me very much
wishing to see me, and making me your comfo
in my absence. In return I must let you know,
am no less pleased with the letters which you wri
to me, and read them over a thousand times with
new pleasure. If your letters are capable of giv

nuch pleasure, what would your conversa-
! Let me beg of you to write to me often;
the same time I must confess, your letters
a uish whilst they give me pleasure."

THIRD LETTER.

; impossible to conceive how much I languish
in your absence; the tender love I bear you
hief cause of this my uneasiness; which is
: more insupportable, because absence is
a new thing to us. I lie awake most part of
it in thinking of you, and several times of
go as naturally to your apartment as if you
ere to receive me; but when I miss you, I
way dejected, out of humour, and like a
it had suffered a repulse. There is but one
the day in which I am relieved from this
, and that is when I am engaged in public

u may guess at the uneasy condition of one
s no rest but in business, no consolation but
le."

ll conclude this Paper with a beautiful pas-
t of Milton, and leave it as a lecture to those
wn sex, who have a mind to make their con-
n agreeable, as well as instructive, to the
tners who have fallen into their care. Eve
observed, that Adam was entering into some
squisitions with the Angel, who was sent to
n, is described as retiring from their com-
rith a design of learning what should pass
om her husband.

spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
ering on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
eiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
h lowliness majestic from her seat

Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers.
Yet went she not as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high. Such pleasures she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather. He, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!"

N° 150. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1710.

Hæc sunt jucundi causa, cibusque mali. OVID.

'Tis this that causes and foments the evil,
And gives us pleasure mixt with pain.——

R. Wyn

From my own Apartment, March 24.

I HAVE received the following letter upon the ject of my last Paper. The writer of it tells there spoke of marriage as one that knows it onl speculation, and for that reason he sends me sense of it, as drawn from experience:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I have received your paper of this day, think you have done the nuptial state a great deal justice in the authority you give us of Pliny, wh letters to his wife you have there translated. I

ive me leave to tell you, that it is impossible for ou, that are a bachelor, to have so just a notion of his way of life, as to touch the affections of your eaders in a particular, wherein every man's own eart suggests more than the nicest observer can orm to himself, without experience. I, therefore, who am an old married man, have sat down to give ou an account of the matter from my own knowedge, and the observations which I have made pon the conduct of others in that most agreeable or retched condition.

" It is very commonly observed, that the most rt pangs which we meet with, are in the beinning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance f each other's humour, and want of prudence to ake allowances for a change from the most careul respect, to the most unbounded familiarity. lence it arises, that trifles are commonly occasions f the greatest anxiety; for contradiction being thing wholly unusual between a new-married ouple, the smallest instance of it is taken for the ighest injury; and it very seldom happens, that the an is slow enough in assuming the character of a usband, or the woman quick enough in condeending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, hat they think they have all the time of their ourtship been talking in masks to each other, and herefore begin to act like disappointed people. Phiander finds Delia ill-natured and impertinent; and Delia, Philander surly and inconstant.

" I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very oney-moon about cutting up a tart: nay, I could name two, who, after having had seven children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not spoke to one another these three days, because they differed in their opinions, whether the clock should

stand by the window or over the chimney. I seem strange to you, who are not a married when I tell you how the least trifle can str woman dumb for a week together. But, if you enter into this state, you will find that the so as often express their anger by an obstinate sil as by an ungovernable clamour.

"Those indeed who begin this course of life out jars at their setting out, arrive withir months at a pitch of benevolence and affectic which the most perfect friendship is but a fai semblance. As in the unfortunate marriage most minute and indifferent things are objects sharpest resentment; so in an happy one, th occasions of the most exquisite satisfaction. what does not oblige in one we love? What not offend in one we dislike? For these reas take it for a rule, that in marriage, the chief ness is to acquire a prepossession in favour of other. They should consider one another's and actions with a secret indulgence. There s be always an inward fondness pleading for other, such as may add new beauties to every that is excellent, give charms to what is indiff and cover every thing that is defective. For of this kind propensity and bias of mind, the ried pair often take things ill of each other, no one else would take notice of in either of th

"But the most unhappy circumstance of where each party is always laying up fuel fc sension, and gathering together a magazine o vocations, to exasperate each other with wher are out of humour. These people, in cor discourse, make no scruple to let those who know, they are quarrelling with one another think they are discreet enough, if they conceal the company the matters which they are hint

ut a week ago, I was entertained for a whole
er with a mysterious conversation of this na-
: out of which I could learn no more, than that
husband and wife were angry at one another.
had no sooner sat down, but says the gentle-
of the house, in order to raise discourse, 'I
ght Margarita sung extremely well last night.'
n this, says the lady, looking as pale as ashes,
suppose she had *cherry-coloured ribbands* on.'
,' answered the husband with a flush in his
, 'but she had *laced shoes*.' I look upon it,
a stander-by on such occasions has as much
on to be out of countenance as either of the
batants. To turn off my confusion, and seem
rdless of what had passed, I desired the servant
attended, to give me the vinegar, which un-
ily created a new dialogue of hints; for, as far
could gather by the subsequent discourse, they
dissented the day before about the preference of
to wine vinegar. In the midst of their dis-
se, there appeared a dish of chicken and aspa-
s*, when the husband seemed disposed to lay
: all disputes; and looking upon her with a
t deal of good-nature, said, 'Pray, my dear,
you help my friend to a wing of the fowl that
next you, for I think it looks extremely well.'
lady, instead of answering him, addressing
elf to me, 'Pray, Sir,' said she, 'do you in
y reckon the white or the black-legged fowls
best?' I found the husband change colour at
question; and before I could answer, asked
'Whether we did not call hops broom in our
ıtry?' I quickly found they did not ask questions
ıuch out of curiosity as anger: for which reason
ought fit to keep my opinion to myself, and, as

* *Chickens and Sparagrass.* O. F.

an honest man ought, when he sees two friends in warmth with each other, I took the first opportunity I could to leave them by themselves.

"You see, Sir, I have laid before you only small incidents, which are seemingly frivolous: but take it from a man very well experienced in this state, they are principally evils of this nature which make marriages unhappy. At the same time, that I may do justice to this excellent institution, I must own to you, there are unspeakable pleasures which are as little regarded in the computation of the advantages of marriage, as the others are in the usual survey that is made of its misfortunes.

"Lovemore and his wife live together in the happy possession of each other's hearts, and by that means have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued scene of delight. Their passion for each other communicates a certain satisfaction, like that which they themselves are in, to all that approach them. When she enters the place where he is, you see a pleasure which he cannot conceal, nor he, or any one else, describe. In so consummate an affection, the very presence of the person beloved has the effect of the most agreeable conversation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleasures of society, and at the same time the freedom of solitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happiest moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the esteem of all who know them, and seem but to comply with the opinions of their friends, in the just value they have for each other."

N° 151. TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1710.

—— *Ni vis boni*
In ipsâ inesset formâ, hæc formam extinguerent. TER.

These things would extinguish beauty, if there were not an innate pleasure giving energy in beauty itself."

From my own Apartment, March 27.

'HEN artists would expose their diamonds to an vantage, they usually set them to shew in little ses of black velvet. By this means the jewels ap- ar in their true and genuine lustre, while there is) colour that can infect their brightness, or give a ? cast to the water. When I was at the opera e other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning ade me consider them in the same kind of view. dress wherein there is so little variety shews the ce in all its natural charms, and makes one differ om another only as it is more or less beautiful. ainters are ever careful of offending against a rule hich is so essential in all just representations. The ief figure must have the strongest point of light, id not be injured by any gay colourings, that may raw away the attention to any less considerable art of the picture. The present fashion obliges very body to be dressed with propriety, and makes he ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every eautiful person shines out in all the excellence with vhich nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbands and laring colours being now out of use, the sex has o opportunity given them to disfigure themselves,

which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she really is; but endeavours to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears, that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? The cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley, party-coloured animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and *shaded furbelow*, may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular), I can assure them, there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with every thing that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a fardingal. The memory of an old visiting lady is so

lled with gloves, silks, and ribbands, that I can ok upon it as nothing else but a toy-shop. A ma- on of my acquaintance, complaining of her daugh- r's vanity, was observing, that she had all of a dden held up her head higher than ordinary, and *ken an air* that shewed a secret satisfaction in her- lf, mixed with a scorn of others. "I did not now," says my friend, "what to make of the rriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed r her elder sister, that she had a pair of striped rters on." This odd turn of mind often makes e sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck ith every thing that makes a show, however ifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the *toss* of a ig*, and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff- x. It is impossible to describe all the execution at was done by the *shoulder-knot*, while that ion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of *fringed gloves*. sincere heart has not made half so many con- uests as an *open waistcoat;* and I should be glad see an able head make so good a figure in a oman's company as a pair of *red heels*. A Grecian ero, when he was asked whether he could play pon the lute, thought he had made a very good eply, when he answered, "No; but I can make a reat city of a little one." Notwithstanding his oasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any Toast town, whether she would not think the *lutenist* referable to the statesman? I do not speak this out f any aversion that I have to the sex: on the con- rary, I have always had a tenderness for them; ut, I must confess, it troubles me very much, to

see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself, that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a *tippet*, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a *white sarsenet hood*, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house, had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in *cherry-coloured ribbands*, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This discourse puts me in mind of an humourist mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who, when he designed to do a man a mischief, made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he de-

scribes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in with two words, *Simplex Munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

N° 152. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1710.

Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine mersas.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 264.

Infernal gods, who rule the shades below,
Chaos and Phlegethon, the realms of woe;
Grant what I've heard I may to light expose,
Secrets which earth, and night, and Hell inclose!
PITT.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the soul's immortality, and in reading the several notions which the wi of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius and elevated imagination have tho t of this matter. Among these, Homer stands u a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon rest of human creatures as a species beneath hi Since he is the most ancient heathen author, we n guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to consult Tiresias how l should return to his own country, and recomme himself to the favour of the gods. The poet s ce introduces a single person, who doth not s some useful precept to his reader, and desig his description of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, *sat him down* by the pool of holy blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. T first he knew was the shade of Elpenor, who, shew the activity of a spirit above that of body, represented as arrived there long before Uly notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inspire the reader with a detestation of drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious

loing proper honours to the dead, describes
having broken his neck in a debauch of
1 begs Ulysses, that for the repose of his
would build a monument over him, and
funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses, with
rrow of heart, promises to fulfil his request,
nmediately diverted to an object much more
than the former. The ghost of his own
Anticlea, whom he still thought living, ap-
him among the multitudes of shades that
led him; and sits down at a small distance
m by the lake of blood, without speaking to
knowing who he was. Ulysses was ex-
y troubled at the sight, and could not for-
eping as he looked upon her: but being all
t forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom,
es his affection give way to prudence; and
e, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal
to his mother, until he had consulted that
rophet, who was the occasion of this his
into the empire of the dead. Tiresias hav-
tioned him to keep himself and his compa-
ee from the guilt of sacrilege, and to pay his
is to all the gods, promises him a safe return
ngdom and family, and a happy old age in
yment of them.

oet having thus with great art kept the cu-
f his reader in suspense, represents his wise
ter the dispatch of business with Tiresias,
ing himself up to the calls of natural af-
and making himself known to his mother.
s are no sooner opened, but she cries out in
O my son!" and inquires into the occasions
ought him thither, and the fortune that at-
him.

, on the other hand, desires to know what
was that had sent her into those regions,

and the condition in which she had left his father, his son, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, "they were all three inconsolable for his absence. As for myself," says she, "that was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my soul from my body." Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his bosom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied soul in the excuse which the mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her son's embraces. "The soul," says she, "is composed neither of bones, flesh, nor sinews; but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burden, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream."

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood. "Each of them," says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity, "giving me an account of her birth and family." This scene of extraordinary women,

ems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture
: mortality to the whole sex, and to put them in
ind of what they must expect, notwithstanding
greatest perfections, and highest honours, they
n arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and
as succeeded by the shades of several Grecian he-
es, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the
ge of Troy. The first that approached was Aga-
emnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition,
ho, at the appearance of his old friend, wept
ry bitterly, and, without saying any thing to him,
ideavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses,
ho was much moved at the sight, poured out a
od of tears, and asked him the occasion of his
ath, which Agamemnon related to him in all its
cal circumstances; how he was murdered at a
inquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in con-
deracy with her adulterer: from whence he takes
casion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner
hich would be inexcusable in a man who had not
en so great a sufferer by them. "My wife,"
ys he, "has disgraced all the women that shall
er be born into the world, even those who here-
ter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow
fond of your wife. Never tell her all you
ow. If you reveal some things to her, be sure
u keep others concealed from her. You, indeed,
re nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will
t use you as my wife has treated me; however,
ke care how you trust a woman." The poet, in
is and other instances, according to the system of
any heathen as well as Christian philosophers,
hows, how anger, revenge, and other habits which
he soul had contracted in the body, subsist, and
row in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the compani which the poet in the next description assigns Achilles. "Achilles," says the hero, "came up me with Patroclus and Antilochus." By which v may see that it was Homer's opinion, and pro that of the age he lived in, that the friendshi which are made among the living, will likewise co tinue among the dead. Achilles inquires after t welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierc ness of the same character that Homer has eve where expressed in the actions of his life. The pa sage relating to his son is so extremely beautifi that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having d scribed him as wise in council, and active in wa and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in bat adds an observation that he himself had made of n behaviour, whilst he lay in the wooden hors "Most of the generals," says he, "that were wi us either wept or trembled: as for your son, never saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, change his countenance. On the contrary, would often lay his hand upon his sword, or gra his spear, as impatient to employ them against t Trojans." He then informs his father of the gr honour and rewards which he had purchased bef Troy, and of his return from it without a woun "The shade of Achilles," says the poet, "was pleased with the account he received of his so than he inquired no farther, but stalked away wi more than ordinary majesty over the green meado that lay before them."

This last circumstance, of a deceased father's r joicing in the behaviour of his son, is very fine contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtu and made use of by none that I know besid himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows, and his refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the sullenness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. "Oh! that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles." The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent that of Ulysses to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occcasion. "Oh, Ajax!" says he, "will you keep your resentments even after death? What destructions hath this fatal armour brought upon the Grecks, by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence! Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who, out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me intreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you." Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the

ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such a confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my reader will be pleased with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

N° 153. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1710.

Bombalio, clangor, stridor, taratantara, murmur.
FARN. Rhet.

Rend with tremendous sounds your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,
POPE.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a circle, and joining in a *consort* of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The

cupola-painter of those times. to show the r and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in th, which he seems to wind with great and force. On the contrary, an eminent ho wrought up his pictures with the greatest r, and gave them all those delicate touches re apt to please the nicest eye, is repre- as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of runs through the whole piece.

e often from this hint, imagined to myself, ferent talents in discourse might be sha- out after the same manner by different kinds c; and that the several conversable parts of d in this great city, might be cast into pro- racters and divisions, as they resemble se- struments that are in use among the masters mony. Of these therefore in their order; t of the Drum.

Drums are the blusterers in conversation, ith a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a of noise, domineer in public assemblies; ir men of sense; stun their companions; the place they are in with a rattling sound, h seldom any wit, humour, or good breed- it. The drum, notwithstanding, by this us vivacity, is very proper to impose upon rant; and in conversation with ladies who of the finest taste, often passes for a man of nd wit, and for wonderful pleasant com- I need not observe, that the emptiness of the ery much contributes to its noise.

Lute is a character directly opposite to the that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very *nsort*. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and w, easily drowned in a multitude of instru- and even lost among a few, unless you give lar attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard

in a company of more than five, whereas a Dr will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutenists therefore are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it kee within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education, and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding. A play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a Ring at Hyde-park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet, however is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a *consort*, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire and bear away the upper part in every *consort*. I cannot, however, but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of a *consort*, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens

the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense and unpolished parts; who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a Bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quick-set-hedges, and six-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future, that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bag-pipe *species*, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burden of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an half-penny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the Northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in Bag-pipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them. Nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those

few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsichords, a kind of music which every one knows is a *consort* by itself.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabl of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-hou feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their course conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female *consort* to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bag-pipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-lane. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a crystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods, and flowery meadows; which, for different reasons, are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-viols are frequently to be found over a glass of stale beer, and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other side of Charing-cross.

That we may draw something for our advan

out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat
der to make a narrow search into his life and
sation, and, upon his leaving any company,
ine himself seriously, whether he has be-
nimself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a
or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to
his music for the future. For my own part,
confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay,
very noisy one, until, having polished myself
in good company, I threw as much of the
et into my conversation, as was possible for a
an impetuous temper, by which mixture of
it musics I look upon myself, during the
of many years, to have resembled a Tabor
pe. I have since very much endeavoured at
eetness of the Lute; but in spite of all my
ions, I must confess, with great confusion,
find myself daily degenerating into a Bag-
whether it be the effect of my old age, or of
pany I keep, I know not. All that I can
to keep a watch over my conversation, and
nce the Drone as soon as I find it begin to
n my discourse, being determined rather to
ie notes of others, than to play out of time,
croach upon their parts in the *consort* by the
f so tiresome an instrument.

ll conclude this Paper with a letter which
ived last night from a friend of mine, who
very well my notions upon this subject,
vites me to pass the evening at his house,
select company of friends, in the following
:

DEAR ISAAC,

intend to have a *consort* at my house this
g, having by great chance got a Harpsichord,

which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune, and believe me

Your very faithful servant,

NICHOLAS HUMDRUM*."

N° 154. TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1710.

Obscuris vera involvens. VIRG. Æn. vi. 100.

Involving truth in terms obscure.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall, in this Paper, make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either

* See Tatler, No. 157.

casions or resemblances of death. Of the ind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very ter- o behold, with several others, as Toil, War, ntion, and Discord, which contribute all of to people this common receptacle of human

As this was likewise a very proper residence ery thing that resembles death, the poet tells iat Sleep, whom he represents as a near re- to Death, has likewise his habitation in these rs; and describes in them a huge gloomy ee, which seems a very proper ornament for ace, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm ams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of e then gives us a list of imaginary persons, very naturally lie within the shadow of the -tree, as being of the same kind of make in elves, and the materials, or, to use Shak- 's phrase, " the stuff of which dreams are " Such are the shades of the giant with an ed hands, and of his brother with three ; of the doubled-shaped Centaur, and Scylla; orgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a a's face and lion's talons; the seven-headed ; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a and is a compound of three animals. These l mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, ot only introduced with great art after the but, as they are planted at the very en- , and within the very gates of those regions, bably denote the wild deliriums and extrava- s of fancy, which the soul usually falls into she is just upon the verge of death.

s far Æneas travels in an allegory. The rest description is drawn with great exactness, ac- to the religion of the heathens, and the of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not

trouble my reader with a common dull story, gives an account why the heathens first of all posed a ferryman in Hell, and his name t Charon; but must not pass over in silence the of doctrine which Virgil hath very much ins upon in this book, That the souls of those wh unburied, are not permitted to go over into respective places of rest, until they have dered a hundred years upon the banks of This was probably an invention of the hea priesthood, to make the people extremely carel performing proper rites and ceremonies to the mory of the dead. I shall not, however, wit infamous scribblers of the age, take an occ from such a circumstance, to run into declama against priestcraft, but rather look upon it eve this *light* as a religious artifice, to raise in minds of men an esteem for the memory of forefathers, and a desire to recommend thems to that of posterity; as also to excite in thei ambition of imitating the virtues of the dece and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense o soul's immortality. In a word, we may say i fence of *the* severe opinions relating to the shad unburied persons, what hath been said by son our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines con ing the souls of such who die without being tiated into our religion, that supposing they sh be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, will *have a good effect* upon the living, in m them cautious of neglecting such necessary se nities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the t headed dog laid asleep, but Æneas makes hi trance into the dominions of Pluto. There are kinds of persons described, as being situated c borders; and I can give no reason for their

stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the souls of infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends. The second are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a re-hearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation. "Oh! how gladly," says he, "would they now endure life with all its miseries! but the Destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable." It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding self-murder was so *frequent* among the heathens, and had been practised by some of the greatest men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great master Plato; who says on this subject, that a man is placed in his station of life, like a soldier in his proper post, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic philosophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining; having with wonderful art and beauty materialised, if I may so call it, a scheme of abstracted notions,

and cloathed the most nice refined conceptions o philosophy in sensible images, and poetical repre sentations. The Platonists tell us, that the sou during her residence in the body, contracts man virtuous and vicious habits, so as to become a bene ficent, mild, charitable; or an angry, malicious revengeful being: a substance inflamed with lus avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightene with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: th these and the like habits of virtue and vice growin into the very essence of the soul, survive and ga ther strength in her after her dissolution: that th torments of a vicious soul in a future state ari principally from those importunate passions which a not capable of being gratified without a body; an that, on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous min very much consists in their being employed in s lime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable a fections, and all the ecstasies of passion and raptu which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation the poet raises that bea tiful description of the secret haunts and walk which, he tells us, are inhabited by deceased lover

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great was of plains, that are called "the Fields of Me cholly." In these there grows a forest of myrt divided into many shady retirements and cover walks, and inhabited by the souls of those wh pined away with love. The passion, says he, co tinues with them after death. He then gives a of this languishing tribe, in which his own Di makes the principal figure, and is described as livi in this soft romantic scene with the shade of her fi husband Sichæus.

The poet, in the next place, mentions anoth plain that was peopled with the ghosts of warrio

ll delighting in each other's company, and
d with the exercise of arms. He there repre-
the Grecian generals and common soldiers who
ed in the siege of Troy, as drawn up in squa-
, and terrified at the approach of Æneas,
ı renewed in them those impressions of fear
ıad before received in battle with the Trojans.
fterwards likewise, upon the same notions,
a view of the Trojan heroes who lived in for-
ıges, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and
flowery meadows, shining spears, and ge-
ıs steeds, which he tells us were their plea-
upon earth, and now make up their happiness
ysium. For the same reason, also, he men-
others as singing Pæans, and songs of triumph,
ıt a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the
rt was the poet Musæus; who stood inclosed
a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and
ders above the throng of shades that surrounded
The habitations of unhappy spirits, to show
ıration of their torments, and the desperate
tion they are in, are represented as guarded by
y, moated round with a lake of fire, strength-
with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple
and fortified with pillars of adamant, which
ıe gods together are not able to heave from
foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank
ıains, and the groans of the tortured, strike
ious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet
vards divides the criminals into two classes.
irst and blackest catalogue consists of such as
guilty of outrages against the gods; and the
of such who were convicted of injustice be-
ı man and man: the greatest number of
ı, says the poet, are those who followed the
es of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the sou of men having contracted in the body great sta and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were veral purgations and cleansings necessary to be through, both here and hereafter, in order to r and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a cl of poetry, describes some spirits as bleachi in winds, others as cleansing under great falls waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover t primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of ph losophers, that the souls of all men exist in a s parate state, long before their union with the bodies; and that, upon their immersion into they forget every thing which passed in the state pre-existence; so that what we here call know ledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recove of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us view of several souls, who, to prepare themselv for living upon earth, flock about the banks of river *Lethe*, and swill themselves with the wa oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity making a noble compliment to his country where Anchises is represented taking a survey or long train of heroes that are to descend from h and giving his son Æneas an account of all t glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the l year, which is but just touched upon in this oc and as I have consulted no author's thoughts in explication, shall be very well pleased, if it c make the noblest piece of the most accomplished pc more agreeable to my female readers, when t think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.

N° 155. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1710.

———*Aliena negotia curat,*
Excussus propriis. HOR. 2 Sat. ii. 19.

When he had lost all business of his own,
He ran in quest of news through all the town.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer*, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and used to be abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent upon matters of importance. Upon my first entry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for king Augustus's welfare, than that of his

* Mr. Arne, an upholsterer in Covent-garden, was, it is said, original of the politician exposed in this paper.
Mr. Arne was the father of Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, eminent musician, and a dramatic writer, who died in 1778.

nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for, about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's-Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a *muff*, with a *long campaign wig* out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of *black garters buckled under the knee*. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, "whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?" I told him, "None that I heard of;" and asked him, "whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?" He told me, "No. But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?" For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, "that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age." "But pray," says he, "do you think there is any truth in the story of his wound?" And finding me surprised at the question, "Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you." I answered, "that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it." "But why in the heel," says he, "more than in any other

the body?" "Because," said I, "the bullet
l to light there."

extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended,
began to launch out into a long dissertation
ıe affairs of the North; and after having spent
ime on them, he told me, "he was in a
erplexity how to reconcile the Supplement
e English-post, and had been just now ex-
what the other papers say upon the same
. The Daily Courant," says he, "has these
'We have advices from very good hands,
ertain prince has some matters of great im-
e under consideration.' This is very mys-
; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the
or he tells us, 'That there are private inti-
ı of measures taken by a certain prince,
time will bring to light.' Now the Post-
says he, "who uses to be very clear, refers
same news in these words. 'The late con-
a certain prince affords great matter of spe-
ı.' This certain prince," says the up-
ır, "whom they are all so cautious of
, I take to be———" Upon which, though
as nobody near us, he whispered something
ar, which I did not hear, or think worth my
o make him repeat.

were now got to the upper end of the Mall,
were three or four very odd fellows sitting
r upon the bench. These I found were all
n politicians, who used to sun themselves in
: every day about dinner-time. Observing
) oe curiosities in their kind, and my friend's
ıtance, I sat down among them.

chief politician of the bench was a great as-
of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming
ı, "that, by some news he had lately read
Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a

storm gathering in the Black-sea, which might time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation." this he added, "that, for his part, he could n wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, whi he believed could not but be prejudicial to o woollen manufacture." He then told us, "that l looked upon those extraordinary revolutions whi had lately happened in those parts of the world, have risen chiefly from two persons who were n much talked of; and those," says he, "are prin Menzikoff, and the duchess of Mirandola." I backed his assertions with so many broken hin and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we ga ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point whi seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishme whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestar would not be too strong for the Papists? This unanimously determined on the Protestant s One who sat on my right-hand, and, as I found his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assur us, "that it would be a very easy matter for Protestants to beat the Pope at sea;" and ad "that whenever such a war does break out, must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands Upon this, one who sat at the end of the ben and, as I afterwards found, was the geogr of the company, said, "that in case the Pap should drive the Protestants from these parts Europe, when the worst came to the worst, would be impossible to beat them out of Nor and Greenland, provided the Northern cro hold together, and the czar of Muscovy s neuter."

He further told us, for our comfort, "that t were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhat neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of gre

tent than all the Roman-catholic dominions in pe."

when we had fully discussed this point, my nd the upholsterer began to exert himself upon present negociations of peace; in which he de- ed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and nced the power of Europe, with great justice impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and going away; but had not gone thirty yards, ore the upholsterer hemmed again after me. on his advancing towards me with a whisper, I ected to hear some secret piece of news, which had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; , instead of that, he desired me in my ear to him half a crown. In compassion to so needy atesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found was in, I told him, "if he pleased, I would give five shillings, to receive five pounds of him n the great Turk was driven out of Constanti- ie:" which he very readily accepted, but not re he had laid down to me the impossibility of an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the peculiar benefit of e worthy citizens who live more in a coffee- se than in their shops, and whose thoughts are aken up with the affairs of the allies, that they get their customers.

N° 156. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1710.

——*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.*
VIRG. Æn. ii. 7

——— follows his FATHER,
But with steps not equal.———

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already described out of Homer the vo
of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the sev
adventures that attended it. If we look into
beautiful romance published not many years since
the Archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son
Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after
same manner making his discoveries among the
gions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is fo
ed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will giv
unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's m
ner of writing, more than any translation of him
possibly do. As it was written for the instructio
a young prince who may one day sit upon the thr
of France, the author took care to suit the sev
parts of his story, and particularly the description
are now entering upon, to the character and qu
of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very m
on the misery of bad, and the happiness of g
kings, in the account he hath given of punishm
and rewards in the other world.

We may, however, observe, notwithstanding
endeavours of this great and learned author, to c

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] the [

covers himself to be Death. His attendants are Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightfu Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawi very naturally in proper actions and postures. Th author, with great beauty, places near his frightfu Dreams an assembly of phantoms, which are ofte employed to terrify the living, by appearing in th shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero in the next place takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals, that lay in tortur among clouds of sulphur, and torrents of fire. Th first of these were such as had been guilty of impie ties, which every one hath an horror for: to whic is added a catalogue of such offenders that scarce ap pear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Amo these, says the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passi a rash judgment on their actions, without knowi the occasion of them. These crimes, says he, more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees him-

esented in the natural horror and deformity
naracter. On the other side of them stands
Fury, that, with an insulting derision, re-
them all the praises that their flatterers had
l upon them while they sat upon their re-
thrones. She too, says the author, presents
before their eyes, in which every one sees
adorned with all those beauties and perfec-
which they had been drawn by the vanity
own hearts, and the flattery of others. To
iem for the wantonness of the cruelty which
nerly exercised, they are now delivered up
eated according to the fancy and caprice of
laves, who have here an opportunity of ty-
ʒ in their turns.

uthor, having given us a description of these
spectres, who, says he, are always calling
ath, and are placed under the distillation
burning vengeance which falls upon them
drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us
easing scene of groves, filled with the melo-
ds, and the odours of a thousand different
These groves are represented as rising among
many flowery meadows, and watered with
hat diffuse a perpetual freshness, in the midst
rnal day, and a never-fading spring. This,
author, was the habitation of those good
who were friends of the gods, and parents
ople. Among these, Telemachus converses
shade of one of his ancestors, who makes
greeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and
e of its inhabitants. The residence of Se-
iong these happy shades, with his character
ent employment, is drawn in a very lively
and with a great elevation of thought.
scription of that pure and gentle light which
these happy regions, and clothes the spirits

of these virtuous persons, hath something in it that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through crystal. It strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest

cumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an Hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

N° 157. TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1710.

——Facile est inventis addere.——

It is easy to improve an invention.

From my own Apartment, April 10.

I WAS last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let him know, that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. Bickerstaff. Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me, told me, they had brought together a female *consort* for my entertainment. "You must know," says she, "that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind; which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you." This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary flourish in the opening of a female *consort*.

They then struck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds, viz. the Trial* and Opera. I could not but observe, that several of their notes were more soft, and several more sharp, than any that I ever heard in a male *consort;* though I must confess, there was not any regard to time, nor any of those rests and pauses which are frequent in the harmony of the other sex: besides that the music was generally full, and no particular instrument permitted to play long by itself.

I seemed so very well pleased with what every one said, and smiled with so much complaisance at all their pretty fancies, that though I did not put one word into their discourse, I have the vanity to think, they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them, "that if I were to draw the picture of so many charming musicians, it would be like one I had seen of the muses, with their several instruments in their hands;" upon which the lady Kettle-drum tossed back her head, and cried, "A very pretty simile!" The *consort* again revived; which, with nods, smiles, and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

I was no sooner retired to my lodgings, but I ran over in my thoughts the several characters of the fair assembly; which I shall give some account of, because they are various in their kind, and may each of them stand as a sample of a whole species.

The person who pleased me most was a Flute instrument, that, without any great compass, has something exquisitely sweet and soft in its sound: it lulls and sooths the ear, and fills it with such a gentle kind of melody, as keeps the mind awake without startling it, and raises a most agreeable passion

* Of Dr. Sacheverell.

ransport and indolence. In short, the mu-
Flute is the conversation of a mild and
voman, that has nothing in it very ele-
r, at the same time, any thing mean or

here observe, that the Hautboy is the most
f the Flute-*species*, which, with all the
of the sound, hath a great strength and
notes; though at the same time I must
that the Hautboy in one sex is as scarce as
:hord in the other.

si)f the Flute there sat a Flagelet; for
can a certain young lady, who fancying
wit, despised the music of the Flute as low
id, and would be entertaining the company
ill-natured observations, pert fancies, and
is, which she imagined to be full of life and
The Flagelet therefore doth not differ from
so much in the compass of its notes as in
ness and sharpness of the sound. We must
take notice, that the Flagelets among their
are more valued and esteemed than the

chanced to be a coquette in the *consort*,
h a great many skittish notes, affected
and studied inconsistencies, distinguished
:om the rest of the company. She did not
vord during the whole Trial; but I thought
id never have done upon the Opera. One
e would break out upon, "That hideous
hen upon "The charming black-moor!"
O that dear lion!" then would hum over
hree notes; then run to the window to see
ich was coming. The Coquette, therefore,
istinguish by that musical instrument which
only known by the name of a Kit, that is

more jiggish than the Fiddle itself, and never sound but to dance.

The fourth person who bore a part in the conversation was a Prude, who stuck to the Trial, and was silent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her censures, and composure of her voice, which were often attended with supercilious casts of the eye, and a seeming contempt for the lightness of the conversation, put me in mind of that ancient, serious, matron-like instrument, the Virginal.

I must not pass over in silence a Lancashire Hornpipe, by which I would signify a young country lady who, with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and if I am not mistaken, by that time the wildness of her notes is a little softened, and the redundancy of her music restrained by conversation and good company, will be improved into one of the most amiable Flutes about the town. Your Romps and boarding-school girls fall likewise under this denomination.

On the right-hand of the Hornpipe sat a *Welsh*-Harp, an instrument which very much delights in the tunes of old historical ballads, and in celebrating the renowned actions and exploits of ancient British heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady, who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some off-shoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason, she jarrs and is out of tune very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our *consort* was a *She*-drum, or, as the vulgar call it, a *Kettle*-drum, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan.

c was loud, bold, and masculine. Every
e gave alarmed the company, and very of-
mebody or other in it a-blushing.

ıt I shall mention was a certain romantic
ıt called a Dulcimer, who talked of nothing
woods, flowery meadows, purling streams,
nightingales, with all the beauties of the
ıd the pleasures of a country-life. This in-
hath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and
r well with the Flute.

: most of the conversable part of womankind
ound under one of the foregoing divisions;
ıst be confessed, that the generality of that
vithstanding they have naturally a great ge-
being talkative, are not mistresses of more
note; with which, however, by frequent
ı, they make a greater sound than those who
essed of the whole gamut; as may be ob-
ı your Larums or Houshold-scolds, and in
stanets or impertinent Tittletattles, who
other variety in their discourse but that of
lower or faster.

communicating this scheme of music to an
d of mine, who was formerly a man of gal-
ınd a rover, he told me, that he believed
een in love with every instrument in my
The first that smit him was a Hornpipe,
ed near his father's house in the country;
ı his failing to meet her at an assize, ac-
to appointment, she cast him off. His next
was for a *Kettle*-drum, whom he fell in love
ı play; but when he became acquainted with
ı finding the softness of her sex in her con-
n, he grew cool to her: though at the same
could not deny but that she behaved her-
r much like a gentlewoman. His third mis-
s a Dulcimer, who, he found, took great

delight in sighing and languishing, but would go n farther than the preface of matrimony; so that sh would never let a lover have any more of her t her heart, which after having won, he was force to leave her, as despairing of any further success. " must confess," says my friend, " I have often consi dered her with a great deal of admiration; and I fin her pleasure is so much in this first step of an amou that her life will pass away in dream, solitude, soliloquy, until her decay of charms makes he at the worst man that ever pretended to her. In th next place," says my friend, " I fell in love with Kit, who led me such a dance through all the var ties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent beha viour, that the world began to grow censoric though without any cause; for which reason, t recover our reputations, we parted by consent. T mend my hand," says he, " I made my next applica tion to a Virginal, who gave me great encourage ment, after her cautious manner, until some mali cious companion told her of my long passion for th Kit, which made her turn me off, as a scandalou fellow. At length, in despair," says he, " I betook myself to a *Welsh*-Harp, who rejected me with con tempt, after having found that my great grandmo ther was a brewer's daughter."

I found by the sequel of my friend's discourse that he had never aspired to a Hautboy; that he ha been exasperated by a Flagelet; and that to thi very day, he pines away for a Flute."

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considere how absolutely necessary it is, that two instrument which are to play together for life, should be exactl tuned, and go in perfect *consort* with each other I would propose matches between the music o both sexes, according to the following " Table o Marriage:"

1. Drum and *Kettle*-drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpsichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flagelet.
5. Bass-viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and *Welsh*-Harp.
7. Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.
8. Bagpipe and Castanet.
9. *Passing*-bell and Virginal.

* Mr. Bickerstaff, in consideration of his ancient dship and acquaintance with Mr. Betterton, great esteem for his merit, summons all his ples, whether dead or living, mad or tame, ts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty-fellows, musicians rapers, to make their appearance at the play- in the Hay-market on Thursday next, when will be a play acted for the benefit of the said rton.

N° 158. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1710.

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant. TER.

they pretend to know more than others, they know hing in reality.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

FOLIO is a broker in learning, employed to ogether good editions, and stock the libraries reat men. There is not a sale of books begins Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not

an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they themselves write in the genius and spirit of the author they admire; Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned *idiot*, for *that* is the light in which I consider every pedant, when I discover in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a

ought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's
count of the dead, which I made the subject of a
paper. This thought hath taken very much
men of Tom's pitch and understanding,
ough universally exploded by all that know how to
nstrue Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not
trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole
at Tom did not believe a future state of rewards
punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving
e empire of the dead, passed through the gate of
ory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that
om had not sense enough to give up an opinion
hich he had once received, that I might avoid
rangling, I told him, "that Virgil possibly had his
ersights as well as another author." "Ah! Mr.
ickerstaff," says he, "you would have another
inion of him, if you would read him in Daniel
einsius's edition. I have perused him myself seve-
l times in that edition," continued he; "and after
e strictest and most malicious examination, could
nd but two faults in him; one of them is in the
Eneids, where there are two commas instead of a
arenthesis; and another in the third Georgic, where
ou may find a semicolon turned upside down."
Perhaps," said I, "these were not Virgil's faults,
ut those of the transcriber." "I do not design it,"
s Tom, "as a reflection on Virgil; on the con-
ary, I know that all the manuscripts declaim against
uch a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff," says he,
what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil
rit in his own hand!" I asked him which was the
imile he meant; but was answered, any simile in
Virgil. He then told me all the secret history in the
ommonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that
the names of ancient authors annexed to them;
or all the books that were now writing or printing
in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments

which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class, who are professed admirers of Tasso, without understanding a word of Italian: and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor Fido* in his pocket, in which, I am sure, he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinencies, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin; and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age, for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound such trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors; and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is, that their works

ntly shew they have no taste of their authors; what they do in this kind, is out of their ing, and not out of any levity or lasciviı or temper.

lant of this nature is wonderfully well describx lines of Boileau, with which I shall conis character.

Pedant enyvré de sa vaine science,
t herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance;
ui de mille auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
s sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,
it qu'un livre fait tout, & que sans Aristote
raison ne voit goute, & le bon sens radote.

n-full of learning see that pedant stride,
tling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!
ousand authors he in vain has read,
with their maxims stuff'd his empty head;
l thinks that, without Aristotle's rule,
son is blind, and common sense a fool.

WYNNE.

159. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1710.

r in adversum; nec me, qui cætera vincit
is.——

OVID. Met. lib. ii. ver. 72.

against their motions; nor am I
back by all the current—— ADDISON.

From my own Apartment, April 14.

'ITS of this island, for above fifty years past, of correcting the vices of the age, have done could to inflame them. Marriage has been

one of the common topics of ridicule that ever stage scribbler hath found his account in; for when ever there is an occasion for a clap, an impertinen jest upon matrimony is sure to raise it. This hat been attended with very pernicious consequences Many a country Esquire, upon his setting up for man of the town, has gone home in the gaiety o his heart, and beat his wife. A kind husband hat been looked upon as a clown, and a good wife as domestic animal unfit for the company or conver sation of the *beau monde*. In short, separate beds silent tables, and solitary homes, have been intro duced by your men of wit and pleasure of th age.

As I shall always make it my business to stem th torrents of prejudice and vice, I shall take partic care to put an honest father of a family in c tenance; and endeavour to remove all the evils ou of that state of life, which is either the most happ or most miserable that a man can be placed in. I order to this, let us, if you please, consider the w and well-bred persons of former times. I shewn in another paper, that Pliny, who was a ma of the greatest genius, as well as of the first qualit of his age, did not think it below him to be a kin husband, and to treat his wife as a friend, compa nion, and counsellor. I shall give the like instanc of another, who in all respects was a much greate man than Pliny, and hath writ a whole book c letters to his wife. They are not so full of turns those translated out of the former author, w writes very much like a modern; but are full of tha beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, an is the distinguishing character of the best ancien writers. The author I am speaking of, is Cicero who, in the following passages, which I have take out of his letters, shows, that he did not think i

nsistent with the politeness of his manners, or greatness of his wisdom, to stand upon record iis domestic character.

'hese letters were written at a time when he was ished from his country, by a faction that then 'ailed at Rome.

CICERO TO TERENTIA.

1.

I learn from the letters of my friends, as well rom common report, that you give incredible ofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are intigable in all kinds of good offices. How unpy a man am I, that a woman of your virtue, itancy, honour, and good nature, should fall so great distresses upon my account! and that dear Tulliola should be so much afflicted for the of a father, with whom she had once so much on to be pleased! How can I mention little ero, whose first knowledge of things began with sense of his misery? If all this had happened by decrees of fate, as you would kindly persuade I could have borne it: But, alas! it is all be- n me by my own indiscretion, who thought I beloved by those that envied me, and did not with them who sought my friendship.—At pre-, since my friends bid me hope, I shall take of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of affectionate services. Plancius hopes we may e time or other come together into Italy. If I live to see that day; if I ever return to your embraces; in short, if I ever again recover and myself, I shall think our conjugal piety well rewarded. As for what you write to me it selling your estate, consider, my dear Te- ia, consider, alas! what would be the event of If our present fortune continues to oppress us,

what will become of our poor boy! My tears flow so fast, that I am not able to write any further: and I would not willingly make you weep with me. —Let us take care not to undo the child that is already undone: if we can leave him any thing, a little virtue will keep him from want, and a little fortune raise him in the world. Mind your health, and let me know frequently what you are doing.— Remember me to Tulliola and Cicero."

II.

"Do not fancy that I write longer letters to any one than to yourself, unless when I chance to receive a longer letter from another, which I am indispensably obliged to answer in every particular. The truth of it is, I have no subject for a letter at present; and as my affairs now stand, there is nothing more painful to me than writing. As for you, and our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you without abundance of tears; for I see both of you miserable, whom I always wished to be happy, and whom I thought to have made so.—I must acknowledge, you have done every thing for me with the utmost fortitude, and the utmost affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; though at the same time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by those which you undergo for my sake. For honest Valerius has written me a letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public procession which you have made for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life, must then Terentia, the darling of my soul, whose favour and recommendations have been so often sought by others; must my Terentia droop under the weight of sorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of

and all this for my sake; for my sake, who ndone my family, by consulting the safety of ?—As for what you write about selling your I am very much afflicted, that what is laid on my account may any way reduce you to and want. If we can bring about our de- we may indeed recover every thing; but if e persists in persecuting us, how can I think r sacrificing for me the poor remainder of your sions? No, my dearest life, let me beg you those bear my expences who are able, and is willing to do it; and if you would show ove to me, do not injure your health, which ady too much impaired. You present your- fore my eyes day and night; I see your labour innumerable difficulties; I am afraid lest you sink under them; but I find in you all the cations that are necessary to support you: be herefore to cherish your health, that you ompass the end of your hopes and your en- irs.—Farewell, my Terentia, my heart's desire, ell."

III.

ristocritus hath delivered to me three of your , which I have almost defaced with my tears. my Terentia, I am consumed with grief, and e weight of your sufferings more than of my I am more miserable than you are, notwith- ng you are very much so; and that for this , because, though our calamity is common, it fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have ather than have been driven out of the city: therefore overwhelmed, not only with grief, ith shame. I am ashamed, that I did not do most for the best of wives, and the dearest of en. You are ever present before my eyes, in

your mourning, your affliction, and your sickn
Amidst all which, there scarce appears to me th
least glimmering of hope. However, as long a
you hope, I will not despair—I will do what you ad
vise me. I have returned my thanks to those friends
whom you mentioned, and have let them know
that you have acquainted me with their good offices
I am sensible of Piso's extraordinary zeal and en
deavours to serve me. Oh! would the gods gran
that you and I might live together in the enjoymen
of such a son-in-law, and of our dear children!—
As for what you write of your coming to me, if
desire it, I would rather you should be where yo
are, because I know you are my principal agent a
Rome. If you succeed, I shall come to you: i
not—— But I need say no more. Be careful of you
health; and be assured, that nothing is, or ever was
so dear to me as yourself. Farewell, my Terentia
I fancy that I see you, and therefore cannot com
mand my weakness so far as to refrain from tears."

IV.

"I do not write to you as often as I might; be
cause, notwithstanding I am afflicted at all times,
am quite overcome with sorrow whilst I am writing
to you, or reading any letters that I receive from
you.—If these evils are not to be removed, I m
desire to see you, my dearest life, as soon as pos
sible, and to die in your embraces; since neithe
the gods, whom you always religiously worshipped
nor the men, whose good I always promoted, hav
rewarded us according to our deserts.—What
distressed wretch am I! Should I ask a weak wo
man, oppressed with cares and sickness, to com
and live with me; or shall I not ask her? Can
live without you? But I find I must. If there b

any hopes of my return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able. But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out some way or other of coming to me. This you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon myself as quite undone whilst you are with me. But what will become of Tulliola? You must look to that; I must confess, I am entirely at a loss about her. Whatever happens, we must take care of the reputation and marriage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for Cicero, he shall live in my bosom, and in my arms. I cannot write any further, my sorrows will not let me——Support yourself, my dear Terentia, as well as you are able. We have lived and flourished together amidst the greatest honours: it is not our crimes, but our virtues, that have distressed us.——Take more than ordinary care of your health; I am more afflicted with your sorrows than my own.—Farewell, my Terentia, thou dearest, faithfullest, and best of wives."

Methinks it is a pleasure to see this great man in his family, who makes so different a figure in the *Forum*, or Senate of Rome. Every one admires the orator and the consul; but for my part, I esteem the husband and the father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable, as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. But at the same time that I love to surprize so great an author in his private walks, and to survey him in his most familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourselves any idea of mean-spiritedness from these natural openings of his heart, and disburdening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written several other letters to the same person, but none with so great passion as these of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill-natured not to acquaint the English reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man; and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

N° 160. TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and, if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, until my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's-Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, "that I was indisposed; that I could see nobody; and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing." My maid, after having delivered

e, told me, " that the gentleman said he
y at the next coffee-house until I was
; and bid her be sure to tell me, that the
were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay
vested." He gave her the name of an-
wn, which I found she had dropped by the

uch as I love to be informed of the success
brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing
ctory before day; and was therefore very
ut of humour at this unseasonable visit. I
sooner recovered my temper, and was falling
but I was immediately startled by a second
id upon my maid's opening the door, heard
ie voice ask her, if her master was yet up?
he same time bid her tell me, that he was
a purpose to talk with me about a piece of
ews, which every body in town will be full
hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as
ie into the room, without hearing her mes-
o tell the gentleman, " that whatever his
as, I would rather hear it two hours hence
w; and that I persisted in my resolution not
k with any body that morning." The wench
d my answer presently, and shut the door.
impossible for me to compose myself to
ter two such unexpected alarms: for which
I put on my cloaths in a very peevish hu-
I took several turns about my chamber, re-
with a great deal of anger and contempt on
lunteers in politics, that undergo all the
atchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister,
t turning it to the advantage either of them-
or their country; and yet it is surprising to
r how numerous this species of men is.
s nothing more frequent than to find a taylor
g his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to

see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake; which I opened, and found as follows:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest gentleman whom you conversed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you an hundred pounds upon the Great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same condition. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

"But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear, as we were walking up the Mall; and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

"I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

"I have reason to believe, that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the last time we were together my opinion about the *Deuille*.

"The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you, that they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

"This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell until three of the clock to-morrow morning! I am,

Your most humble servant, &c.

"P. S. The king of Sweden is still at Bender."

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have however ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

Since I have given this letter to the public, I shall communicate one or two more, which I have lately received from others of my correspondents. The following is from a coquette, who is very angry at my having disposed of her in marriage to a Bass-viol.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I thought you would never have descended from the Censor of Great-Britain, to become a

match-maker. But pray, why so severe upon the Kit? Had I been a Jew's-harp, that is nothing but tongue, you could not have used me worse. Of all things, a Bass-viol is my aversion. Had you married me to a Bag-pipe, or a Passing-bell, I should have been better pleased. Dear father Isaac, either choose me a better husband, or I will live and die a Dulcimer. In hopes of receiving satisfaction from you, I am yours, whilst

ISABELLA KIT."

The pertness, which this fair lady hath shown in this letter, was one occasion of my joining her to the Bass-viol, which is an instrument that wants to be quickened by these little vivacities; as the sprightliness of the Kit ought to be checked and curbed by the gravity of the Bass-viol.

My next letter is from Tom Folio, who, it seems, takes it amiss, that I have published a character of him so much to his disadvantage.

" SIR,

" I suppose you mean Tom Fool, when you called me Tom Folio in a late trifling Paper of yours; for I find, it is your design to run down all useful and solid learning. The tobacco-paper on which your own writings are usually printed, as well as the incorrectness of the press, and the scurvy letter, sufficiently show the extent of your knowledge. I question not but you look upon John Morphew to be as great a man as Elzevir: and Aldus to have been such another as Bernard Lintot. If you would give me my revenge, I would only desire of you to let me publish an account of your library, which, I dare say, would furnish out an extraordinary catalogue.

TOM FOLIO."

It hath always been my way to baffle reproach with silence; though I cannot but observe the disingenuous proceedings of this gentleman, who is not content to asperse my writings, but hath wounded, through my sides, those eminent and worthy citizens, Mr. John Morphew and Mr. Bernard Lintot.

N° 161. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1710.

——Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quàm sub rege pio.

Never does Liberty appear more amiable than under the government of a pious and good prince.

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleasant retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory, called 'The Table of Cebes." I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound

from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it, than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold, hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south side of the mountain, that by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of

spring, with which the fields abounded. After aving run to and fro in a wonderful variety of ieanders, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, : at last throws itself into the hollow of a moun- ; from whence it passes under a long range of ocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps /here the inhabitants think *is* the first source of ie Rhône. This river, after having made its pro- ress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge e* at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters ito the regions of slavery, but *it* runs through iem with an incredible rapidity, and takes its iortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath ie, and in the midst of them beheld the goddess itting upon a throne. She had nothing to inclose er but the bounds of her own dominions, and no- ling over her head but the heavens. Every glance f her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that evived the spring, and made all things smile about er. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her; id as she looked upon me, I found a certain con- dence growing in me, and such an inward reso- ition as I never felt before that time.

On the left-hand of the goddess sat the Genius *a commonwealth*, with the cap of Liberty on her ead, and in her hand a wand, like that with hich a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their eedom. There was something mean and vulgar, it at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in er air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them ich casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her ap- ear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her ioulders she wore a mantle, on which there was

* The lake of Geneva.

wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, "The Ides of March."

On the right-hand of the goddess was the Genius *of monarchy*. She was cloathed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet. Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror. Her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking, every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty,

econd Commerce. The first leaned her
n upon a plough, and under her left held a
n, out of which she poured a *whole autumn*
The other wore a rostral crown upon her
d kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.
wonderfully pleased in ranging through this
ıl place, and the more so, because it was
ımbered with fences and inclosures; until
h, methought, I sprung from the ground,
:hed upon the top of a hill, that presented
objects to my sight which I had not before
otice of. The winds that passed over this
plain, and through the tops of the trees
vere full of blossoms, blew upon me in such
ıued breeze of sweets, that I was wonder-
armed with my situation. I here saw all
r declivities of that great circuit of moun-
hose outside was covered with snow, over-
vith huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed
frequently found in other parts of the Alps.
es were inhabited by storks, that came
ın great flights from very distant quarters of
ld. *Methoughts*, I was pleased in my dream
what became of these birds, when, upon
the places to which they make an annual
ey rise in great flocks *so* high *until* they are
ight, and for that reason have been thought
: modern philosophers to take a flight to the
But my eyes were soon diverted from this
t, when I observed two great gaps that led
this circuit of mountains, where guards
:hes were posted day and night. Upon ex-
ɔn, I found that there were two formidable
encamped before each of these avenues, who
: place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all
nities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance with a turbant upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and an hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mis-shapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

№ 162. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1710.

Tertius è cælo cecidit Cato. JUV. Sat. ii. 40.

See! a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.
R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

n my younger years I used many endeavours to get
place at court, and indeed continued my pursuits
il I arrived at my grand climacteric. But at
h altogether despairing of success, whether it
ere for want of capacity, friends, or due appli-
on, I at last resolved to erect a new office, and,
r my encouragement, to place myself in it. For
is reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of
Censor of Great-Britain," reserving to myself all
perquisites, profits, and emoluments, as should
rise out of the discharge of the said office. These
truth have not been inconsiderable; for, besides
ose *weekly contributions* which I receive from
ohn Morphew, and those annual subscriptions
hich I propose to myself from the most elegant
art of this great island, I daily live in a very com-
ortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungary
ater, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I
ceive from many well-disposed citizens; not to
ntion the forfeitures, which accrue to me from
several offenders that appear before me on
ourt-days.

Having now enjoyed this office *for the space of a*
elvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought

to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and c
carefully, whether I have discharged my dut
acted up to the character with which I am in
For my direction in this particular, I have
narrow search into the nature of the old
Censors, whom I must always regard, not
my predecessors, but as my patterns in thi
employment; and have several times asked m
heart with great impartiality, whether Ca
bear a more venerable figure among posterit
Bickerstaff!

I find the duty of the Roman Censor wa
fold. The first part of it consisted in makir
quent reviews of the people, in casting u
numbers, ranging them under their several
disposing them into proper classes, and subdi
them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office,
taken many curious surveys of this great c
have collected into particular bodies the Dapp
the Smarts, the *natural* and *affected* Rak
Pretty-fellows, and the *very* Pretty-fellows.
likewise drawn out in several distinct parti
Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gamesters an
ticians. I have separated Cits from Citizens,
thinkers from Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-
and Duellists from Men of Honour. I hav
wise made a calculation of Esquires; not onl
sidering the several distinct swarms of them t
settled in the different parts of this town, b
that more rugged species that inhabit the fiel
woods, and are often found in pot-houses, an
hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, havi
yet reduced them into any tolerable order; a
wise the softer tribe of Lovers, which will c

t deal of time, before I shall be able to cast into their several centuries and subdivisions.

: second part of the Roman Censor's office was :into the manners of the people; and to check owing luxury, whether in diet, dress, or g. This duty likewise I have endeavoured to ge, by those wholesome precepts which I iven my countrymen in regard to beef and , and the severe censures which I have upon ragoûts and fricassees. There is not, informed, a pair of *red heels* to be seen with- miles of London; which I may likewise , without vanity, to the becoming zeal which ssed in that particular. I must own, my suc- th the petticoat is not so great: but, as I have t done with it, I hope I shall in a little time effectual stop to that growing evil. As for cle of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge ; having lately observed several warehouses, rivate shops, that stand upon *Corinthian* and whole rows of tin pots shewing them- in order to their sale, through a *sash*-

e likewise followed the example of the Ro- ensors, in punishing offences according to the of the offender. It was usual for them to senator, who had been guilty of great im- ies, out of the senate-house, by omitting his hen they called over the list of his brethren. same manner, to remove effectually several ss men who stand possessed of great ho- I have made frequent draughts of dead men the vicious part of the nobility, and given p to the new society of Upholders, with the ry orders for their interment. As the Ro- ensors used to punish the knights or gentle- f Rome, by taking away their horses from

them, I have seized the canes of many criminals o figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon As for the offenders among the common peo o Rome, they were generally chastised by be thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in on which was not so honourable. My reader c o but think I have had an eye to this puni i when I have degraded one species of men int Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another int Drums, Bass-viols, and Bagpipes; not to mentio whole packs of delinquents whom I have shut up kennels, and the new hospital which I am at presen erecting for the reception of those of my countrymen who give me but little hopes of their amendment on the borders of Moor-fields. I shall only observ upon this last particular, that, since some late sur veys I have taken of this island, I shall think it ne cessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor, Cato the Elder stood for the censorship of Rome, there were seve ral other competitors who offered themselves; and to get an interest amongst the people, gave th great promises of the mild and gentle treatmen which they would use towards them in that office Cato, on the contrary, told them, "he presente himself as a candidate, because he knew the ag was sunk in immorality and corruption; and that if they would give him their votes, he would pro mise them to make use of such a strictness and se verity of discipline, as should recover them out it." The Roman historians, upon this occas very much celebrated the public-spiritedness of ma people, who chose Cato for their Censor, notwith standing his method of recommending himself. may in some measure extol my own countrym upon the same account; who, without any resp

party, *or any application from myself*, have ade such *generous subscriptions* for the Censor of t-Britain, as will give a magnificence to my age, and which I esteem more than I would y post in Europe, of an hundred times the value. shall only add, that upon looking into my *catague of subscribers*, which I intend to print alphaetically in the front of my Lucubrations, I find the s of the greatest Beauties and Wits in the whole nd of Great-Britain; which I only mention for benefit of any of them who have not yet subnbed, it being my design to close the subscription i very short time.

N° 163. TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1710.

Idem infiecto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliquâ re videre Suffenum
Possis———— CATUL. de Suffeno, xx. 14.

Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown, when he attempts to write verses; and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling; so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us; for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before he company generally make their appearance, with design to read over all the news-papers; but,

upon my sitting down, I was accosted
Softly, who saw me from a corner in the
of the room, where I found he had beer
something. "Mr. Bickerstaff," says he
serve by a late Paper of yours, that you
just of a humour; for you must know, of
tinences, there is nothing which I so muc
news. I never read a Gazette in my l
never trouble my head about our armies,
they win or lose, or in what part of the w
lie encamped." Without giving me time
he drew a paper of verses out of his pocke
me, "that he had something which would
me more agreeably; and that he would d
judgment upon every line, for that we l
enough before us until the company came

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a g
mirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite
that admirable writer has the best and wo
of any among our great English poets, N
has got all the bad ones without book; whi
peats upon occasion, to shew his reading,
nish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true
reader, incapable of relishing the great and
strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleas
the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammati
ceits, turns, points, and quibbles; whicl
frequent in the most admired of our Englis
and practised by those who want genius and
to represent, after the manner of the ancien
plicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in
conversation, I was resolved to turn my p
a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as
with *so very odd* a fellow. "You must
stand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am g
read to you was written upon a lady, who

me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best *poet* of our age. But you shall hear it."

Upon which he began to read as follows:

To MIRA, on her incomparable Poems.

I.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse has something in it that piques; and then the *dart* in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I think you critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet." "Dear Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, shaking me by the hand, "every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of 'Horace's Art of Poetry' three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,

"That is," says he, "when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor!" "The same," said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes,

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it." "Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former." "I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next.

You seem a sister of the Nine,

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them." "I remember it very well," said I; "but pray proceed."

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Phœbus," says he, "was the god of Poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, show a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses had given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; "in Petticoats!"

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor."

I fancy, when your song you sing.

"It is very right," says he; "but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting *of* them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, 'Your song you sing; or, You sing your song?' You shall hear them both:"

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)

Or

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art)

"Truly," said I, "the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it." "Dear Sir," said he, grasping me by the hand, "you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?"

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;

"Think!" says I; "I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose." "That was my meaning," says he: "I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter."

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Pray how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not ke a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*——it looks f I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked with it.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"My friend Dick Easy," continued he, "assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than *to* have been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that———" "Oh! as to that," says I, "it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing." He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, "he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair."

N° 164. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1710.

——*Qui promittit cives, urbem, sibi curæ,*
Imperium fore, & Italiam, et delubra deorum,
Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus?
Omnes mortales curare & quærere cogit.

HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 34

Whoever promises to guard the state,
The gods, the temples, and imperial seat,
Makes ev'ry mortal ask his father's name,
Or if his mother was a slave-born dame?

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, April 26.

I HAVE lately been looking over the many packet of letters which I have received from all quarters o Great-Britain, as well as from foreign countrie since my entering upon the office of Censor; an indeed am very much surprized to see so great number of them, and pleased to think that I hav so far increased the revenue of the post-office. A this collection will grow daily, I have digested i into several bundles, and made proper indorsement on each particular letter; it being my design, whe I lay down the work that I am now engaged in, t erect *a paper office*, and give it to the public.

I could not but make several observations upo reading over the letters of my correspondents. A first of all on the different tastes that reign in th different parts of the city. I find, by the appro bations which are given me, that I am seldom mous on the same days on both sides of Temple-bar

at when I am in the greatest repute within the
es, I dwindle at the court end of the town.
times I sink in both these places at the same
but for my comfort, my name hath then
up in the districts of Wapping and Rother-

Some of my correspondents desire me to be
s serious, and others to be always merry.
of them intreat me to go to bed and fall into
m, and like me better when I am asleep than
I am awake: others advise me to sit all night
the stars, and be more frequent in my astro-
l observations; for that a vision is not pro-
a Lucubration. Some of my readers thank me
ling my Paper with the flowers of antiquity,
desire news from Flanders. Some approve
iticisms on the dead, and others my censures
living. For this reason, I once resolved, in
w edition of my works, to range my several
s under distinct heads, according as their prin-
lesign was to benefit and instruct the different
ties of my readers; and to follow the example
ne very great authors, by writing at the head
ch discourse, *Ad Aulam, Ad Academium, Ad
um, Ad Clerum.*

ere is no particular in which my correspond-
f all ages, conditions, sexes and complexions,
sally agree, except only in their thirst after

It is impossible to conceive, how many
recommended their neighbours to me upon
account, or how unmercifully I have been
l by several unknown hands, for not publish-
e secret histories of cuckoldom that I have re-
l from almost every street in town.

would indeed be very dangerous for me to read
he many praises and eulogiums, which come
o me from all the corners of the nation, were
not mixed with many checks, reprimands,

scurrilities, and reproaches; which several of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear sending me, though it often costs them *two-pence* or a *groat* before they can convey them to my hands: so that sometimes when I am put into the best humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the British nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with, "You old doting scoundrel!——Are not you a sad dog?——Sirrah, you deserve to have your nose slit;" and the like ingenious conceits. These little mortifications, are necessary to suppress that pride and vanity which naturally arise in the mind of a *received* author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers bestow upon me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for the same reason, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of several little drawbacks to his reputation, by conniving at such of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakness and imperfections, as well as on the merits that advanced him to so great honours. The conqueror, however, was not the less esteemed for being a man in some particulars, because he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumstance in which my countrymen have dealt very perversely with me; and that is, in searching not only into my life, but also into the lives of my ancestors. If there has been a blot in my family for these ten generations, it hath been discovered by some or other of my correspondents. In short, I find the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my

aunt Margery. Nay, there are some who have been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milk-maid into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first who discovered that alliance. I reap however many benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they let me see my own faults, and give me a view of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the same time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends and relations, or value myself upon the antiquity of my family.

But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated so often after this manner, that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and to carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person; giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and at the same time I must confess, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the same time that I myself was *a cadet* in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the

two parties were upon such terms at that time we did not treat each other as prisoners of but as traitors and rebels. The poor cor being condemned to die, wrote a letter to l when under sentence of execution. He writ Thursday, and was to be executed on the F but, considering that the letter would not co his wife's hands until Saturday, the day afte cution, and being at that time more scrup than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he form letter rather according to the posture of his when she should read it, than as they stood wl sent it: though, it must be confessed, ther certain perplexity in the style of it, whicl reader will easily pardon, considering his ci stances.

"DEAR WIFE,

"Hoping you are in good health, as I am a present writing; this is to let you know, tha terday, between the hours of eleven and twe was *hanged, drawn, and quartered.* I died penitently, and every body thought my case hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fath children. Yours, until death,

W

It so happened, that this honest fellow w lieved by a party of his friends, and had tl tisfaction to see all the rebels hanged whc been his enemies. I must not omit a ci stance which exposed him to raillery his life after. Before the arrival of the next pos would have set all things clear, his wife was ried to a second husband, who lived in the pea

possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

N° 165. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge, like a hidden treasure, with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it; that attracts the eyes of the common people; breaks out in noise and show; and finds its

reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as *Unity*, *Style*, *Fire*, *Phlegm*, *Easy*, *Natural*, *Turn*, *Sentiment*, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is *not known* at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle *puts men in vogue*, and condemns them to obscurity; and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses

feature of his face, and muscle of his body, he reading of a bad poet.

ut a week ago, I was engaged, at a friend's of mine, in an agreeable conversation with his ad daughters, when in the height of our mirth, mothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest er, came in amongst us, puffing and blowing had been very much out of breath. He im- ely called for a chair, and desired leave to n without any further ceremony. I asked here he had been? whether he was out of

He only replied, that he was quite spent, and ursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, icked rogue——An execrable wretch—Was ver such a monster!"—The young ladies up- began to be affrighted, and asked, whether e had hurt him? He answered nothing, but ked to himself. "To lay the first scene," says in St. James's-park, and the last in North- shire!" "Is that all?" said I. "Then I sup- ou have been at the rehearsal of a play this g." "Been!" says he, "I have been at ampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, ining-room, every where; the rogue has led h a dance—" Though I could scarce forbear ng at his discourse, I told him I was glad it worse, and that he was only metaphorically . "In short, Sir," says he, "the author has served a single Unity in his whole play; the shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hur- e up and down at such a rate, that I am tired legs." I could not but observe with some re, that the young lady whom he made love to, ved a very just aversion towards him, upon him so very passionate in trifles. And as she

natural sense which makes her a better judge thousand critics, she began to rally him upon

this foolish humour. "For my part," says she, "I never knew a play take that was written up to yo rules, as you call them." "How, Madam!" says he, "is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste." "It is a pretty kind of magic," says she, "the poets have, to transport an audience fr place to place without the help of a coach and horses I could travel round the world at such a rate. It such an entertainment as an enchantress finds wher she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage." "Your simile, Madam," says Sir Timothy, "is by means just." "Pray," says she, "let my simile pass without a criticism. I must confess," continued she (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him), "I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with." "But, Madam," says he, "you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to shew me a single rule that you could laugh by." "Ought not to laugh!" says she, "pray who should hinder me?" "Madam," says he, "there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth." "I have heard," says the young lady, "that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of the one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess," continued she, "I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy." "Madam," says Sir Timothy, "that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing." "For my part," says the young lady, "I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please." "To please!" says Sir

r; and immediately fell a laughing. "Tru- s she, "that is my opinion." Upon this, he mposed his countenance, looked upon his watch, d took his leave.

I h that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's ce this notable conference, to the great sa- ion of the young lady, who by this means has rid of a very impertinent fop.

A mi confess, I could not but observe, with a of surprize, how this gentleman, by his re, folly, and affectation, had made himself e of suffering so many imaginary pains, and with such a senseless severity upon the com- n ... ions of life.

N° 166. TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1710.

———Dicenda, tacenda locutus.

HOR. Ep. vii. 72.

———He said,
Or right, or wrong, what came into his head.

FRANCIS.

White's Chocolate-house, May 1.

THE world is so overgrown with singularities in be- aviour, and method of living, that I have no sooner aid before mankind the absurdity of one species of n, but there starts up to my view some new *sect* r impertinents that had before escaped notice. This oon, as I was talking with fine Mrs. Sprightly's

porter, and desiring admittance upon an extraor nary occasion, it was my fate to be spied by T Modely riding by in his chariot. He did me t honour to stop, and asked, "what I did there o Monday?" I answered, "that I had business of i portance, which I wanted to communicate to t lady of the house." Tom is one of those fools, w look upon knowledge of the fashion to be the o liberal science; and was so rough as to tell me, "t a well-bred man would as soon call upon a lady, w *keeps a day*, at midnight, as on any day but t which she professes being at home. There are ru and decorums," adds he, "which are never to transgressed by those who understand the worl and he who offends in that kind, ought not to t it ill if he is turned away, even when he sees the p son look out at her window whom he inquires fo "Nay," said he, "my Lady Dimple is so positi in this rule, that she takes it for a piece of go breeding and distinction to deny herself with her o mouth. Mrs. Comma, the great scholar, insists t on it, and I myself have heard her assert, Tha lord's porter, or a lady's woman, cannot be said lie in that case, because they act by instruction; a their words are no more their own, than those o puppet."

He was going on with his ribaldry, when o sudden he looked on his watch, and said, "he l twenty visits to make," and drove away without f ther ceremony. I was then at leisure to reflect u the tasteless manner of life, which a set of idle l lows lead in this town, and spend youth itself w less spirit, than other men do their old age. Th expletives in human society, though they are themselves wholly insignificant, become of some c sideration when they are mixed with others. I very much at a loss how to define, or under w

character, distinction, or denomination, to place them; except you give me leave to call them the order of the Insipids. This order is in its extent like that of the Jesuits; and you see of them in every way of life, and in every profession. Tom Modely has long appeared to me at the head of this species. By being habitually in the best company, he knows perfectly well when a coat is well cut or a *periwig well mounted*. As soon as you enter the place where he is, he tells the next man to him, who is your taylor, and judges of you more from the choice of your periwig-maker than of your friend. His business in this world is to be well dressed; and the greatest circumstance that is to be recorded in his annals is, that he wears *twenty shirts a week*. Thus, without ever speaking reason among the men, or passion among the women, he is every where well received; and, without any one man's esteem, he has every man's indulgence.

This order has produced great numbers of tolerable copiers in painting, good rhymers in poetry, and harmless projectors in politics. You may see them at first sight grow acquainted by sympathy; insomuch, that one who had not studied nature, and did not know the true cause of their sudden familiarities, would think that they had some secret intimation of each other, like the Free-masons. The other day at Will's I heard Modely, and a critic of the same order, shew their equal talents with great delight. The *learned Insipid* was commending Racine's turns; the *genteel Insipid*, Devillier's *curls*.

These creatures, when they are not forced into any particular employment for want of ideas in their own imaginations, are the constant plague of all they meet with, by inquiries for news and scandal, which makes them the heroes of visiting-days; where they help the design of the meeting, which is to pass away

that odious thing called *time*, in discourses too trivial to raise any reflections which may put well-bred persons to the trouble of thinking.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

I was looking out of my parlour-window this morning, and receiving the honours which Margery, the milk-maid to our lane, was doing me, by *dancing* before my door *with the plate of half her customers on her head*, when Mr. Clayton, the author of Arsinoe, made me a visit, and desired me to insert the following advertisement in my ensuing paper.

"The pastoral Masque, composed by Mr Clayton, author of Arsinoe, will be performed on Wednesday, the third instant, in the great room at York-buildings. Tickets to be had at White's Chocolate-house, St. James's Coffee-house, in St. James's-street, and Young Man's Coffee-house.

"Note; the tickets delivered out for the twenty-seventh of April, will be then taken."

When I granted his request, I made one to him, which was, that the performers should put their instruments in tune before the audience came in; for that I thought the resentment of the Eastern prince, who, according to the old story, took tuning for playing, to be very just and natural. He was so civil, as not only to promise that favour, but also to assure me, that he would order the *heels of the performers to be muffled in cotton*, that the artists, in so polite an age as ours, may not intermix with their harmony, a custom, which so nearly resembles the stamping-dances of the West-Indians or Hottentots.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** A Bass-viol of Mr. Bickerstaff's acquaintance, whose mind and fortune do not very exactly agree,

proposes to set himself to sale by way of lottery. Ten thousand pounds is the sum to be raised, at three-pence a ticket, in consideration that there are more women who are willing to be married, than that can spare a greater sum. He has already made over his person to trustees for the said money, to be forthcoming, and ready to take to wife the fortunate woman that wins him.

N. B. Tickets are given out by Mr. Charles Lillie, and by Mr. John Morphew. Each adventurer must be a virgin, and subscribe her name to her ticket.

†‡† Whereas the several churchwardens of most of the parishes within the bills of mortality have in an earnest manner applied themselves by way of petition, and have also made a presentment, of the vain and loose deportment during divine service, of persons of too great figure in all their said parishes for their reproof: and whereas it is therein set forth, that by salutations given each other, hints, shrugs, ogles, playing of fans, fooling with canes at their mouths, and other wanton gesticulations, their whole congregation appears rather a theatrical audience, than an house of devotion; it is hereby ordered, that all *Canes, Cravats, Bosom-laces, Muffs, Fans, Snuff-boxes*, and all other instruments made use of to give persons unbecoming airs, shall be immediately forfeited and sold; and of the sum arising from the sale thereof, a ninth part shall be paid to the poor, and the *rest* to the overseers.

N° 167. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1710.

Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis submissa fidelibus.—
HOR. Ars Poet. 180.

——What we hear,
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 2.

HAVING received notice, that the famous actor Mr. Betterton, was to be interred this evening in the cloysters near Westminster-abbey, I was resolved to walk thither; and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by seeing public punishments and executions; so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer in that way the further off his wishes.

ı actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be record-
he same respect as Roscius among the Ro-
he greatest orator has thought fit to quote
nent, and celebrate his life. Roscius was
ple to all that would form themselves into
d winning behaviour. His action was so
ted to the sentiments he expressed, that the
Rome thought they wanted only to be vir-
be as graceful in their appearance as Ro-
he imagination took a lively impression of
great and good; and they, who never
f setting up for the art of imitation, became
s inimitable characters.

s no human invention so aptly calculated
orming a free-born people as that of a
Tully reports. that the celebrated player
I am speaking, used frequently to say,
fection of an actor is only to become what
." Young men, who are too unattentive
lectures, are irresistibly taken with per-
. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the
ı the gentry of this nation have, at present,
t and noble representations in some of our
The operas, which are of late introduced,
no trace behind them that can be of ser-
ıd the present moment. To sing, and to
e accomplishments very few have any
of practising; but to speak justly, and
efully, is what every man thinks he does
r wishes he did.

ardly a notion, that any performer of an-
ıld surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in
occasions in which he has appeared on our
ıe wonderful agony which he appeared in
xamined the circumstance of the handker-
thello; the mixture of love that intruded
mind, upon the innocent answers Desde-

mona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakspeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences; but a reader that has seen Betterton: it observes, there could not be a word added; the longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of his winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that, while he walked in the cloysters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person, who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in: and I began to be extremely afflicted, that Brutus and Cassius had any difference; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion, in me who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself with Macbeth,

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
To the last moment of recorded time!
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known any thing, a very great esteem and gratitude for the pleasure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may possibly be of service to the unhappy woman he has left behind him, to have it known, that this great tragedian was never in a scene half so moving, as the circumstances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the strictest amity, has long pined away with a sense of his decay, as well in his person as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that, she has herself decayed both in her health and reason. Her husband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatness of her distress has been her relief, by a present deprivation of her senses. This absence of reason is her best defence against age, sorrow, poverty, and sickness. I dwell upon this account so distinctly, in obedience to a certain great spirit, who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her some object of compassion, from whom she may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occasion for exerting such heroic generosity; and as there is an ingenuous shame in those who have known better fortune, to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks; in this case both those delicacies are preserved; for the

person obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactress, as her benefactress is unwilling to be known by her.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it hath been signified to the Censor, that under the pretence that he has encouraged *the Moving Picture*, and particularly admired the *Walking Statue*, some persons within the liberties of Westminster have vended *walking Pictures*, insomuch that the said pictures have within few days after sales by auction, returned to the habitations of their first proprietors; that matter has been narrowly looked into, and orders are given to Pacolet, to take notice of all who are concerned in such frauds, with directions to draw their pictures, that they may be hanged *in effigie*, *in terrorem* to all auctions for the future.

N° 168. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 5.

NEVER was man so much teazed, or suffered half so much uneasiness, as I have done this evening between a couple of fellows, with whom I was unfortunately engaged to sup, where there were also several others in company. One of them is the most invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly absurd. Upon hearing my name, the man of audacity, as he calls himself, began to assume an aukward way of reserve by way of ridicule upon me as a Cen-

r, and said, " he must have a care of his behavi-
, for there would notes be writ upon all that
ould pass." The man of freedom and ease, for such
e other thinks himself, asked me, " whether my
ster Jenny was breeding or not ?" After they had
ne with me, they were impertinent to a very smart,
t well-bred man; who stood his ground very well,
d let the company see they ought, but could not,
out of countenance. I look upon such a defence
a real good action; for while he received their
e, there was a modest and worthy young gentle-
sat secure by him, and a lady of the family at
same time guarded against the nauseous famili-
ty of the one, and the more painful mirth of the
ther. This conversation, where there were a thou-
nd things said, not worth repeating, made me
onsider with myself, how it is that men of these
isagreeable characters often go great lengths in the
vorld, and seldom fail of out-stripping men of merit;
ay, succeed so well, that, with a load of imperfec-
ions on their heads, they go on in opposition to ge-
eral disesteem; while they who are every way their
uperiors, languish away their days, though possess-
d of the approbation and good-will of all who know
m.

If we would examine into the secret springs of
ction in the *impudent* and the *absurd*, we shall find,
hough they bear a great resemblance in their beha-
iour, that they move upon very different principles.
The *impudent* are pressing, though they know they
re disagreeable; the *absurd* are importunate, be-
ause they think they are acceptable. *Impudence* is
vice, and *Absurdity* a folly. Sir Francis Bacon
alks very agreeably upon the subject of *Impudence*.
He takes notice, that the orator being asked, what
vas the first, second, and third requisite to make a
ine speaker? still answered, *action*. This, said he,

is the very outward form of speaking; and yet it is what with the generality has more force than the most consummate abilities. *Impudence* is to the rest of mankind of the same use which *ac* to orators.

The truth is, the gross of men are governed r by appearances than realities; and the impudent n in his air and behaviour undertakes for himself tha he has ability and merit, while the modest or diffi dent gives himself up as one who is possessed of nei ther. For this reason, men of front carry things be fore them with little opposition; and make so skil ful an use of their talent, that they can grow out o humour like men of consequence, and be sour, and make their dissatisfaction do them the same servic as desert. This way of thinking has often furnishe me with an apology for great men who confer fa vours on the impudent. In carrying on the govern ment of mankind, they are not to consider what men they themselves approve in their closets and priv conversations; but what men will extend themselve furthest, and more generally pass upon the world for such as their patrons want in such and such sta tions, and consequently take so much work off the hands of those who employ them.

Far be it that I should attempt to lessen the ac ceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I humbly propose only, that they who have merit of a different kind would accompl themselves in some degree with this quality, of wh I am now treating. Nay, I allow these gentle to press as forward as they please in the advance ment of their interests and fortunes, but not to in trude upon others in conversation also. Let them d what they can with the rich and the great, as far they are suffered: but let them not interrupt r easy and agreeable. They may be useful as servant

in ambition, but never as associates in pleasure. However, as I would still drive at something instructive in every Lucubration, I must recommend it to all men who feel in themselves an impulse towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire such a degree of assurance, as never to lose the possession of themselves in public or private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occasion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending such false modesty, but by laying it down for a rule, that there is nothing shameful but what is criminal.

The Jesuits, an order whose institution is perfectly calculated for making a progress in the world, take care to accomplish their disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public exercise in one of their schools, a young man made a most admirable speech, with all the beauty of action, cadence of voice, and force of argument imaginable, in defence of the love of glory. We were all enamoured with the grace of the youth, as he came down from the desk where he spoke, to present a copy of his speech to the head of the society. The principal received it in a very obliging manner, and bid him go to the market-place and fetch a joint of meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a trice the orator returned, full of the sense of glory in this obedience, and with the best shoulder of mutton in the market.

This treatment capacitates them for every scene of life. I therefore recommend it to the consideration of all who have the instruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does every

thing by the mere force of his impudence, or he performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is a weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modesty but in self-denial.

P. S. Upon my coming home, I received the following petition and letter:

"The humble petition of SARAH LATELY,

SHEWETH,

"That your petitioner has been one of those ladies who has had fine things constantly spoken to her in general terms, and lived, during her most blooming years, in daily expectation of declarations of marriage, but never had one made to her.

"That she is now in her grand climacteric; which being above the space of four virginities, accounting at fifteen years each;

"Your petitioner most humbly prays, that in the lottery for the Bass-viol she may have four tickets, in consideration that her single life has been occasioned by the inconstancy of her lovers, and not through the cruelty or frowardness of your petitioner.

"And your Petitioner shall, &c."

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, *May* 3, 1710.

"According to my fancy, you took a much better way to dispose of a Bass-viol in yesterday's paper, than you did in your Table of Marriage. I desire the benefit of a lottery for myself too——The manner of it I leave to your own discretion: only if you can——allow the tickets at above five farthings a piece. Pray accept of one ticket for your trou-

and I wish you may be the fortunate man

Your very humble servant until then,
ISABELLA KIT."

I must own the request of the aged petitioner to
ded upon a very undeserved distress; and
might, had she had justice done her, been
r of many pretenders to this prize, instead of
ng one herself, I do readily grant her demand;
as for the proposal of Mrs. Isabella Kit, I can-
ot project a lottery for her, until I have security she
ill surrender herself to the winner.

N° 169. TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1710.

O rus! quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, & inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 60.

——Oh when again
Shall I behold the rural plain?
And when with books of Sages deep,
Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion, blissful balm!
The busy cares of life becalm?

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

HE summer season now approaching, several of
family have invited me to pass away a month or
o in the country; and indeed nothing could be

more agreeable to me than such a rec d consider that I am *by two quarts* a worse c than when I was last among my relations: a admonished by some of our club, who lately Staffordshire, that they drink at a greater r they did at that time. As every soil does r duce every fruit or tree, so every vice is growth of every kind of life; and I have ev I could think been astonished, that drinkin be the vice of the country. If it were po add to all our senses, as we do to that of perspectives, we should methinks more par labour to improve them in the midst of the of beauteous objects, which nature has pro entertain us in the country; and do we place destroy the use of what organs we h for my part, I cannot but lament the des that has been made of the wild beasts of t when I see large tracts of earth possessed who take no advantage of their being ratio lead mere animal lives; making it their w deavour to kill in themselves all they hav beasts, to wit, the use of reason, and tast ciety. It is frequently boasted in the wri orators and poets, that it is to eloquence a we owe that we are drawn out of woods tudes into towns and cities, and from a v savage being become acquainted with the humanity and civility. If we are obliged arts for so great service, I could wish they w ployed to give us a second turn; that as t brought us to dwell in society, a blessing other creatures know, so they would pers now they have settled us, to lay out all our in surpassing each other in those faculties i only we excel other creatures. But it is a so far otherwise, that the contention seer

who shall be most eminent in performances wherein
enjoy greater abilities than we have. I will
take, were the butler and swineherd at any
one Esquire's in Great Britain, to keep and com-
accounts of what wash is drunk up in so many
rs in the parlour and the pig-stye, it would ap-
r the gentleman of the house gives much more
friends than his hogs.

This, with many other evils, arises from an error
men's judgments, and not making true distinctions
between persons and things. It is usually thought,
that a few sheets of parchment, made before a male
and a female of wealthy houses come together, give
the heirs and descendants of that marriage possession
of lands and tenements; but the truth is, there is
no man who can be said to be proprietor of an
estate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay,
it shall never be allowed, that the land is not a
waste, when the master is uncultivated. Therefore, to avoid confusion, it is to be noted, that a peasant with a great estate is but an incumbent, and that he must be a gentleman to be a landlord. A landlord enjoys what he has with his heart, an incumbent with his stomach. Gluttony, drunkenness, and riot, are the entertainments of an incumbent; benevolence, civility, social and human virtues, the accomplishments of a landlord. Who, has any passion for his native country, does not
it worse than conquered, when so large dimensions of it are in the hands of savages, that know no use of property, but to be tyrants; or liberty, but to be unmannerly? A gentleman in a country-life enjoys paradise with a temper fit for it; a clown is cursed in it with all the cutting and unruly passions man could be tormented with when he was expelled from it.

There is no character more deservedly esteemed than that of a country gentleman, who understands the station in which Heaven and Nature have placed him. He is father to his tenants, and patron to his neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other. His life is spent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counsel and knowledge are a guard to the simplicity and innocence of those of lower talents, and the entertainment and happiness of those of equal. When a man in a country-life has this turn, as it is hoped thousands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is described in the pastoral descriptions of poets, or the vain-glorious solitudes recorded by philosophers.

To a thinking man it would seem prodigious, that the very situation in a country-life does not incline men to a scorn of the mean gratifications some take in it. To stand by a stream, naturally lulls the mind into composure and reverence; to walk in shades, diversifies that pleasure; and a bright sunshine makes a man consider all nature in gladness, and himself the happiest being in it, as he is the most conscious of her gifts and enjoyments. It would be the most impertinent piece of pedantry imaginable to form our pleasures by imitation of others. I will not therefore mention Scipio and Lælius, who are generally produced on this subject as authorities for the charms of a rural life*. He that does not feel the force of agreeable views and situations in his own mind, will hardly arrive at the satisfactions

* Cicero "De Oratore," lib. ii. 6; and "De Amicitia," *passim*.

hey bring from the reflections of others. However, hey who have a taste that way, are more particularly inflamed with desire, when they see others in he enjoyment of it, especially when men carry into he country a knowledge of the world as well as of nature. The leisure of such persons is endeared and refined by reflection upon cares and inquietudes. The absence of past labours doubles present pleasure, which is still augmented, if the person in solitude has the happiness of being addicted to letters. My cousin Frank Bickerstaff gives me a very good notion of this sort of felicity in the following letter:

"SIR,

"I write this to communicate to you the happiness I have in the neighbourhood and conversation of the noble lord, whose health you inquired after in your last. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am so far from being oppressed by his greatness, that I, who know no envy, and he, who is above pride, mutually recommend ourselves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He esteems me for being so well pleased with a little, and I admire him for enjoying so handsomely a great deal. He has not the little taste of observing the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box; but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildness of another, as well as the fall of a river, the rising of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long versed in great and public amusements. The make of the soul is as much seen in leisure as in business. He has long lived in courts, and been admired in assemblies; so that he has added to experience a most charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the

ideas of my own mind upon the objects we m
with so agreeably, that with his company in t
fields, I at once enjoy the country, and a lan
of it. He is now altering the course of canal
rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbou
satisfaction, as well as his own. He often mal
me presents by turning the water into my gr
and sends me fish by their own streams. To av
my thanks, he makes nature the instrument of
bounty, and does all good offices so much with t
air of a companion, that his frankness hides his o
condescension, as well as my gratitude. Leave t
world to itself, and come see us.

Your affectionate cousin,

FRANCIS BICKERSTAF

N° 170. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1710.

Fortuna sæco læta negotio, &
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alio benigna.
HOR. 3 Od. xxix. 49.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others she the bliss bestows.

FRANCI

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAVING this morning spent some time in read
on the subject of the vicissitude of human life

id aside my book, and began to ruminate on the scourse which raised in me those reflections. I lieved it a very good office to the world, to sit n and show others the road, in which I am exrienced by my wanderings and errors. This is neca's way of thinking, and he had half conıced me, how dangerous it is to our true happiss and tranquillity, to fix our minds upon any ng which is in the power of fortune. It is exsable only in animals who have not the use of ison, to be catched by hooks and baits. Wealth, ory, and power, which the ordinary people look *at* with admiration, the learned and wise know be only so many snares laid to enslave them. ere is nothing farther to be sought for with earıtness, than what will cloath and feed us. If we mper ourselves in our diet, or give our imaginans a loose in our desires, the body will no longer ey the mind. Let us think no further than to end ourselves against hunger, thirst, and cold. e are to remember that every thing else is despile, and not worth our care. To want little is e grandeur, and very few things are great, to a at mind. Those who form their thoughts in this nner, and abstract themselves from the world, out of the way of fortune, and can look with ıtempt both on her favours and her frowns. At same time, they who separate themselves from immediate commerce with the busy part of nkind, are still beneficial to them, while, by ir studies and writings, they recommend to them small value which ought to be put upon what y pursue with so much labour and disquiet. ıile such men are thought the most idle, they the most usefully employed. They have all both human and divine, under considera-

To be perfectly free from the insults of for-

tune, we should arm ourselves with
flections. We should learn, that none
lectual possessions are what we can prope
own. All things from without are but
What fortune gives us, is not ours; and
she gives, she can take away.

It is a common imputation to Seneca, t
he declaimed with so much strength of r
a stoical contempt of riches and power,
the same time one of the richest and mo
men in Rome. I know no instance of hi
solent in that fortune, and can therefo
thoughts on those subjects with the more
I will not give philosophy so poor a look
cannot live in courts; but I am of opin
is there in the greatest eminence, when,
affluence of all the world can bestow, a
dresses of a crowd who follow him for th
man can think both of himself and those
abstracted from these circumstances. S
losopher is as much above an anchorite
matron, who passes through the world
cence, is preferable to the nun who lock
from it.

Full of these thoughts, I left my lo
took a walk to the court end of the tow
hurry and busy faces I met with abo
hall made me form to myself ideas of t
prospects of all I saw, from the turn
their countenances. All, methought, h
things in view: but prosecuted their h
different air. Some showed an unbeco
ness, some a surly impatience, some a
ference; but the generality a servile con

I could not but observe, as I roved a
fices, that all who were still but in
murmured at Fortune; and all who h

wishes, immediately began to say, there was
ch being. Each believed it an act of blind
:e that any other man was preferred, but
only to service and merit what he had ob-
f himself. It is the fault of studious men to
ır in public with too contemplative a carriage;
began to observe, that my figure, age, and
, made me particular; for which reason, I
ght it better to remove a studious countenance
among busy ones, and take a turn with a
l in the *Privy-garden*.

hen my friend was alone with me there,
ac," said he, "I know you come abroad only
ɔralize and make observations; and I will carry
ıard by, where you shall see all that you have
ıelf considered or read in authors, or collected
experience, concerning blind Fortune and irre-
le Destiny, illustrated in real persons, and pro-
mechanisms. The Graces, the Muses, the
, all the beings which have a good or ill in-
ce upon human life, are, you will say, very
r figured in the persons of women: and where
carrying you, you will see *enough* of that sex
her, in an employment which will have so im-
nt an effect upon those who are to receive
manufacture, as will make them be respec-
y called Deities or Furies, as their labour shall
e disadvantageous or successful to their vo-
s." Without waiting for my answer, he car-
me to an apartment contiguous to the Ban-
ing-house, where there were placed at two
tables a large company of young women, in
nt and agreeable habits, making up tickets for
lottery appointed by the government. There
:ed between the tables a person who presided
the work. This gentlewoman seemed an em-
ı of Fortune; she commanded, as if uncon-

cerned in their business; and though every th
was performed by her direction, she did not vis
interpose in particulars. She seemed in pain at
near approach to her, and most to approve us w
we made her no advances. Her height, her
her gesture, her shape, and her countenance,
something that spoke familiarity and dignity.
therefore appeared to be not only a picture of
tune, but of Fortune as I liked her; which m
me break out in the following words:

"MADAM,

"I am very glad to see the fate of the m
who now languish in expectation of what will
the event of your labours, in the hands of one
can act with so impartial an indifference. Par
me, that have often seen you before, and have
you for want of the respect due to you. Let
beg of you, who have both the furnishing and t
ing of that wheel of lots, to be unlike the re
your sex; repulse the forward and the bold, and
vour the modest and the humble. I know you
the importunate; but smile no more upon the c
less. Add not to the coffers of the usurer; but
the power of bestowing to the generous. Conti
his wants, who cannot enjoy or communi
plenty; but turn away his poverty, who can be
with more ease than he can see it in another."

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Whereas Philander signified to Clarin
by letter bearing date Thursday twelve o'clock, t
he had lost his heart by a shot from her eyes,
desired she would condescend to meet him the
day at eight in the evening at Rosamond's pu
faithfully protesting, that in case she would not
him that honour, she might see the body of the

or the next day floating on the said lake of love, that he desired only three sighs upon view of his body: it is desired, if he has not made away with accordingly, that he would forthwith show himself to the coroner of the city of Westminster; or Clarinda, being an old offender, will be found guilty of wilful murder.

N° 171. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1710.

Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ,
Propugnat nugis armatus——

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 15.

He strives for trifles, and for toys contends,
And then in earnest, what he says, defends.

Grecian Coffee-house, May 12.

It hath happened to be for some days the deliberation at the learnedest board in this house, whence honour and title had its first original. Timoleon, who is very particular in his opinion, but is thought particular for no other cause but that he acts against depraved custom by the rules of nature and reason, in a very handsome discourse gave the company to understand, that in those ages which first degenerated from the simplicity of life and natural justice, the wise among them thought it necessary to inspire men with the love of virtue, by giving those who adhered to the interests of innocence and truth some distinguishing name to raise them above the com-

mon level of mankind. This way of fixing appellations of credit upon eminent merit, was what gave being to titles and terms of honour. "Such a name," continued he, "without the qualities which should give a man pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to jest and ridicule. Should one see another cudgelled, or scurvily treated, do you think a man so used would take it kindly to be called Hector or Alexander? Every thing must bear a proportion with the outward value that is set upon it; or, instead of being long had in veneration, that very term of esteem will become a word of reproach." When Timoleon had done speaking, Urbanus pursued the same purpose, by giving an account of the manner in which the Indian kings* who were lately in Great-Britain, did honour to the person where they lodged. "They were placed," said he, "in *an* handsome apartment at an upholsterer's in King-street, Covent-garden. The man of the house, it seems, had been very observant of them, and ready in their service. These just and generous princes, who act according to the dictates of natural justice, thought it proper to confer some dignity upon their landlord before they left his house. One of them had been sick during his residence there, and having never before been in a bed, had a very great veneration for him who made that engine of repose, so useful and so necessary in his distress. It was consulted among the four princes, by what name to dignify his great merit and services. *The emperor of the* Mohock

* About a month before the date of this paper, the four Indian kings here spoken of, came into England with the West India fleet, in behalf of the six Indian nations, who at the time inhabited the back-country of North America, between New-England and the French settlements in Canada.

three kings stood up, and in that pos-
the civilities they had received; and
many repeated the care which was taken of
other. This, in their imagination, who
to know the injuries of weather, and the
tudes of cold and heat, gave them very great
ssions of a skilful upholsterer, whose furniture
e well contrived for their protection on such
. It is with these less instructed, I will
s knowing people, the manner of doing
ır, to impose some name significant of the
ies of the person they distinguish, and the
es received from him. It was therefore
ed all their landlord *Cadaroque*, which is
of the strongest fort in their part of the
. When they had agreed upon the name,
ent for their landlord; and as he entered into
presence, *the emperor of the* Mohocks, taking
by the hand, called him *Cadaroque*. After
ı, the other three princes repeated the same
and ceremony."

noleon appeared much satisfied with this ac-
; and, having a philosophic turn, began to
against the modes and manners of those
which we esteem polite, and *to* express
uf with disdain at our usual method of calling
ire strangers to our innovations *Barbarous*.
e," says he, "so great a deference for the
cion given by these princes, that *Cadaroque*
be my upholsterer"——He was going on; but
ıtended discourse was interrupted by Minucio,
ıat near him, a small philosopher, who is also
what of a politician; one of those who sets up
nowledge by doubting, and has no other way
aking himself considerable, but by contra-
g all he hears said. He has, besides much
and spirit of contradiction, a constant sus-

picion as to state affairs. This accomplished tleman, with a very awful brow, and a counte full of weight, told Timoleon, " that it was a misfortune men of letters seldom looked in bottom of things. Will any man," continue " persuade me, that this was not, from th ginning to the end, a concerted affair? Wh convince the world, that four kings shall com here, and lie at *the two Crowns and Cushion* one of them fall sick, *and the place be called street*, and all this by mere accident? No, no a man of very small penetration it appears, th *Yee Neen Ho Ga Row*, emperor of the Mo was prepared for this adventure beforehand. not care to contradict any gentleman in h course; but I must say, however *Sa Ga Yeai Geth Ton* and *E Tow Oh Koam* might be sur in this matter; nevertheless, *Ho Nec Yeth Th Row* knew it before he set foot on the E shore."

Timoleon looked steadfastly at him for some then shaked his head, paid for his tea, and m off. Several others, who sat round him, w their turns attacked by this ready disputant. tleman, who was at some distance, happe discourse to say it was four miles to Hammer " I must beg your pardon," says Minucio; " we say a place is so far off, we do not mean from the very spot of earth we are in, but fr town where we are; so that you must begi account from the end of Piccadilly; and if so, I will lay any man ten to one, it is not three good miles off." Another, about Mi level of understanding, began to take him up important argument; and maintained, that, sidering the way from Pimlico at the end James's-park, and the crossing from Chel

Earl's-court, he would stand to it, that it was full four miles. But Minucio replied with great vehemence, and seemed so much to have the better of the dispute, that his adversary quitted the field, as well as the other. I sat until I saw the table almost all vanished; when, for want of discourse, Minucio asked me, "How I did?" to which I answered, "Very well." "That is very much," said he; "I assure you, you look paler than ordinary." Nay, thought I, if he will not allow me to know whether I am well or not, there is no staying for me neither. Upon which I took my leave, pondering, as I went home, at this strange poverty of imagination, which makes men run into the fault of giving contradiction. They want in their minds entertainment for themselves or their company, and therefore build all they speak upon what is started by others; and since they cannot improve that foundation, they strive to destroy it. The only way of dealing with these people is to answer in monosyllables, or by way of question. When one of them tells you a thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no farther than, "Say you so, Sir? Indeed! Heyday!" or, "is it come to that?" These little rules, which appear but silly in the repetition, have brought me with great tranquillity to this age. And I have made it an observation, that as assent is more agreeable than flattery, so contradiction is more odious than calumny.

Advertisement.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff's aërial messenger has brought him a report of what passed at the auction of pictures, which was in Somerset-house yard on Monday last; and finds there were no *screens* present, but all transacted with great justice.

N. B. All false buyers at auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this day forward to be known in Mr. Bickerstaff's writings by the word Screens.

N° 172. TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1710.

Quod quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.——————

HOR. 2 Od. xiii. 13.

No man can tell the dangers of each hour,
Nor is prepared to meet them——————

From my own Apartment, May 15.

WHEN a man is in a serious mood, and pond upon his own make, with a retrospect to the of his life and the many fatal miscarriages in it which he owes to ungoverned passions, he is the apt to say to himself, that experience has guarde him against such errors for the future: but natur often recurs in spite of his best resolutions; and i is to the very end of our days a struggle betwee our reason and our temper, which shall have th empire over us. However, this is very much to b helped by circumspection, and a constant alarm against the first onsets of passion. As this is, i general, a necessary care to make a man's life eas and agreeable to himself; so it is more particularl the duty of such as are engaged in friendship, an nearer commerce with others. Those who hav their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; an

none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things, which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit, which every honest man bears for his own vindication; but unkindness, in words or actions, among friends, affects us at the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms; but the friend can make no *pass* but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere *well-wishes* of a friend, gives a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and suffers to the quick. For this reason, the most gentle behaviour is absolutely necessary to maintain friendship in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. But there is a relation of life much more near than the most strict and sacred friendship, that is to say, marriage. This union is of too close and delicate a nature to be easily conceived by those who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions; if not for his own ease, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure, I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this subject; but I must go on to say, that the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior, qualities to theirs. The virtues have respectively a masculine and feminine cast. What we call in men *wisdom*, is in women *prudence*. It is a par-

tiality to call one greater than the other. A p
woman is in the same class of honour as a *wise*
and the scandals in the way of both are equall
gerous. But to make this state any thing but
den, and not hang a weight upon our very b
it is proper each of the couple should frequent
member that there are many things which
out of their very natures that are pardonable
becoming, when considered as such, but w
that reflection must give the quickest pain an
ation. To manage well a great family, is
thy an instance of capacity, as to execute a
employment: and for the generality, as w
perform the considerable part of their duti
well as men do theirs; so in their commo
haviour, females of ordinary genius are not
trivial than the common rate of men; an
my opinion, the playing of a fan is every
as good an entertainment as the beating of a
box.

But, however I have rambled in this lib
manner of writing by way of *Essay*, I now sat
with an intention to represent to my readers,
pernicious, how sudden, and how fatal, surpri
passion are to the mind of man; and that i
more intimate commerces of life they are m
able to arise, even in our most sedate and in
hours. Occurrences of this kind have had ve
rible effects; and when one reflects upon them
cannot but tremble to consider, what we are c
of being wrought up to, against all the ties o
ture, love, honour, reason, and religion, t
the man who breaks through them all had, an
before he did so, a lively and virtuous sense of
dictates. When unhappy catastrophes mak
part of the history of princes and persons wh
in high spheres, or are represented in the m

ge and well-wrought scenes of tragedians,
o not fail of striking us with terror; but then
ffect us only in a transient manner, and pass
i our imaginations as incidents in which our
es are too humble to be concerned, or which
s form for the ostentation of their own force;
most, as things fit rather to exercise the
s of our minds, than to create new habits in

Instead of such high passages, I was think-
would be of great use, if any body could hit
ay before the world such adventures as befall
s not exalted above the common level. This,
ught, would better prevail upon the ordinary
f men; who are so prepossessed with out-
appearances, that they mistake fortune for
, and believe nothing can relate to them,
es not happen to such as live and look like
ves.

unhappy end of a gentleman, whose story
uaintance of mine was just now telling me,
be very proper for this end, if it could be re-
with all the circumstances as I heard it this
g; for it touched me so much, that I cannot
r entering upon it.

Mr. Eustace, a young gentleman of a good
near *Dublin in Ireland*, married a lady of
beauty and modesty, and lived with her,
neral, with much ease and tranquillity; but
i his secret temper impatient of rebuke. She
pt to fall into little sallies of passion; yet as
nly recalled by her own reflection on her
and the consideration of her husband's tem-
It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister,
at supper together about two months ago,
i the midst of a careless and familiar conver-
, the sisters fell into a little warmth and con-
tion. He, who was one of that sort of men

who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they dispu was so near, that they were under no restraint fi running into vain repetitions of past heats: on which occasion all the aggravations of anger and distaste boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife, observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every half-hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed, he soon dissembled a sleep; and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of their family, in a lonely country-house. He now saw his opportunity, and with a dagger he had brought to bed with him stabbed his wife in the side. She awaked in the highest terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and r him to defend himself. He still pretended hin sleeping, and gave her a second wound.

"She now drew open the curtain, and by the help of moon-light, saw his hand lifted up to s her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he, enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his poniard in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had dispatched her, he attempted tc escape out of the window: but she, still alive called to him not to hurt himself; for she migh live He was so stung with the insupportable re flection upon her goodness, and his own villainy

he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all
r with as much rage as if every blow was pro-
ted by new aggravations. In this fury of mind
fled away. His wife had still strength to go to
sister's apartment, and give an account of this
nderful tragedy; but died the next day. Some
eks after, an officer of justice, in attempting to
e the criminal, fired upon him, as did the cri-
l upon the officer. Both their balls took place,
both immediately expired."

N° 173. THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1710.

——Sapientia prima est
Stultitiâ caruisse. HOR. 1 Ep. 1 41.

When free from folly, we to wisdom rise.

FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, May 17.

HEN I first began to learn to push, this last win-
my master had a great deal of work upon his
ds to make me unlearn the postures and motions
ich I had got, by having in my younger years
ctised back-sword, with a little eye to the *single*
kion. *Knock Down*, was the word in the civil
rs; and we generally added to this skill the
owledge of the *Cornish hug*, as well as the grap-
, to play with hand and foot. By this means,
as for defending my head when the French gen-
nan was making a full pass at my bosom; inso-

much, that he told me I was fairly killed seve times in one morning, without having done m master any other mischief than one knock on pate. This was a great misfortune to me; believe I may say, without vanity, I am the n who ever pushed so erroneously, and yet conquer the prejudice of education so well, as to make passes so clear, and recover hand and foot with th agility as I do at this day. The truth of it is, t first rudiments of education are given very indi creetly by most parents, as much with relation the more important concerns of the mind, as in t gestures of the body. Whatever children are d signed for, and whatever prospects the fortune interest of their parents may give them in their f ture lives, they are all promiscuously instructed t same way; and Horace and Virgil must be thumb by a boy, as well before he goes to an apprentic ship, as to the university. This ridiculous w of treating the under-aged of this island has ve often raised both my spleen and mirth, but I thi never both at once so much as to-day. A good m ther of our neighbourhood made me a visit with h son and heir; a lad somewhat above five feet, a wants but little of the height and strength of a go musqueteer in any regiment in the service. H business was to desire I would examine him; for was far gone in a book, the first letters of whi she often saw in my papers. The youth produced and I found it was my friend Horace. It was ve easy to turn to the place the boy was learning i which was the fifth Ode of the first book, Pyrrha. I read it over aloud, as well because I a always delighted when I turn to the beautiful pa of that author, as also to gain time for considering little how to keep up the mother's pleasure in h child, which I thought barbarity to interrupt.

the first place I asked him, "Who this same Pyrrha was?" He answered very readily, "She was the wife of Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's captains." I lifted up my hands. The mother courtsies—"Nay," says she,—"I knew you would stand in admiration—I assure you," continued she, "for all he looks so tall, he is but very young Pray ask him some more; never spare him." With that I took the liberty to ask him, "what was the character of this gentlewoman?" He read the three first verses;

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro? HOR. 1 Od. v. i.

And very gravely told me, she lived at the sign of *The Rose* in a cellar. I took care to be very much astonished at the lad's improvements; but withal advised her, as soon as possible, to take him from school, for he could learn no more there. This very silly dialogue was a lively image of the impertinent method used, in breeding boys without genius or spirit to the reading things for which their heads were never framed. But this is the natural effect of a certain vanity in the minds of parents; who are wonderfully delighted with the thought of breeding their children to accomplishments, which they believe nothing, but want of the same care in their own fathers, prevented them from being masters of. Thus it is, that the part of life most fit for improvement is generally employed in a method against the bent of nature; and a lad of such parts as are fit for an occupation, where there can be no calls out of the beaten path, is two or three years of his time wholly taken up in knowing, how well Ovid's mistress became such a dress; how such a nymph for her cruelty was changed into such an

animal; and how it is made generous in
put Turnus to death; gallantries that can
come within the occurrences of the lives of
men, than they can be relished by their
tions. However, still the humour goes on
generation to another; and the pastry-cook
the lane, the other night, told me, "he w
yet take away his son from his learning; bu
solved, as soon as he had a little smatt
the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap
These wrong beginnings determine our
the world; and when our thoughts are o
falsely biassed, their agility and force do t
us the further out of our way, in proportic
speed. But we are half way our journey, v
have got into the right road. If all our d
usefully employed, and we did not set out
timently, we should not have so many grotes
fessors in all the arts of life; but every ma
be in a proper and becoming method of dist
ing or entertaining himself suitably to wha
designed him. As they go on now, our pa
not only force us upon what is against our
but our teachers are also as injudicious in w
put us to learn. I have hardly ever since
so much by the charms of any beauty, a
before I had a sense of passion, for not
hending that the smile of Lalage was what
Horace; and I verily believe, the stripes
fered about *Digito malè pertinaci* has given
irreconcileable aversion, which I shall carry
grave, against coquettes.

As for the elegant writer of whom I am
his excellencies are to be observed as they r
the different concerns of his life; and he is
to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or
of wit. His admirable Odes have number

stances of his merit in each of these characters. His Epistles and Satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a court; and what we call good breeding, is most agreeably intermixed with his morality. His addresses to the persons who favoured him, are so inimitably engaging, that Augustus complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, "whether he was afraid posterity should read their names together?" Now for the generality of men to spend much time in such writings is as pleasant a folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the crowd of scholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taste of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be just as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great painter say, "There are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain subjects for certain poets." This is as true in the choice of studies; and no one will ever relish an author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit company for that author, had they lived at the same time. All others are mechanics in learning, and take the sentiments of writers like waiting-servants who report what passed at their master's table; but debase every thought and expression, for want of the air with which they were uttered.

N° 174. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1710.

Quem mala stultitia, aut quæcunque insciția veri,
Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus, & grex
Autumat.———

HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 41

Whom vicious passions, or whom falsehood, blind,
Are by the Stoics held of madding kind.

FRANCIS

From my own Apartment, May 19.

THE learned Scotus, to distinguish the race of mankind, gives every individual of that species what he calls a *Seity*, something peculiar to himself, which makes him different from all other persons in the world. This particularity renders him either venerable or ridiculous, according as he uses his talents, which always grow out into faults, or improve into virtues. In the office I have undertaken, you are to observe, that I have hitherto presented only the more insignificant and lazy part of mankind under the denomination of dead men, together with the degrees towards non-existence, in which others can neither be said to live or be defunct; but are only animals merely dressed up like men, and differ from each other but as flies do by a little colouring or fluttering of their wings. Now as our discourses heretofore have chiefly regarded the indolent part of the species, it remains that we do justice also upon the impertinently active and enterprising. Such as these I shall take particular care to place in safe custody,

have used all possible diligence to run up my
:unice in Moorfields for that service.

We, who are adepts in astrology, can impute it
to several causes in the planets, that this quarter of
our great city is the region of such persons as either
never had, or have lost the use of reason. It has in-
deed been, time out of mind, the reception of fools
as well as madmen. The care and information of
he former I assign to other learned men, who have
or that end taken up their habitation in those parts;
as, among others, to the famous Dr. Trotter, and
ingenious friend Dr. Langham. These oracu-
proficients are day and night employed in deep
earches, for the direction of such as run astray after
heir lost goods: but at present they are more par-
icularly serviceable to their country, in foretelling
he fate of such as have chances in the public lot-
ery. Dr. Langham shews a peculiar generosity on
his occasion, taking only one half-crown for a pre-
iction, eighteen-pence of which to be paid out of
he prizes; which method the doctor is willing to
omply with in favour of every adventurer in the
hole lottery. Leaving therefore the whole gene-
on of such inquirers to such *Literati* as I have
ow mentioned, we are to proceed towards peopling
ur house, which we have erected with the greatest
ost and care imaginable.

It is necessary in this place to premise, that the
uperiority and force of mind which is born with men
f great genius, and which, when it falls in with a
oble imagination, is called *poetical fury*, does not
ome under my consideration; but the pretence to
ich an impulse, without natural warmth, shall be
lowed a fit object of this charity; and all the vo-
mes, written by such hands, shall be from time to
me placed in proper order upon the rails of the un-

housed booksellers within the district of the college, who have long inhabited this quarter, in the same manner as they are already disposed, soon after the publication. I promise myself from these writings my best opiates for those patients, whose high il nations and hot spirits have awaked them into traction. Their boiling tempers are not to wrought upon by my gruels and juleps, but m e be employed, or appear to be so; or their n will be impracticable. I shall therefore r e such poets as preserve so constant a memo ry, never to elevate the mind into joy, or depress it into sadness, yet at the same time keep the i ilti r the readers in suspense, though they introd ideas of their own. By this means, a disordered mind, like a broken limb, will recover its strength by the sole benefit of being out of use, and lying without motion. But, as reading is not an entertainment that can take up the full time of my patients, I have now in pension a proportionable number of story-tellers, who are by turns to walk about the galleries of the house, and by their narrations second the labours of my pretty good poets. There are among these story-tellers, some that have so earnest countenances, and weighty brows, that they will draw a madman, even when his fit is just coming on, into a whisper; and by the force of shrugs, nods and busy gestures, make him stand amazed so long as that we have time to give him his broth without danger.

But, as fortune has the possession of men's minds a physician may cure all the sick people of ordinary degree in the whole town, and never come into reputation. I shall therefore begin with persons of condition; and the first I shall undertake shall be the lady Fidget, the general visitant, and Will Voli

the fine talker. These persons shall be first locked up, for the peace of all whom the one visits, and all whom the other talks to.

The passion, that first touched the brain of both these persons, was envy; which has had such wondrous effects, that to this lady Fidget owes that she is so courteous; to this, Will Voluble that he is so eloquent. Fidget has a restless torment in hearing of any one's prosperity; and cannot know any quiet until she visits her, and is eye-witness of something that lessens it. Thus her life is a continual search after what does not concern her; and her companions speak kindly even of the absent and the unfortunate to teaze her. She was the first that visited [illegible] at [illegible] the small-pox, and has never seen her [illegible] n she is not altered. Call a young woman [illegible] me in her company, and she tells you it is [illegible]ny; has no fortune; say she is rich, and she is [illegible]orry that she is silly. With all this ill-nature, [illegible]n it is herself young, rich, and handsome; but the pleasure of all those qualities, because she [illegible]as them in common with others.

To make up her misery, she is well bred; she [illegible]ears commendations, until she is ready to faint for [illegible]want of venting herself in contradictions. This madness is not expressed by the voice; but is uttered in the eyes and features; its first symptom is, upon beholding an agreeable object, a sudden approbation immediately checked with dislike.

This lady I shall take the liberty to conduct into bed of straw and darkness; and have some hopes, that after long absence from the light, the pleasure of seeing at all, may reconcile her to what she shall see, though it proves to be never so agreeable.

My physical remark on the distraction of envy in other persons, and particularly in Will Voluble, is interrupted by a visit from Mr. Kidney, with advices

which will bring matter of new disturbance to many possessed with this sort of disorder; which I shall publish to bring out the symptoms more kindly, and lay the distemper more open to my view.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 19.

This evening a mail from Holland brought the following advices:

From the Camp before Douay, May 26, *N. S.*

On the twenty-third the French assembled their army, and encamped with their right near Bouchain and their left near Crevecœur. Upon this motion of the enemy, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene made a movement with their army the twenty-fourth, and encamped from Arlieux to Vitry and Isez Esquerchien, where they are so advantageously posted, that they not only cover the siege, secure our convoys of provisions, forage, and ammunition, from Lisle and Tournay, and the canals and dikes we have made to turn the water of the Scarp and La Cense to Bouchain; but are in readiness, by marching from the right, to possess themselves of the field of battle marked out betwixt Vitry and Montigny, or from the left to gain the lines of circumvallation betwixt Fierin and Decby: so that whatever way the enemy shall approach to attack us, whether by the plains of Lens, or by Bouchain and Valenciennes, we have but a very small movement to make, to possess ourselves of the ground on which it will be most advantageous to receive them. The enemy marched this morning from their left and are encamped with their right at Oisy, and their left toward Arras, and, according to our advices will pass the Scarp to-morrow, and enter on the plains of Lens, though several regiments of horse, the German and Liege troops, which are destined

ompose part of their army, have not yet joined them.
f y pass the Scarp, we shall do the like at the time, to possess ourselves with all possible ad-
: of the field of battle: but if they continue nere they are, we shall not remove, because in our esent station we sufficiently cover from all insults ıh our siege and convoys.

Monsieur Villars cannot yet go without crutches, d it is believed will have much difficulty to ride. s and the duke of Berwick are to command the ench army, the rest of the marshals being only to ist in council.

Last night we entirely perfected four bridges over : *Avant Fosse* at both attacks; and our saps are so idvanced, that in three or four days, batteries ı be raised on the *Glacis*, to batter in breach both : outworks and ramparts of the town.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-seventh, S. say, That the deputies of the states of Holland, ıo set out for Gertruydenburg on the twenty-third, r the conferences with the French ministers, ɑ on the twenty-sixth, and had communicated States-general the new overtures that were the part of France, which, it is believed, if sy are in earnest, may produce a general treaty.

N° 175. TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 22.

! the distribution of the apartments in the New-dlam, proper regard is had to the different sexes, d the lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among

allowed the diet and discipline of my charitable structure, to reduce them to reason.

On the other side, the woman who hopes to please by methods which should make her odious, and the man who would be thought wise by a behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into custody for their false industry, as justly as they ought for their negligence.

N. B. Mr. Bickerstaff is taken extremely ill with the tooth-ache, and cannot proceed in this discourse.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 22.

Advices from Flanders of the 30th instant, N. S. say, That the duke of Marlborough, having intelligence of the enemy's passing the Scarp on the 29th in the evening, and their march towards the plains of Lens, had put the confederate army in motion, which was advancing towards the camp on the north side of that river between Vitry and Henin-Leitard. The confederates, since the approach of the enemy, have added several new redoubts to their camp, and drawn the cannon out of the lines of circumvallation in a readiness for the batteries.

It is not believed, notwithstanding these appearances, that the enemy will hazard a battle for the relief of Douay; the siege of which place is carried on with all the success that can be expected, considering the difficulties they meet with occasioned by the inundations. On the 28th at night we made a lodgment on the saliant angle of the glacis of the second counterscarp, and our approaches are so far advanced, that it is believed the town will be obliged to surrender before the 8th of the next month.

her joy in this life, with as much purity as can be
it with in the next.

Her brother William, at the same years, is but in
rudiments of those acquisitions which must gain
n esteem in the world. His heart beats for ap-
use among men; yet he is fearful of every step
ds it. If he proposes to himself to make a fi-
in the world, his youth is damped with the pros-
t of difficulties, dangers, and dishonours; and
opposition in all generous attempts, whether they
ard his love or his ambition.

n the next stage of life, she has little else to do,
(what she is accomplished for by the mere gifts
nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her hus-
d, tender to her children, and affable to her ser-
ts. But a man when he enters into this way, is
in the first scene, far from the accomplishment
his design. He is now in all things to act for
ers as well as himself. He is to have industry
frugality in his private affairs, and integrity and
ress in public. To these qualities, he must add
ourage and resolution to support his other abilities,
he be interrupted in the prosecution of his just
eavours, in which the honour and interest of his
erity are as much concerned as his own personal
fare.

This little sketch may, in some measure, give an
n of the different parts which the sexes have to
and the advantageous as well as inconvenient
ns on which they are to enter upon their several
s of life. This may also be some rule to us in
examination of their conduct. In short, I shall
it for a maxim, that a woman who resigns the
pose of being pleasing, and the man who gives
he thoughts of being wise, do equally quit their
n to the true causes of living; and are to be

N° 176. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1710.

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.

JUV. Sat. x. 365.

Whoe'er takes Prudence for his guard and guide,
Engages ev'ry guardian beside.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

HIS evening, after a little ease from the raging pain ed by so small an organ as an aching tooth (un- r which I have behaved myself so ill as to have oke two pipes and my spectacles) I began to reflect th admiration on those heroic spirits, which in the nduct of their lives seem to live so much above the lition of our make, as not only under the ago- s of pain to forbear any intemperate word or ges- re, but also in their general and ordinary behaviour, resist the impulses of their very blood and consti- ion. This watch over a man's self, and the com- l of his temper, I take to be the greatest of hu- perfections, and is the effect of a strong and olute mind. It is not only the most expedient actide for carrying on our own designs; but is also ry deservedly the most amiable quality in the sight others. It is a winning deference to mankind, hich creates an immediate imitation of itself wher- er it appears; and prevails upon all, who have to with a person endued with it, either through me or emulation. I do not know how to express s habit of mind, except you will let me call it uanimity. It is a virtue which is necessary at

every hour, in every place, and in all conversations; and it is the effect of a regular and exact prudence. He that will look back upon all the acquaintances he has had in his whole life, will find, he has seen more men capable of the greatest employments and performances, than such as could, in the general bent of their carriage, act otherwise than according to their own complexion and humour. But the indulgence of ourselves, in wholly giving way to our natural propensity, is so unjust and improper a licence, that when people take it up, there is but very little difference, with relation to their friends and families, whether they are good or ill-natured men: for he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the sweetness of his temper, is as guilty as he that offends through the perverseness of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what men are in themselves, but what they are in their actions. Eucrates is the best-natured of all men; but that natural softness has effects quite contrary to itself; and for want of due bounds to his benevolence, while he has a will to be a friend to all, he has the power of being such to none. His constant inclination to please, makes him never fail of doing so; though, without being capable of falsehood, he is a friend only to those who are present; for the same humour which makes him the best companion, renders him the worst correspondent. It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the most engaging sort of men in conversation, are frequently the most tyrannical in power, and the least to be depended upon in friendship. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own disposition; but he, that is to be led by others, has only good luck if he is not the worst, though in himself the best, man living. For this reason, we are no more wholly to indulge our good than our ill dispositions. I remember a crafty old cit, one day

g of a well-natured young fellow, who set
a good stock in Lombard-street; "I will,"
"lay no more money in his hands; for he
enied me any thing." This was a very base,
h him a prudential, reason for breaking off
rce: and this acquaintance of mine carried
y of judging so far, that he has often told me,
ever cared to deal with a man he liked; for
r affections must never enter into our bu-

n we look round us in this populous city,
ısider how credit and esteem are lodged, you
ın have a great share of the former, without
t portion of the latter. He, who knows him-
a beast of prey, looks upon others in the same
and we are so apt to judge of others by our-
that the man who has no mercy, is as careful
ible never to want it. Hence it is, that in
ıstances men gain credit by the very contrary
s by which they do esteem; for wary tra-
nk every affection of the mind a key to their

what led me into this discourse, was my im-
ɔ of pain; and I have, to my great disgrace,
instance of the contrary carriage in so high
e, that I am out of countenance that I ever
eneca. When I look upon the conduct of
in such occurrences, as well as behold their
ity in the general tenor of their life, it very
ıbates the self-love, which is seldom well
ɔd by any sort of men, and least of all by us

fortitude of a man, who brings his will to the
ce of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries
i dignity in the lowest state imaginable. Poor
, who now lies languishing in the most vio-
er, discovers in the faintest moments of his

distemper such a greatness of mind, that a stranger, who should now behold him, woul see an object of pity, but at the same time was lately an object of veneration. His galla resigns, but resigns with an air that speak lution which could yield to nothing but fa This is conquest in the philosophic sense; empire over ourselves is, methinks, no less in common life, where the whole tenor of carriage is in subservience to his own reason conformity both to the good sense and incli other men.

Aristæus is, in my opinion, a perfect n himself in all circumstances. He has all t that man can have; and yet is as regular in haviour as a mere machine. He is sensible passion, but ruffled by none. In conversa frequently seems to be less knowing to be m ging; and chuses to be on a level with other than oppress with the superiority of his gen friendship, he is kind without profession. ness, expeditious without ostentation. W greatest softness and benevolence imaginat impartial in spite of all importunity, even th own good-nature. He is ever clear in his ju but in complaisance to his company spea doubt; and never shews confidence in an but to support the sense of another. Were equality of mind the general endeavour of a how sweet would be the pleasures of conve He that is loud would then understand, ought to call a constable; and know, that good company is the most heinous way of b the peace. We should then be relieved fro zealots in society, who take upon them to b for all the company, and quarrel with the to shew they have no respect for any body el

To be in a rage before you is, in a kind, angry with you. You may as well stand nakfore company, as to use such familiarities; and careless of what you say is the most clownish f being undressed.

Sheer-lane, May 24.

ien I came home this evening, I found the ing letters; and because I think one a very nswer to the other, as well as that it is the of a young lady, it must be immediately sed.

' SIR,

have a good fortune, partly paternal, and acquired. My younger years I spent in bu-; but, age coming on, and having no more en than one daughter, I resolved to be a slave ger: and accordingly, I have disposed of my , placed my money in the funds, bought a seat in a pleasant country, am making a garnd have set up a pack of little beagles. I live midst of a good many well-bred neighbours, everal well-tempered clergymen. Against a day, I have a little library; and against the n my stomach, a little good claret. With all am the miserablest man in the world; not that lost the relish of any of these pleasures, but stracted with such a multiplicity of entertainjects, that I am lost in the variety. I am in hurry of idleness, that I do not know with diversion to begin. Therefore, Sir, I must e favour of you, when your more weighty affvill permit, to put me in some method of dothing; for I find Pliny makes a great differetwixt *nihil agere* and *agere nihil*; and I fancy, would explain him, you would do a very great

kindness to many in Great-Britain, as well as to yo
humble servant,

"J. I

"SIR,

"The inclosed is written by my father in one
his pleasant humours. He bids me seal it up, a
send you a word or two from myself; which
would not desire to see until he hears of it from y
Desire him, before he begins his method of doi
nothing, to leave nothing to do; that is to say,
him marry off his daughter.

"I am your gentle reader,

"S.]

N° 177. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1710.

——*Male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*

HOR. 1 Sat. ii.

He spurns the flatterer, and his saucy praise.

FRAN

Sheer-lane, May 26.

THE ingenious Mr. Penkethman, the comedian, l
lately left here a paper or ticket, to which is affix
a small silver medal, which is to entitle the be
to see one-and-twenty plays at his theatre for a g
nea. Greenwich is the place where, it seems, he
erected his house; and his time of action is to be
contrived, that it is to fall in with going and retu

th the tide. Besides that, the bearer of this may carry down with him a particular set of r to the play, striking off for each person so ıced one of his twenty-one times of admittance. warrant of his, he has made me a high com- ıt in a facetious distich, by way of dedication ndeavours, and desires I would recommend o the world. I must needs say, I have not for ime seen a properer choice than he has made ıtron. Who more fit to publish his work than elist? who to recommend it than a Censor? onour done me, has made me turn my thoughts he nature of dedications in general, and the of that custom, as well by a long practice of decessors, as the continued folly of my con- ary authors.

ıcient times, it was the custom to address their to some persons eminent for their merit to ıd, or particular patronage of the writers lves, or knowledge in the matter of which eated. Under these regards, it was a memo- ıonour to both parties, and a very agreeable of their commerce with each other. These tions were never stuffed with impertinent , but were the native product of their esteem; was implicitly received, or generally known lue to the patron of the work: but vain flour- ame into the world, with other barbarous em- ments; and the enumeration of titles and great ı, in the patrons themselves, or their sires, are ign to the matter in hand, as the ornaments a Gothic building. This is clapping together s which have no manner of alliance; and can ıt reason have no other effect than making parties justly ridiculous. What pretence is n nature for me to write to a great man, and m, "My lord, because your grace is a duke,

your grace's father before you was an earl, his lordship's father was a baron, and his lordship's father both a wise and a rich man: I Isaac Bickerstaff am obliged, and could not possibly forbear addressing to you the following treatise." Though this is the plain exposition of all I could possibly say to him with a good conscience, yet the silly custom has so universally prevailed, that my lord duke and I must necessarily be particular friends from this time forward; or else I have just room for being disobliged, and may turn my panegyric into a libel. But to carry this affair still more home; were it granted that praises in dedications were proper topics, what is it that gives a man authority to commend, or what makes it a favour to me that he does commend me? It is certain, that there is no praise valuable but from the praise-worthy. Were it otherwise, blame might be as much in the same hands. Were the good and evil of fame laid upon a level among mankind, the judge on the bench, and the criminal at the bar, would differ only in their stations; and if one's word is to pass as much as the other's, their reputation would be much alike to the jury. Pliny, speaking of the death of Martial, expresses himself with great gratitude to him, for the honours done him in the writings of that author; but he begins it with an account of his character, which only made the applause valuable. He indeed in the same epistle says, "It is a sign we have left off doing things which deserve praise, when we think commendation impertinent." This is asserted with a just regard to the persons whose good opinion we wish for; otherwise reputation would be valued according to the number of voices a man has for it, which are not always to be insured on the more virtuous side. But however we pretend to model these nice affairs, true glory will never attend any thing but truth; and there is

ing so peculiar in it, that the very self-same
done by different men, cannot merit the
egree of applause. The Roman, who was
ised in the enemy's camp before he had accom-
ed his design, and thrust his bare arm into a
ng pile, telling the general, there were many
termined as himself, who, against sense of dan-
had conspired his death, wrought in the very
y an admiration of his fortitude, and a dismis-
with applause. But the condemned slave who
ed him in the theatre, and consumed his
n the same manner, with the same resolution,
ot raise in the spectators a great idea of his vir-
out of him whom he imitated in an action no
differing from that of the real Scævola, but in
otive to it.

us true glory is inseparable from true merit;
whatever you call men, they are no more than
they are in themselves; but a romantic sense
rept into the minds of the generality, who will
mistake words and appearances for persons and
s.

e simplicity of the ancients was as conspicuous
address of their writings, as in any other mo-
nts they have left behind them. Cæsar and
stus were much more high words of respect,
added to occasions fit for their characters to
r in, than any appellations which have ever
since thought of. The latter of these great
had a very pleasant way of dealing with appli-
s of this kind. When he received pieces of
which he thought had worth in them, he re-
d the writer; but where he thought them
, he generally returned the compliment made
with some verses of his own.

latter method I have at present occasion to
. A female author has dedicated a piece to

me, wherein she would make my name, as she others, the introduction of whatever is to follow her book; and has spoke some panegyrical th which I know not how to return, for want of be acquaintance with the lady, and consequently be out of a capacity of giving her praise or blame; therefore that is left for me, according to the f going rules, is to lay the picture of a good and woman before her eyes, which are but mere w if they do not concern her. Now you are to obse the way in a *dedication* is, to make all the res the world as little like the person we address t possible, according to the following epistle:

MADAM,

But *M*————

Memorabile nullum
Fœmineâ in pœnâ est.

N° 178. TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1710.

Sheer-lane, May 29.

WHEN we look into the delightful history of most ingenious Don Quixote of *la Mancha*, and c sider the exercises and manner of life of that reno ed gentleman, we cannot but admire the exq genius and discerning spirit of Michael Cervs who has not only painted his adventurer with mastery in the conspicuous parts of his story, v relate to love and honour; but also intimated in

ordinary life, in his œconomy and furniture, the infallible symptoms he gave of his growing phrenzy, before he declared himself a Knight Errant. His hall was furnished with old lances, halberds, and curiosities; his food lentils; his dress, amorous. He slept moderately, rose early, and spent his time in hunting. When by watchfulness and exercise he was thus qualified for the hardships of his intended peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to study; and before he should apply himself to the practical part, get into the methods of making love and war by reading books of knighthood. As for raising tender passions in him, Cervantes reports, that he was wonderfully delighted with a smooth intricate sentence; and when they listened at his study-door, they could frequently hear him read aloud, "The reason of the unreasonableness, which against my reason is wrought, doth so weaken my reason, as with all reason I do justly complain of your beauty." Again, he would pause until he came to another charming sentence, and, with the most pleasing accent imaginable, be loud at a new paragraph: "The high heavens, which, with your divinity, do fortify you divinely with the stars, make you deserveress of the deserts that your Greatness deserves." With these and other such passages, says my author, the poor gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his brains day and night to understand and unravel their sense.

As much as the case of this distempered knight is received by all the readers of his history as the most incurable and ridiculous of all phrenzies; it is very certain, we have crowds among us far gone in as visible a madness as his, though they are not observed to be in that condition. As great and useful discoveries are sometimes made by accidental and small beginnings, I came to the knowledge of the

most epidemic ill of this sort, by falling in a
house, where I saw my friend the uph r, v
crack towards politics I have heretof
This *touch in the brain* of the Brit ject. u
certainly owing to the reading of news-pa
that of the Spanish worthy above-mentioned
reading of works of chivalry. My con
the novelists have, for the better spinni out
graphs, and working down to the end of th r
lumns, a most happy art in saying and unsayi
ing hints of intelligence, and interpretations o
ferent actions, to the great disturbance of
of ordinary readers. This way of go n
words, and making no progress in the sense, is
particularly the excellency of the most in
and renowned fellow-labourer, the Post-m ;
it is to this talent in him that I impute the i
my upholsterer's intellects. That unfortunate t s.
man has, for years past, been the chief orator
ragged assemblies, and the reader in alley co
houses. He was yesterday surrounded by
ence of that sort, among whom I sat u co
through the favour of a cloud of tobacco, and saw
him with the Post-man in his hand, and all the c
papers safe under his elbow. He was
remarks, and reading the Paris article of
thirtieth, which says, "That it is given out
express arrived this day with advice, that the
were so near in the plain of Lens, that th
aded each other." "Ay, ay, here we
sport." "And that it was highly prob
express would bring us an account of an e
ment." "They are welcome as soon as they p
"Though some others say, that the same will be not
off until the second or third of June, beca
marshal Villars expects some further reinfo
from Germany, and other parts, befo t u

'What-a-pox does he put it off for? Does he think ur horse not marching up at the same time? et ee what he says further." "They hope : nsieur Albergotti, being encouraged by the nce of so great an army, will make an extra- ry defence." "Why then, I find, Alber- ni is one of those that love to have a great many their side. Nay, I will say that for this paper, nakes the most natural inferences of any of them ." "The elector of Bavaria, being uneasy to be thout any command, has desired leave to come court, to communicate a certain project to his jesty.——Whatever it be, it is said, that prince suddenly expected; and then we shall have a re certain account of his project, if this report any foundation." "Nay, this paper never im- es upon us; he goes upon sure grounds; for he ll not be positive the elector has a project, or t he will come, or if he does come at all; for doubts, you see, whether the report has any dation."

What makes this the more lamentable is, that s way of writing falls in with the imaginations of cooler and duller part of her majesty's subjects. e being kept up with one line contradicting ano- r; and the whole, after many sentences of con- ture, vanishing in a doubt whether there is any ng at all in what the person has been reading, s an ordinary head into a vertigo, which his na- al dulness would have secured him from. Next the labours of the Post-man, the upholsterer took m under his elbow honest Icabod Dawks's Letter; l there, among other speculations, the historian es upon him to say, "That it is discoursed that re will be a battle in Flanders before the armies arate, and many will have it to be to-morrow, great battle of Ramelies being fought on a

Whitsunday." A gentleman, who was a wag in this company, laughed at the expression, and said, "By Mr. Dawks's favour, I warrant you, if we meet them on Whitsunday or Monday we shall not stand upon the day with them, whether it be before or after the holidays." An admirer of this gentleman stood up, and told a neighbour at a distant table the conceit; at which indeed we were all very merry. These reflections, in the writers of the transactions of the times, seize the *noddles* of such as were not born to have thoughts of their own, and consequently lay a weight upon every thing which they read in print. But Mr. Dawks concluded his paper with a courteous sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole company. "We wish," says he, "all our customers a merry Whitsuntide, and many of them." Honest Icabod is as extraordinary a man as any of our fraternity, and as particular. His style is a dialect between the familiarity of talking and writing, and his letter such as *you cannot distinguish whether print or manuscript**, which gives us a refreshment of the idea from what has been told us from the press by others. This wishing a good *Tide* had its effect upon us, and he was commended for his salutation, as showing as well the capacity of a bell-man as an historian. My distempered old acquaintance read, in the next place, the account of the affairs abroad in the Courant: but the matter was told so distinctly, that these wanderers thought there was no news in it; this paper differing from the rest as an history from a romance. The tautology, the contradiction, the doubts, and wants of confirmations, are what keep up imaginary entertainments in empty heads, and produce neglect of their own affairs, poverty,

* Dawks's "Letter" was printed, like some modern sermons, in imitation of manuscripts.

and bankruptcy, in many of the shop-statesmen; but turn the imaginations of those of a little higher orb into deliriums of dissatisfaction, which is seen in a continual fret upon all that touches their brains, but more particularly upon any advantage obtained by their country, where they are considered as lunatics, and therefore tolerated in their ravings.

What I am now warning the people of is, that the news-papers of this island are as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry to Spain; and therefore shall do all that in me lies, with the utmost care and vigilance imaginable, to prevent these growing evils. A flaming instance of this malady appeared in my old acquaintance at this time, who, after he had done reading all his papers, ended with a thoughtful air, "If we should have a peace, we should then know for certain whether it was the king of Sweden that lately came to Dunkirk?" I whispered him, and desired him to step aside a little with me. When I had opportunity, I decoyed him into a coach, in order for his more easy conveyance to Moorfields. The man went very quietly with me; and by that time he had brought the Swede from the defeat by the czar to the Borysthenes, we were passing by Will's coffee-house, where the man of the house beckoned to us. We made a full stop, and could hear from above a very loud voice swearing, with some expressions towards treason, that the subject in France was as free as in England. His distemper would not let him reflect, that his own discourse was an argument of the contrary. They told him, one would speak with him below. He came immediately to our coach-side. I whispered him, "that I had an order to carry him to the Bastile." He immediately obeyed with great resignation: for to this sort of lunatic, whose brain is touched for the French, the

name of a gaol in that kingdom has a more agre able sound, than that of a paternal seat in this th own country. It happened a little unluckily brin ing these lunaticks together, for they immediat fell into a debate concerning the greatness of th respective monarchs; one for the king of Swed the other for the *grand monarque* of France. T gentleman from Will's is now next door to upholsterer, safe in his apartment in my Be with proper medicaments, and the Mercure c lant to soothe his imagination that he is actually France. If therefore he should escape to Cove garden again, all persons are desired to lay hold him, and deliver him to Mr. Morphew, my ov seer. At the same time, I desire all true subje to forbear discourse with him, any otherwise th when he begins to fight a battle for France, to "Sir, I hope to see you in England."

N° 179. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1710.

——*Oh! quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi*
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?
VIRG. Georg. ii.

Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,——
Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown!
DRYD

From my own Apartment, May 31.

IN this parched season, next to the pleasure of ing into the country is that of hearing from it,

ng the joys of it in description; as in the wi ter:

"SIR,

"I believe you will forgive me, though I write you a very long epistle; since it relates to the sa- ion of a country life, which I know you uld lead, if you could. In the first place I must ess to you, that I am one of the most luxurious n living; and as I am such, I take care to make r pleasures lasting, by following none but such as innocent and refined, as well as, in some mea- e, improving. You have in your labours been much concerned to represent the actions and ns of mankind, that the whole vegetable ma has almost escaped your observation: but re there are gratifications to be drawn from ence, which deserve to be recommended. For ur better information, I wish you could visit your d friend in Cornwall. You would be pleased to e the many alterations I have made about my ouse, and how much I have improved my estate ithout raising the rents of it.

"As the winter engrosses with us near a *double ortion of the year*, the three delightful vicissitudes eing crowded almost within the space of six months, there is nothing upon which I have be- towed so much study and expence, as in con- riving means to soften the severity of it, and, if ossible, to establish twelve cheerful months about ny habitation. In order to this, the charges I ave been at in building and furnishing a Green- ouse will, perhaps, be thought somewhat extra- agant by a great many gentlemen whose revenues xceed mine. But when I consider, that all men f any life and spirit have their inclinations to gra- ify; and when I compute the sums laid out by the

generality of the men of pleasure, in the number c which I always rank myself, in riotous eating an drinking, in equipage and apparel, upon wenching gaming, racing, and hunting; I find, upon the ba lance, that the indulging of my humour comes at reasonable rate.

" Since I communicate to you all incidents s rious and trifling, even to the death of a butterfl that fall out within the compass of my little e pire; you will not, I hope, be ill pleased with u draught I now sent you of my little winter p radise, and with an account of my way of amusi myself and others in it.

" The younger Pliny, you know, writes a lo letter to his friend Gallus, in which he gives hir very particular plan of the situation, the con niences, and the agreeableness of his *villa*. In l last, you may remember, I promised you somethi of this kind. Had Pliny lived in a northern c mate, I doubt not but we should have found a ve complete *orangery* among his epistles; and I, pr bably, should have copied his model, instead building after my own fancy, and you had been r ferred to him for the history of my late exploits architecture: by which means my performan would have made a better figure, at least in writi than they are like to make at present.

" The area of my *green-house* is a hundred pa long, fifty broad, and the roof thirty feet high. T wall toward the north is of solid stone. On t south side, and at both the ends, the stone-wo rises but three feet from the ground; excepting t pilasters, placed at convenient distances to streng en and beautify the building. The interme spaces are filled up with large sashes of strongest and most transparent glass. The mid sash, which is wider than any of the other, ser

entrance; to which you mount by six easy
id descend on the inside by as many. This
shuts with greater ease, keeps the wind
, and is at the same time more uniform,
doors.

ıne middle of the roof there runs a cieling
et broad from one end to the other. This is
d by a masterly pencil, with all the variety
scenes and prospects, which he has peopled
› whole tribe of sylvan deities. Their cha-
and their stories are so well expressed, that
le seems a collection of all the most beau-
›les of the ancient poets translated into

The remaining spaces of the roof, ten feet
side of the cieling, are of the clearest glass,
in the sky and clouds from above. The
points *full east and west*, so that I enjoy
while he is above the horizon. His rays are
d through the glass; and I receive through
is desirable in a winter's sky without the
illay of the season, which is a kind of *sifting*
ning the weather. My greens and flowers
ensible as I am of this benefit. They flou-
l look cheerful as in the spring, while their
:reatures abroad are starved to death. I
d, that a moderate expence of fire, over and
he contribution I receive from the sun,
› keep this large room in a due temperature;
sheltered from the cold winds by a hill on
h, and a wood on the *east*.

e shell, you see, is both agreeable and con-
; and now you shall judge, whether I have
the floor to advantage. There goes through
le length of it a spacious walk of the finest
made to bind and unite so firmly that it
ne continued stone; with this advantage,
is easier to the foot, and better for walking

than if it were what it seems to be. At each en of the walk, on the one and on the other side of it lies *a square plot of grass of the finest turf, an brightest verdure.* What ground remains on bot sides, between these little smooth fields of green is flagged with large quarries of white marble where the blue veins trace out such a variety of irre gular windings, through the clear surface, tha these bright plains seem full of rivulets and stream ing meanders. This, to my eye that delights i simplicity, is inexpressibly more beautiful than th chequered floors which are so generally admired b others. Upon the right and upon the left, alon the gravel walk, I have ranged interchangeably th bay, the myrtle, the orange and the lemon-tree intermixed with painted hollies, silver firs, and py ramids of yew; all so disposed, that every tree re ceives an additional beauty from its situation, be sides the harmony that rises from the disposition o the whole. No shade cuts too strongly, or breal in harshly upon the other; but the eye is cheere with a mild rather than gorgeous diversity o greens.

"The borders of the four grass-plots are ga nished with pots of flowers Those delicacies o nature recreate two senses at once; and leave suc delightful and gentle impressions upon the brain that I cannot help thinking them of equal forc with the softest airs of music, toward the smoothin of our tempers. In the centre of every plot is statue. The figures I have made choice of are Venus, an Adonis, a Diana, and an Apollo; suc excellent copies, as to raise the same delight as w should draw from the sight of the ancient original

"The north wall would have been but a tiresom waste to the eye, if I had not diversified it wit the most lively ornaments, suitable to the plac

intent I have been at the expence to lead
ches, from a neighbouring hill, a plentiful
spring-water, which a beautiful Naiad,
high as is possible in the centre of the
ours out from an urn. This, by a fall of
wenty feet, makes a most delightful cascade
bason, that opens wide within the marble
ı that side. At a reasonable distance, on
ıd of the cascade, the wall is hollowed into
reading scollops, each of which receives a
of green velvet, and forms at the same time
y over them. Next to them come two large
which are likewise let into the stone.
succeeded by two grottoes, set off with
pleasing rudeness of shells, and moss, and
l stones, imitating, in miniature, rocks and
es, the most dreadful and gigantic works of
After the grottoes, you have two niches;
e inhabited by Ceres, with her sickle and
wheat; and the other by Pomona, who,
countenance full of good cheer, pours a boun-
ıumn of fruits out of her horn. Last of all
:wo colonies of bees, whose stations lying
d west, the one is saluted by the rising, the
y the setting sun. These, all of them being
at proportioned intervals, furnish out the
length of the wall; and the spaces that lie
n are painted *in fresco*, by the same hand
s enriched my cieling.

ow, Sir, you see my whole contrivance to
the rigour of the year, to bring a northern
e nearer the sun, and to exempt myself from
ınmon fate of my countrymen. I must de-
ıı a little longer, to tell you that I never enter
elicious retirement, but my spirits are re-
and a sweet complacency diffuses itself over
hole mind. And how can it be otherwise

with a conscience void of offence, where the r
of falling waters, the symphony of birds, the g
humming of bees, the breath of flowers, the
imagery of painting and sculpture; in a word
beauties and the charms of nature and of art,
all my faculties, refresh the fibres of the brain
smooth every avenue of thought? What p
meditations, what agreeable wanderings o
mind, and what delicious slumbers, have I en
here? And when I *turn up* some masterly
to my imagination, methinks here his beauti
pear in the most advantageous light, and the
of his genius shoot upon me with greater force
brightness than ordinary. This place lik
keeps the whole family in good humour, in a s
wherein gloominess of temper prevails unive
this island. My wife *does* often touch her
one of the grottoes, and my daughter sings
while the ladies with you, amidst all the diver
of the town, and in the most affluent fortunes
fretting and repining beneath a louring sky for
know not what. In the *green-house* we often
we drink tea, we dance country-dances; and
is the chief pleasure of all, we entertain
neighbours in it, and by this means contr
very much to mend the climate five or six
about us. I am,

Your most humble servant,

T

180. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1710.

titiam patiuntur opes.——

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 29.

ir folly pleads the privilege of wealth.

From my own Apartment, June 2.

I received a letter which accuses me of par-
n the administration of the Censorship; and
at I have been very free with the lower part
kind, but extremely cautious in represen-
of matters which concern men of condition.
orrespondent takes upon him also to say, the
erer was not undone by turning politician,
ame bankrupt by trusting his goods to per-
quality; and demands of me, that I should
ice upon such as brought poverty and distress
he world below them, while they themselves
unk in pleasures and luxury, supported at the
e of those very persons whom they treated
egligence, as if they did not know whether
t with them or not. This is a very heavy
on, both of me, and such as the man ag-
accuses me of tolerating. For this reason,
ved to take this matter into consideration;
on very little meditation, could call to my
ry many instances which made this complaint
m being groundless. The root of this evil
ot always proceed from injustice in the men
are, but often from a false grandeur which
ke upon them in being unacquainted with

their own business; not considering how m
part they act, when their names and c
subjected to the little arts of their servants
pendents. The overseers of the poor are a peo
who have no great reputation for the discharge
their trust; but are much less scandalous that
overseers of the rich. Ask a young fellow of
great estate, who was that odd fellow that spoke
him in a public house? he answers, "one that d
my business." It is, with many, a natural con
quence of being a man of fortune, that they
not to understand the disposal of it; and they lo
to come to their estates, only to put themselv
under new guardianship. Nay, I have known
young fellow, who was regularly bred an attor
and was a very expert one until he had an e
fallen to him. The moment that happened,
who could before prove the next land he
eye upon, his own; and was so sharp, that a m
at first sight would give him a small sum for a g
neral receipt, whether he owed him any thing
not: such a one, I say, have I seen, upon comi
to an estate, forget all his diffidence of mankin
and become the most manageable thing breathin
He immediately wanted a stirring man to take up
him his affairs, to receive and pay, and do eve
thing which he himself was now too fine a
man to understand. It is pleasant to consider,
he who would have got an estate, had he not
to one, will certainly starve because one fe
him; but such contradictions are we to ourselve
and any change of life is insupportable to
natures.

It is a mistaken sense of superiority, to believe figure, or equipage, gives men precedence to the neighbours. Nothing can create respect from mar kind, but laying obligations upon them; and it ma

very reasonably be concluded, that if it were put into a due balance, according to the true state of the account, many who believe themselves in possession of a large share of dignity in the world, must give place to their inferiors. The greatest of all distinctions in civil life is that of debtor and creditor; and there needs no great progress in logic to know which, in that case, is the advantageous side. He who can say to another, "Pray, master," or, "pray, my lord, give me my own," can as justly tell him, "It is a fantastical distinction you take upon you, to pretend to pass upon the world for my master or lord, when, at the same time that I wear your livery, you owe me wages; or, while I wait at your door, you are ashamed to see me until you have paid my bill."

The good old way among the gentry of England, to maintain their pre-eminence over the lower rank, was by their bounty, munificence, and hospitality; and it is a very unhappy change, if at present, by themselves or their agents, the luxury of the gentry is supported by the credit of the trader. This is what my correspondent pretends to prove out of his own books, and those of his whole neighbourhood. He has the confidence to say, that there is a mug-house near Long-acre, where you may every evening hear an exact account of distresses of this kind. One complains that such a lady's finery is the occasion that his own wife and daughter appear so long in the same gown. Another, that all the furniture of her visiting apartment are no more her's, than the scenery of a play are the proper goods of the actress. Nay, at the lower end of the same table, you may hear a butcher and poulterer say, that, at their proper charge, all that family has been maintained since they last came to town.

The free manner, in which people of fashion discoursed on at such meetings, is but a just proach of their failures in this kind; but the lancholy relations of the great necessities tradesi are driven to, who support their credit in spit the faithless promises which are made them, and abatement which they suffer when paid by the tortion of upper servants, is what would stop most thoughtless man in the career of his pleasu if rightly represented to him.

If this matter be not very speedily amende shall think fit to print exact lists of all persons are not at their own disposal, though above the of twenty-one; and as the trader is made bankr for absence from his abode, so shall the gentle for being at home, if, when Mr. Morphew c he cannot give an exact account of what his own family. After this fair warning, no ought to think himself hardly dealt with, if I upon me to pronounce him no longer master of estate, wife, or family, than he continues to prove, cherish, and maintain them upon the l of his own property, without incursions upon neighbour in any of these particulars.

According to that excellent philosopher Epict we are all but acting parts in a play; and it is r distinction in itself to be high or low, but to come the parts we are to perform. I am by office prompter on this occasion; and shall those who are a little out in their parts, such hints as may help them to proceed, without le it be known to the audience they were out: b they run quite out of character, they must be off the stage, and receive parts more suitabl their genius. Servile complaisance shall degra man from his honour and quality, and haught be yet more debased. Fortune shall no longe

iate distinctions, but nature direct us in the sition both of respect and discountenance. As are tempers made for command, and others bedience; so there are men born for acquiring ssions, and others incapable of being other than lodgers in the houses of their ancestors, and it not in their very composition to be propri- of any thing. These men are moved only by mere effects of impulse: their good-will and eem are to be regarded equally; for neither is ffect of their judgment. This loose temper is which makes a man, what Sallust so well re- s to happen frequently in the same person, to ovetous of what is another's, and profuse of is his own. This sort of men is usually amia- o ordinary eyes; but in the sight of reason, ng is laudable but what is guided by reason. covetous prodigal is of all others the worst man ciety. If he would but take time to look into elf, he would find his soul all over gashed with en vows and promises; and his retrospect on ctions would not consist of reflections upon good resolutions after mature thought, which he true life of a reasonable creature, but the eous memory of imperfect pleasures, idle dreams, occasional amusements. To follow such dis- fying pursuits, is it possible to suffer the igno- of being unjust? I remember in Tully's tle, in the recommendation of a man to an af- which had no manner of relation to money, it id, "You may trust him, for he is a frugal ." It is certain, he, who has not regard to t justice in the commerce of life, can be ca- e of no good action in any other kind; but he, lives below his income, lays up every moment fe armour against a base world, that will cover

all his frailties while he is so fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceless.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** A stage-coach sets out exactly at six from Nando's coffee-house to Mr. Tiptoe's dancing-school, and returns at eleven every evening, for one shilling and four-pence.

N. B. Dancing-shoes, not exceeding four inches height in the heels, and periwigs, not exceeding three feet in length, are carried in the coach-box *gratis*.

N° 181. TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1710.

——*Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum, sic dii voluistis, habebo.
VIRG. Æn. v. 49.

And now the rising day renews the year;
A day for ever sad, for ever dear. DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but do find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances of

enough of true friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the *Manes* of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poizes the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours,

before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no

but having been so frequently overwhelmed
r tears before I knew the cause of any af-
or could draw defences from my own
ıt, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and
y gentleness of mind, which has since in-
me into ten thousand calamities; from
I can reap no advantage, except it be,
such a humour as I am now in, I can the
ıdulge myself in the softness of humanity,
›y that sweet anxiety which arises from the
' of past afflictions.

that are very old, are better able to remem-
gs which befel us in our distant youth, than
sages of later days. For this reason it is,
e companions of my strong and vigorous
esent themselves more immediately to me in
ɔe of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths
.t we are most apt to lament: so little are
to make it indifferent when a thing happens,
we know it must happen. Thus we groan
fe, and bewail those who are relieved from
ɛry object that returns to our imagination
ifferent passions, according to the circum-
f their departure. Who can have lived in
y, and in a serious hour reflect upon the
ay and agreeable men that might long have
ɛd in the arts of peace, and not join with the
tions of the fatherless and widow on the
o whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But
men, who are cut off by the sword, move
ur veneration than our pity; and we gather
ıough from their own contempt of death, to
ıat no evil, which was approached with so
heerfulness, and attended with so much ho-
ut when we turn our thoughts from the great
life on such occasions, and instead of la-

menting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havock which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! Oh Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the smiling earth——A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale, on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such an heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little

efore dinner, we found, that though we drank wo bottles a man, we had much more reason o recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

N° 182. THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1710.

Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipsis.
HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 197.

The crowd would more delight the laughing Sage*,
Than all the farce, and follies of the stage.
FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, June 7.

THE town grows so very empty, that the greater ber of my gay characters are fled out of my gui into the country. My beaux are now shepards, and my belles wood-nymphs. They are lling over rivulets, and covered with shades, while e who remain in town, hurry through the dust out impertinencies, without knowing the happiss of leisure and retirement. To add to this caity, even the actors are going to desert us for a , and we shall not shortly have so much as a nuscape or a forest scene to refresh ourselves with the midst of our fatigues. This may not, perps, be so sensible a loss to any other as to me; r I confess it is one of my greatest delights to sit observed and unknown in the gallery, and en-

* Democritus.

tertain myself either with what is pe nated stage, or observe what appearances pr selves in the audience. If there w no good consequences in a play-house, t many persons of different ranks and conditions placed there in their most pleasing aspects, prospect only would be very far from being the pleasures of a wise man. There is not one person you can see, in whom, if you look with an inclination to be pleased, you may not behold something worthy or agreeable. Our thoughts are in our features; and the visage of those in whom love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, have their frequent mansions, carries the traces of those passions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly at a play is usually made up of such as have a sense of some elegance in pleasure; by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least of such, as at that time are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits; and the musical airs which are played to us, put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others happy, for two hours; a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man. Why then should not the duty of the player be had in much more esteem than it is at present? If the merit of a performance is to be valued according to the talents which are necessary to it, the qualifi-

ions of a player should raise him much above the
s and ways of life which we call mercenary or
chanic. When we look round a full house and
enold so few that can, though they set themselves
to show as much as the persons on the stage do,
ome up to what they would appear even in dumb
ow; how much does the actor deserve our appro-
on, who adds to the advantage of looks and
ions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humi-
ty, the sorrow, and the triumph, suitable to the
haracter he personates!

It may possibly be imagined by severe men, that
am too frequent in the mention of the theatrical
epresentations; but who is not excessive in the
iscourse of what he extremely likes? Eugenio can
ead you to a gallery of fine pictures, which col-
ion he is always increasing. Crassus, through
voods and forests, to which he designs to add the
bouring counties. These are great and noble
ces of their magnificence. The players are
y pictures, and their scenes my territories. By
ommunicating the pleasure I take in them, it may
some measure add to men's gratification this
ay; as viewing the choice and wealth of Eugenio
nd Crassus augments the enjoyments of those
hom they entertain, with a prospect of such pos-
ons as would not otherwise fall within the
each of their fortunes.

It is a very good office one man does another,
hen he tells him the manner of his being pleased;
I have often thought, that a comment upon the
ties of the players would very much improve
e delight that way, and impart it to those who
therwise have no sense of it.

The first of the present stage are Wilks and
ibber, perfect actors in their different kinds.
Vilks has a singular talent in representing the

graces of nature; Cibber the deformity in
fectation of them. Were I a writer of p
should never employ either of them in parts
had not their bent this way. This is seen
inimitable strain and run of good humour v
kept up in the character of Wildair, and in t
and delicate abuse of understanding in tha
Novelty. Cibber, in another light, hits
sitely the *flat* civility of an affected gen
usher, and Wilks the easy frankness of
tleman.

If you would observe the force of the sa
pacities in higher life, can any thing be mo
nuous than the behaviour of prince Harry, w
father checks him? any thing more exas
than that of Richard when he insults his su
To beseech gracefully, to approach respectf
pity, to mourn, to love, are the places
Wilks may be made to shine with the
beauty. To rally pleasantly, to scorn artfi
flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what
would perform with no less excellence.

When actors are considered with a view
talents, it is not only the pleasure of that
action, which the spectators gain from th
formance; but the opposition of right anc
on the stage, would have its force in the as
of our judgments on other occasions. I
present under my tutelage a young poet,
design, shall entertain the town the ensuing
And as he does me the honour to let me
comedy as he writes it, I shall endeavour t
the parts fit the geniuses of the several ac
exactly as their habits can their bodies. A
cause the two I have mentioned are to perfc
principal parts, I have prevailed with the k
let the "Careless Husband" be acted on.

my young author may have a view of the
ıch is acted to perfection, both by them
oncerned in it; as being born within the
the theatre, and written with an exact
ge of the abilities of the performers. Mr.
ill do his best in this play, because it is for
benefit; and Mr. Cibber, because he writ
des which, all the great beauties we have
wn, or within call of it, will be present,
it is the last play this season. This oppor-
ill, I hope, inflame my pupil with such ge-
otions, from seeing so fair an assembly as
hen present, that his play may be composed
nents and characters proper to be presented
an audience. His drama at present has
outlines drawn. There are, I find, to be
he reverend offices of life (such as regard
s, husbands, and honourable lovers) pre-
ith the utmost care; and at the same time
eeableness of behaviour, with the inter-
of pleasing passions which arise from inno-
d virtue, interspersed in such a manner, as
e charming and agreeable, shall appear the
onsequence of being virtuous. This great
ıe of those I propose to *do* in my censor-
ut if I find a thin house on an occasion
ch a work is to be promoted, my pupil shall
› his commons at Oxford, and Sheer-lane
theatres be no longer correspondents.

N° 183. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1710.

——Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
Publica privatis secernere.——
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 396.

Our sage forefathers wisely understood
To sep'rate public from the private good.

From my own Apartment, June 9.

WHEN men look into their own bosoms, and consider the generous seeds which are there planted, that might, if rightly cultivated, ennoble their lives, and make their virtue venerable to futurity; how can they, without tears, reflect on the universal degeneracy from that public spirit, which ought to be the first and principal motive of all their actions? In the Grecian and Roman nations, they were wise enough to keep up this great incentive, and it was impossible to be in the fashion without being a patriot. All gallantry had its first source from hence; and to want a warmth for the public welfare, was a defect so scandalous, that he who was guilty of it had no pretence to honour or manhood. What makes the depravity among us, in this behalf, the more vexatious and irksome to reflect upon, is, that the contempt of life is carried as far amongst us, as it could be in those memorable people; and we want only a proper application of the qualities which are frequent among us, to be as worthy as they. There is hardly a man to be found who will not fight upon any occasion, which he thinks may taint

n honour. Were this motive as strong in thing that regards the public, as it is in this vate case, no man would pass his life away it having distinguished himself by some gallant e of his zeal towards it in the respective in- of his life and profession. But it is so far ise, that there cannot at present be a more ous animal, than one who seems to regard the f others. He, in civil life, whose thoughts pon schemes which may be of general be- without further reflection, is called a pro- and the man whose mind seems intent upon s achievements, a knight-errant. The ridi- nong us runs strong against laudable actions; n the ordinary course of things, and the com- gards of life, negligence of the public is an ic vice. The brewer in his excise, the mer- n his customs, and, for aught we know, the in his muster-rolls, think never the worse of lves for being guilty of their respective frauds s the public. This evil is come to such a cal height, that he is a man of a public and heroically affected to his country, who so far as even to turn usurer with all he has funds. There is not a citizen in whose ima- n such a one does not appear in the same f glory, as Codrus, Scævola, or any other ame in old Rome. Were it not for the heroes much *per cent.* as have regard enough for lves and their nation to trade with her with ealth, the very notion of public love would efore now have vanished from among us. wever general custom may hurry us away in of a common error, there is no evil, no so great as that of being cold in matters relate to the common good. This is in no- ore conspicuous than in a certain willingness

to receive any thing that tends to the dim
of such as have been conspicuous instru
our service. Such inclinations proceed fi
most low and vile corruption, of which the
man is capable. This effaces not only the p
but the very approbation of honour and virtue;
has had such an effect, that, to speak freely,
very sense of public good has no longer a p e
of our conversations. Can then the m ge
motive of life, the good of others, be so y
nished the breast of man? Is it possible to draw
our passions inward? Shall the boiling h ot
youth be sunk in pleasures, the ambition of n-
hood in selfish intrigues? Shall all that is glor
all that is worth the pursuit of great minds, be so
easily rooted out? When the universal bent of a
people seems diverted from the sense of their com-
mon good, and common glory, it looks like a fa-
tality, and *crisis* of impending misfortune.

The generous nations we just now mentioned understood this so very well, that there was hardly an oration ever made, which did not turn upon this general sense, "That the love of their country was the first and most essential quality in an honest mind." Demosthenes, in a cause wherein his fame, reputation, and fortune, were embarked, puts his all upon this issue; "Let the Athenians," says he, "be benevolent to me, as they think I have been zealous for them." This great and discerning orator knew, there was nothing else in nature could bear him up against his adversaries, but this one quality of having shown himself willing or able to serve his country. This certainly is the test of merit; and the first foundation for deserving good-will is, having it yourself. The adversary of this orator at that time was Æschines, a man of wily arts and skill in the world, who could, as occasion

ed, fall in with a national start of passion, or [illegible] of humour, which a whole nation is [illegible]s taken with as well as a private man; and by that means divert them from their common sense, into an aversion for receiving any thing in its true light. But when Demosthenes had awakened his audience with that one hint of judging by the general tenor of his life towards them, his services bore down his opponent before him, who fled to the covert of his mean arts, until some more favourable occasion should offer against the superior merit of Demosthenes.

It were to be wished, that love of their country were the first principle of action in men of business, even for their own sakes; for when the world begins to examine into their conduct, the generality, who have no share in, or hopes of any part in power or riches, but what is the effect of their own labour or property, will judge of them by no other method, than that of how profitable their administration has been to the whole. They who are out of the influence of men's fortune or favour, will let them stand or fall by this one only rule; and men who can bear being tried by it, are always popular in their fall. Those who cannot suffer such a scrutiny, are contemptible in their advancement.

But I am here running into shreds of maxims from reading Tacitus this morning, that has driven me from my recommendation of public spirit, which was the intended purpose of this Lucubration. There is not a more glorious instance of it, than in the character of Regulus. The same Regulus was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and was sent by them to Rome, in order to demand some Punic noblemen, who were prisoners, in exchange for himself; and was bound by an oath that he would return to Carthage, if he failed in his commission.

He proposes this to the senate, who were in a upon it, which Regulus observing, without ma the least notion of putting the care of his own a in competition with the public good, desired them consider that he was old, and almost useless; th those demanded in exchange were men of dar tempers, and great merit in military affairs; a wondered they would make any doubt of permitti him to go back to the short tortures prepared for h at Carthage, where he should have the advantage ending a long life both glorious and usefully. T generous advice was consented to; and he took leave of his country and his weeping friends, to to certain death, with that cheerful composure, man, after the fatigue of business in a court or a c retires to the next village for the air.

N° 184. TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1710.

Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna——— HOR. 2 Od. iii. 2

Yet worthy of the nuptial flame——
Of many, one untainted maid. FRANCI

From my own Apartment, June 12.

THERE are certain occasions of life which give p pitious omens of the future good conduct of it well as others which explain our present inw ist according to our behaviour in them. Of the

funerals; of the former, weddings. The of our carriage when we lose a friend shews uch our temper, in the humility of our words tions, and a general sense of our destitute on, which runs through all our deportment. ves a solemn testimony of the generous affec- bore our friends, when we seem to disrelish ning, now we can no more enjoy them, or see artake in our enjoyments. It is very proper mane to put ourselves, as it were, in their fter their decease, and wear a habit unsuit- prosperity, while those we loved and honoured ldering in the grave. As this is laudable on rowful side, so on the other, incidents of may no less justly be represented and acknow- in our outward figure and carriage. Of all casions, that great change of a single life in- iage is the most important; as it is the source lations, and from whence all other friendship nmerce do principally arise. The general in- both sexes is to dispose of themselves happily nourably in this state; and, as all the good s we have are exerted to make our way into it, est appearance, with regard to their minds, rsons, and their fortunes, at the first entrance is a due to each other in the married pair, as a compliment to the rest of the world. It instruction of a wise law-giver, that unmar- men should wear such loose habits, which, lowing of their garb, should incite their be- to a desire of their persons; and that the or- notion of their bodies might display the fi- d shape of their limbs in such a manner, as to preserve the strictest decency, and raise mest inclinations.

was the œconomy of the legislature for the of people, and at the same time for the pre-

servation of the genial bed. She, who was the admiration of all who beheld her while unmarried, was to bid adieu to the pleasure of shining in the eyes of many, as soon as she took upon her the wedded condition. However, there was a festival of life allowed the new-married, a sort of intermediate state between celibacy and matrimony, which continued certain days. During that time, entertainments, equipages, and other circumstances of rejoicing, were encouraged; and they were permitted to exceed the common mode of living, that the bride and bridegroom might learn from such freedoms of conversation to run into a general conduct to each other, made out of their past and future state, so to temper the cares of the man and the wife with the gaieties of the lover and the mistress.

In those wise ages the dignity of life was kept up, and on the celebration of such solemnities there were no impertinent whispers, and senseless interpretations put upon the unaffected cheerfulness or accidental seriousness of the bride; but men turned their thoughts upon the general reflections, on what issue might probably be expected from such a couple in the succeeding course of their life, and felicitated them accordingly upon such prospects.

I must confess, I cannot, from any ancient manuscripts, sculptures, or medals, deduce the rise of our celebrated custom of throwing the stocking; but have a faint memory of an account a friend gave me of an original picture in the palace of Aldobrandini in Rome. This seems to shew a sense of this affair very different from what is usual among us. It is a Grecian wedding; and the figures represented are a person offering sacrifice, a beautiful damsel dancing, and another playing on the harp. The bride is

n her bed, the bridegroom sits at the feet of
ı an aspect which intimates his thoughts
ɔt only entertained with the joys with which
surrounded; but also with a noble gratitude,
ine pleasure in the offering, which was then
› the gods to invoke their influence on his
ndition. There appears in the face of the
a mixture of fear, hope, and modesty; in
legroom a well-governed rapture. As you
reat spirits grief, which discovers itself the
r forbearing tears and complaints, you may
also the highest joy is too big for utterance;
ue being of all the organs the least capable
essing such a circumstance. The nuptial
he bower, the marriage song, are all parti-
hich we meet with in the allusions of the an-
iters; and in every one of them something
: observed, which denotes their industry to
ize and adorn this occasion above all others.
s all order and decency in this point is per-
by the insipid mirth of certain animals we
all Wags. These are a species of all men
t insupportable. One cannot without some
n say, whether their flat mirth provokes us
pity or to scorn; but if one considers with
at affectation they utter their frigid conceits,
:ration immediately changes itself into con-

ıg is the last order even of pretenders to wit
l humour. He has generally his mind pre-
receive some occasion of merriment, but is
lf too empty to draw any out of his own set
hts; and therefore laughs at the next thing
s, not because it is ridiculous, but because
ler a necessity of laughing. A Wag is one
:r in its life saw a beautiful object; but sees,
loes see, in the most low, and most incon-

siderable light it can be placed. There i
ability necessary to behold what is amiable
thy of our approbation, which little minds
attempt to hide by a general disregard to e
they behold above what they are able to reli
it is, that a Wag in an assembly is ever
how well such a lady slept last night, and
such a young fellow is pleased with him
Wag's gaiety consists in a certain professed
ing, as if it were an excuse for committin
that a man knows he does so. Though
places are full of persons of this order; ye
I will not allow impertinence and affecta
the better of native innocence and sin
manners, I have, in spite of such little di
public entertainments, persuaded my brot
quillus, and his wife my sister Jenny, ir
Mr. Wilks, to be at the play to-morrow e

They, as they have so much good sens
naturally, without regard to the observation
will not, I hope, be discomposed, if any
of Wags should take upon them to make
merry upon the occasion of their coming
intend, in their wedding clothes. My b
plain, worthy, and honest man; and as it
for men of that turn to be mightily ta
sprightly and airy women, my sister has
which may perhaps give hopes to imperti
will be esteemed the effect of innocen
wise men. They design to sit with me i
which the house have been so complai
offer me whenever I think fit to come thit
public character.

I do not in the least doubt but the tru
conjugal affection will appear in their lo
tures. My sister does not affect to be g
her dress; and thinks the happiness of

more visible in a cheerful look than a gay apparel. It is a hard task to speak of persons so nearly related to one with decency; but I may say, all who shall be at the play will allow him to have the mien of a worthy English gentleman; her, that of a notable and deserving wife.

N° 185. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1710.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit,
Tempore crevit amor, tædæ quoque jure coissent,
Sed vetuere patres. Quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
OVID. de Pyr. & Thisb. Met. iv. 59.

Their neighbourhood acquaintance early bred,
Acquaintance love, and love in time had led
The happy couple to the nuptial bed,
Their fathers stopt them. But in vain oppose
Their mutual passion, source of all their woes.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

As soon as I was up this morning, my man gave me the following letter; which, since it leads to a subject that may prove of common use to the world, I shall take notice of with as much expedition as my fair petitioner could desire.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Since you have so often declared yourself a patron of the distressed, I must acquaint you, that I am daughter to a country gentleman of good sense, and may expect three or four thousand pounds for my

fortune. I love and am beloved by Philander, a young gentleman who has an estate of five hundred pounds *per annum*, and is our next neighbour in the country every summer. My father, though he has been a long time acquainted with it, constantly refuses to comply with our mutual inclinations: but what most of all torments me is, that if ever I speak in commendation of my lover, he is much louder in his praises than myself; and professes, that it is out of pure love and esteem for Philander, as well as his daughter, that he can never consent we should marry each other; when, as he terms it, we may both do so much better. It must indeed be confessed, that two gentlemen of considerable fortunes made their addresses to me last winter, and Philander, as I have since learned, was offered a young heiress with fifteen thousand pounds; but it seems we could neither of us think, that accepting those matches would be doing better than remaining constant to our first passion. Your thoughts upon the whole may, perhaps, have some weight with my father, who is one of your admirers, as is your humble servant,

"SYLVIA.

"P. S. You are desired to be speedy, since my father daily presses me to accept of, what he calls, an advantageous offer."

There is no calamity in life that falls heavier upon human nature than a disappointment in love; especially when it happens between two persons whose hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this distress which has given occasion to some of the finest tragedies that were ever written, and daily fills the world with melancholy, discontent, phrenzy, sickness, despair, and death. I have often admired at the barbarity of parents, who so frequently inter-

pose their authority in this grand article of life. I would fain ask Sylvia's father, whether he thinks he can bestow a greater favour on his daughter, than to put her in a way to live happily? Whether a man of Philander's character, with five hundred pounds *er annum*, is not more likely to contribute to that nd, than many a young fellow whom he may have n his thoughts with so many thousands? Whether e can make amends to his daughter by any increase f riches, for the loss of that happiness she proposes o herself in her Philander? Or, whether a father hould compound with his daughter to be miserable, ough she were to get twenty thousand pounds by he bargain? I suppose he would have her reflect ith esteem on his memory after his death: and oes he think this a proper method to make her do), when, as often as she thinks on the loss of her hilander, she must at the same time remember him the cruel cause of it? Any transient ill-humour is on forgotten; but the reflection of such a cruelty ust continue to raise resentments as long as life elf; and by this one piece of barbarity, an indul-nt father loses the merit of all his past kindnesses. is not impossible, but she may deceive herself in e happiness which she proposes from Philander; it as in such a case she can have no one to blame it herself, she will bear the disappointment with eater patience; but if she never makes the experi-ent, however happy she may be with another, she ill still think she might have been happier with ilander. There is a kind of sympathy in souls, at fits them for each other; and we may be assured hen we see two persons engaged in the warmths of mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in th their minds which bear a resemblance to one other. A generous and constant passion in an reeable lover, where there is not too great a dispa-

rity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befal the person beloved; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I shall conclude this with a celebrated instance of a father's indulgence in this particular; which, though carried to an extravagance, has something in it so tender and amiable, as may justly reproach the harshness of temper that is to be met with in many a British father.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a son to the old king Seleucus his father. The prince, finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick; and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, whenever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old king's tenderness for his son, when he one morning inquired of his health, he told him, that the prince's distemper was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The king, surprised at his account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable? "Why, Sir," replied Erasistratus, "because he is in love with the person I am married to."

The old king immediately conjured him by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. "Sir," said Erasistratus, "would your majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire." "Heaven is my witness," said Seleucus, "I could resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus." At this, the tears

ran down his cheeks; which when the physician saw, taking him by the hand, "Sir," says he, "if these are your real sentiments, the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies." Seleucus immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to shew her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

N° 186. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1710.

———*Emitur sola virtute potestas.* CLAUD.

Virtue alone ennobles human kind,
And power should on her glorious foot-steps wait.
R. WYNNE.

Sheer-lane, June 16.

As it has been the endeavour of these our labours to extirpate, from among the polite or busy part of mankind, all such as are either prejudicial or insignificant to society; so it ought to be no less our study to supply the havock we have made, by an exact care of the growing generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper precepts to the children of this island, except we could take them out of their nurses' arms, we see an amendment is almost impracticable; for we find the whole species of our youth, and grown men, is incorrigibly prepossessed with vanity, pride, or ambition, according to the respective pursuits to which they turn themselves; by

which means the world is infatuated with the love of appearances instead of things. Thus the vain man takes praise for honour; the proud man, ceremony for respect; the ambitious man, power for glory. These three characters are indeed of very near resemblance, but differently received by mankind. Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride, odious; and ambition, terrible. The foundation of all which is, that they are grounded upon falsehood: for if men, instead of studying to appear considerable, were in their own hearts possessors of the requisites for esteem, the acceptance they otherwise unfortunately aim at would be as inseparable from them, as approbation is from truth itself. By this means they would have some rule to walk by; and they may ever be assured, that a good cause of action will certainly receive a suitable effect. It may be an useful hint in such cases for a man to ask of himself, whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety. What will the world say? is the common question in matters of difficulty; as if the terror lay wholly in the sense which others, and not we ourselves, shall have of our actions. From this one source arise all the impostors in every art and profession, in all places, among all persons, in conversation, as well as in business. Hence it is, that a vain fellow takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous, as would make him sincerely agreeable.

Can any one be better fashioned, better bred, or has any one more good-nature, than Damasippus? But the whole scope of his looks and actions tends so immediately to gain the good opinion of all he converses with, that he loses it for that only reason. As it is the nature of vanity to impose false shews for truth, so does it also turn real possessions into ima-

ginary ones. Damasippus, by assuming to himself what he has not, robs himself of what he has.

There is nothing more necessary to establish reputation, than to suspend the enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the sense of merit with silence, must of necessity destroy it: for fame being the general mistress of mankind, whoever gives it to himself insults all to whom he relates any circumstances to his own advantage. He is considered as an open ravisher of that beauty, for whom all others pine in silence. But some minds are so incapable of any temperance in this particular, that *on every second* in their discourse, you may observe an earnestness in their eyes, which shews they wait for your approbation; and perhaps the next instant cast an eye on a glass, to see how they like themselves. Walking the other day in a neighbouring inn of court, I saw a more happy and more graceful orator than I ever before had heard, or read of. A youth, of about nineteen years of age, was in an Indian night-gown and laced cap, pleading a cause before a glass. The young fellow had a very good air, and seemed to hold his brief in his hand rather to help his action, than that he wanted notes for his further information. When I first began to observe him, I feared he would soon be alarmed; but he was so zealous for his client, and so favourably received by the court, that he went on with great fluency to inform the bench, that he humbly hoped they would not let the merit of the cause suffer by the youth and inexperience of the pleader; that in all things he submitted to their candour; and modestly desired they would not conclude, but that strength of argument, and force of reason, may be consistent with grace of action, and comeliness of person.

To me (who see people every day in the midst of crowds, whomsoever they seem to address to, talk

only to themselves, and of themselves) this was not so extravagant a man as perhaps a would have thought him: but I took part in hi cess, and was very glad to find he had in his judgment and costs, without any manner position.

The effects of pride and vanity are of conseq only to the proud and vain; and tend to no f ill than what is personal to themselves, in prev their progress in any thing that is worthy and ble, and creating envy instead of emulation of rior virtue. These ill qualities are to be foun in such as have so little minds, as to circum their thoughts and designs within what prope lates to the value, which they think due to the and amiable selves: but ambition, which third great impediment to honour and virtue fault of such as think themselves born for n in an higher orb, and prefer being powerfu mischievous to being virtuous and obscure. parent of this mischief in life, so far as to re it into schemes, and make it possess a man's heart without his believing himself a dæmon Machiavel. He first taught, that a man mu cessarily appear weak, to be honest. Hence i upon the imagination, that a great is not so cable as a little villain; and men are insensibly a belief, that the aggravation of crimes is the nution of them. Hence the impiety of thinkin thing, and speaking another. In pursuance empty and unsatisfying dream, to betray, to mine, to kill in themselves all natural sentime love to friends or country, is the willing prac such as are thirsty of power for any other r than that of being useful and acceptable to kind.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has lately received a letter out of Ireland, dated June the ninth, import-
that he is grown very dull, for the postage of
which Mr. Morphew charges one shilling; and ano-
r without date of place or time, for which he, the
l Morphew, charges two-pence: it is desired,
for the future, his courteous and uncourteous
s will go a little further in expressing their
good and ill-will, and pay for the carriage of their
etters; otherwise the intended pleasure or pain,
which is designed for Mr. Bickerstaff, will be wholly
lisappointed.

N° 187. TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1710.

——*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.
OVID. Met. ii. 759.

To hear an open slander is a curse:
But not to find an answer a worse. DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, June 19.

PASQUIN of Rome to ISAAC BICKERSTAFF of London.

"HIS Holiness is gone to Castel Gandolpho, much discomposed at some late accounts from the missionaries in your island: for a committee of cardinals,

which lately sat for the reviving the force of some obsolete doctrines, and drawing up amendments to certain points of faith, have represented the church of Rome to be in great danger, from a treatise written by a learned Englishman; which carries spiritual power much higher than we could have dared to have attempted even here. His book is called, 'An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures, and the first Fathers, that the soul is a principle naturally mortal. Wherein is proved, that none have the power of giving this divine immortalizing spirit, since the apostles, but the bishops. By Henry Dodwell, M. A.' The assertion appeared to our *Literati* so short and effectual a method of subjecting the laity, that it is feared auricular confession and absolution will not be capable of keeping the clergy of Rome in any degree of greatness, in competition with such teachers, whose flocks shall receive this opinion. What gives the greater jealousy here is, that in the catalogue of treatises which have been lately burnt within the British territories, there is no mention made of this learned work; which circumstance is a sort of implication, that the tenet is not held erroneous, but that the doctrine is received among you as orthodox. The youth of this place are very much divided in opinion, whether a very memorable quotation which the author repeats out of Tertullian, be not rather of the style and manner of Meursius? *In ill. ipso voluptatis ultimæ æstu, quo genitale virus expellitur, nonne aliquid de animâ quoque sentimus exire, atque adeo marcescimus et divigescimus cum lucis detrimento?* This piece of Latin goes no farther than to tell us how our fathers begot us; so that we are still at a loss how we afterwards commence eternal; for, *creando infunditur, & infundendo creatur*, which is mentioned soon after, may allude only to flesh and blood, as well as the former. Your

in this city, some of whom have very much oved the warmth with which you have attacked ree-thinkers, atheists, and other enemies to religion nd virtue, are very much disturbed, that you have iven them no account of this remarkable dissertaion. I am employed by them to desire you would, with all possible expedition, send me over the cereny of the creation of souls, as well as a list of all mortal and immortal men within the dominions n Great-Britain. When you have done me this favour, I must trouble you for other tokens of your kindness; and particularly I desire you would let me have the religious handkerchief*, which is of late so much worn in England, for I have promised to make a present of it to a courtezan of a French minister.

"Letters from the frontiers of France inform us, that a young gentleman †, who was to have been created a cardinal on the next promotion, has put off his design of coming to Rome so soon as was intended; having, as it is said, received letters from Great-Britain, wherein several *virtuosi* of that island have desired him to suspend his resolutions towards a monastic life, until the British grammarians shall publish their explication of the words *indefeazable* and *revolution*. According as these two hard terms are made to fit the mouths of the people, this gentleman takes his measures for his journey thither.

"Your New Bedlam has been read and considered by some of your countrymen among us; and one gentleman, who is now here a traveller, says, your design is impracticable; for that there can be

* Handkerchiefs printed with representations of Dr. Sacheverell.

† The Pretender.

no place large enough to contain the num
your lunatics. He advises you therefore to
the ambient sea for the boundary of your
If what he says be true, I do not see how you
think of any other inclosure: for, according to
discourse, the whole people are taken with a *vert*
great and proper actions are received with
and discontent; ill-news hoped for with
heroes in your service are treated with calumny
while criminals pass through your towns with ac
clamations*.

"This Englishman went on to say, you seeme
at present to flag under a satiety of success, as
you wanted misfortune as a necessary vicissitud
Yet, alas! though men have but a cold re
prosperity, quick is the anguish of the c
fortune. He proceeded to make compa
times, seasons, and great incidents. A
he grew too learned for my understanding,
talked of Hanno the Carthaginian, and his irrec
cileable hatred to the glorious commander
nibal. Hannibal, said he, was able to marc
Rome itself, and brought that ambitious peo
who designed no less than the empire of the wo
to sue for peace in the most abject and servile
ner; when faction at home det
glory of his actions, and, after
last prevailed with the senate to recal him from
midst of his victories, in the very instant when
was to reap the benefit of all his toils, by reducin
the then common enemy of all nations which
liberty, to reason. When Hannibal heard

* Dr. Sacheverell, whilst under the sentence that suspende
him from preaching, made a sort of triumphal journey, an
was received into some towns with ringing of bells, and othe
demonstrations of welcome and approbation.

of the Carthaginian senators, who were recall him, he was moved with a generous lainful sorrow; and is reported to have said, ibal then must be conquered, not by the f the Romans, whom he has often put to ut by the envy and detraction of his coun-. Nor shall Scipio triumph so much in his Hanno, who will smile to have purchased a of Hannibal, though attended with the fall hage.'

I am, Sir, &c.

PASQUIN."

Will's Coffee-house, June 19.

re is a sensible satisfaction in observing the nance and action of the people on some oc-. To gratify myself in this pleasure, I came with all speed this evening with an account surrender of Douay. As soon as the *battle* heard it, they immediately drew some com- that it must have cost us a great number of Others were so negligent of the glory of their y, that they went on in their discourse on the use which is to be at Othello on Thursday, ie curiosity they should go with, to see Wilks part so very different from what he had ever appeared in, together with the expectation as raised in the gay part of the town on that on.

is universal indolence and inattention among things that concern the public, made me look with the highest reverence on the glorious in-es in antiquity, of a contrary behaviour in the circumstances. Harry English, upon observing oom so little roused on the news, fell into the way of thinking. "How unlike," said he, . Bickerstaff, are we to the old Romans!

There was not a subject of their
himself as much concerned in t
country, as the first officer of t
How do I admire the messenger, who
thorn in his foot to tell the news of a vic
senate! He had not leisure for his p
until he had expressed his public joy; t
suffer as a man, until he had triumphed
Roman."

N° 188. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1710.

Qua regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?
VIRG. Æn. I. 464.

What clime, what region, so remote and strange,
Where these our labours are not known?
R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, June 21.

I WAS this morning looking over my letters, that have lately received from my several correspondents; some of which, referring to my late paper I have laid aside, with an intent to give my reader sight of them. The first criticises upon my Green house, and is as follows:

MR. BICKERSTAFF, *South Wales, June*
"This letter comes to you from my Orangery which I intend to reform as much as I can, according to your ingenious model; and shall only beg

mmunicate to me your secret of preserving
s in a covered room; for in the climate
r country seat lies, they require rain and
vell as sun and fresh air, and cannot live
1 fine food as your *sifted weather*. I must
lesire you to write over your Green-house
ring motto.

r perpetuum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.

ernal bloom, and summer's genial warmth,
all the year.——— R. WYNNE.

f your

in me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
& ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?
VIRG. Georg. ii. 488.

God, convey me to the cooling shades
my Hæmus!——— R. WYNNE.

:h, under favour, is the panting of one in
fter cool shades, and not of one in winter
mmer house. The rest of your plan is
ıtiful; and that your friend, who has so
ibed it, may enjoy it many winters, is the
sh of

"His and your unknown, &c."

versight of a grass-plot in my friend's
use, puts me in mind of a like incon-
1 a celebrated picture; where Moses is re-
as striking a rock, and the children of
enching their thirst at the waters that flow
ıd run through a beautiful landscape of
l meadows, which could not flourish in a
re water was to have been found only by a

xt letter comes to me from a Kentish
/ho is very angry with me for my advice

to parents, occasioned by the amours of Sylvia an Philander, as related in my Paper, No. 185.

"SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

"I do not know by what chance one of you Tatlers is got into my family, and has almos turned the brains of my eldest daughter Winifred who has been so undutiful as to fall in love of he own head, and tells me a foolish heathen story tha she has read in your Paper to persuade me to giv my consent. I am too wise to let children hav their own wills in a business like marriage. It is matter in which neither I myself, nor any of m kindred, were ever humoured. My wife and never pretended to love one another like your Sylvi and Philanders; and yet, if you saw our fire-sid you would be satisfied we are not always a squal bling. For my part, I think that where man an woman come together by their own good likin there is so much fondling and fooling, that it hin ders young people from minding their business. must therefore desire you to change your note; an instead of advising us old folks, who perhaps hav more wit than yourself, to let Sylvia know, th she ought to act like a dutiful daughter, and marr the man that she does not care for. Our gre grandmothers were all bid to marry first, and lo would come afterwards; and I do not see wh their daughters should follow their own invention I am resolved Winifred shall not.

Yours, &c.

This letter is a natural picture of ordinary co tracts, and of the sentiments of those minds that li under a kind of intellectual rusticity. This triflin occasion made me run over in my imagination th many scenes I have observed of the married co dition, wherein the quintessence of pleasure an

pain are represented, as they accompany that state, and no other. It is certain, there are many thousands like the above-mentioned yeoman and his wife, who are never highly pleased or distasted in their whole lives. But when we consider the more unformed part of mankind, and look upon their behaviour, it then appears that very little of their time is indifferent, but generally spent in the most

ious vexation, or the highest satisfaction. Shakpeare has admirably represented both the aspects of his state in the most excellent tragedy of Othello. n the character of Desdemona, he runs through ll the sentiments of a virtuous maid, and a tender vife. She is captivated by his virtue, and faithful o him as well from that motive, as regard to her vn honour. Othello is a great and noble spirit, nisled by the villainy of a false friend to suspect her nnocence; and resents it accordingly. When, fter the many instances of passion, the wife is told he husband is jealous, her simplicity makes her ncapable of believing it, and say, after such cirumstances as would drive another woman into listraction,

——I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

This opinion of him is so just, that his noble and ender heart beats itself to pieces, before he can afront her with the mention of his jealousy; and he wns, this suspicion has blotted out all the sense of lory and happiness which before it was possessed vith, when he laments himself in the warm allusions of a mind accustomed to entertainments so ery different from the pangs of jealousy and reenge. How moving is his sorrow, when he cries ut as follows:

I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
And, oh ye mortal engines! whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.

I believe I may venture to say, there is not ir other part of Shakspeare's works more stron lively pictures of nature than in this. I shall t fore steal *Incognito* to see it, out of curiosity t serve how Wilks and Cibber touch those pl where Betterton and Sandford so very highl celled. But now I am got into discourse of a with which I am so professedly pleased, I conclude this paper with a note I have just rec from the two ingenious friends, Mr. Penketl and Mr. Bullock.

"SIR,

"Finding by your Paper, No. 182, that yc drawing parallels between the greatest actors c age; as you have already begun with Mr. ' and Mr. Cibber, we desire you would do the justice to your humble servants,

WM. BULLOCK and WM. PENKETHM

For the information of posterity, I shall cc with this letter, and set these two great m such a light as Sallust has placed his Cato Cæsar.

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Pen man are of the same age, profession, and sex.

th distinguish themselves in a very particular anner under the discipline of the crab-tree, with iis only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more reeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more aceful shrug. Penkethman devours a cold chick ith great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly asparagus. Penkethman is very dexterous at nveying himself under a table; Bullock is no ss active at jumping over a stick. Mr. Penketh- an has a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock is e taller man.

N° 189. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1710.

Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

HOR. 4 Od. iv. 30.

In steers laborious, and in generous steeds
We trace their sires, nor can the bird of Jove
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

HAVING lately turned my thoughts upon the con- derations of the behaviour of parents to children n the great affair of marriage, I took much delight n turning over a bundle of letters, which a gentle- nan's steward in the country had sent me some me ago. This parcel is a collection of letters ritten by the children of the family, to which he

belongs, to their father; and contains all the little passages of their lives, and the new ideas they received as their years advanced. There is in them an account of their diversions as well as their exercises; and what I thought very remarkable is, that two sons of the family, who now make considerable figures in the world, gave omens of that sort of character which they now bear, in the first rudiments of thought which they show in their letters. Were one to point out a method of education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleasing or improving than this; where the children get an habit of communicating their thoughts and inclinations to their best friend with so much freedom, that he can form schemes for their future life and conduct from an observation of their tempers; and by that means be early enough in choosing their way of life, to make them forward in some art or science at an age when others have not determined what profession to follow. As to the persons concerned in this packet I am speaking of, they have given great proofs of the force of this conduct of their father in the effect it has upon their lives and manners. The elder, who is a scholar, showed from his infancy a propensity to polite studies, and has made a suitable progress in literature; but his learning is so well woven into his mind, that from the impression of it, he seems rather to have contracted an habit of life, than manner of discourse. To his books he seems to owe a good œconomy in his affairs, and a complacency in his manners, though in others that way of education has commonly a quite different effect. The epistles of the other son are full of accounts of what he thought most remarkable in his reading. He sends his father for news the last noble story he had read. I observe he is particularly touched with the con-

duct of Codrus, who plotted his own death, because the oracle had said, if he were not killed, the enemy should prevail over his country. Many other incidents in his little letters give omens of a soul capable of generous undertakings; and what makes it the more particular is, that this gentleman had, in the present war, the honour and happiness of doing an action, for which only it was worth coming into the world. Their father *is* the most intimate friend they have; and they always consult him rather than any other, when any error has happened in their conduct through youth and inadvertency. The behaviour of this gentleman to his sons has made his life pass away with the pleasures of a second youth; for as the vexations which men receive from their children hasten the approach of age, and double the force of years; so the comforts which they reap from them, are balm to all other sorrows, and disjoint the injuries of time. Parents of children repeat their lives in their offspring; and their concern for them is so near, that they feel all their sufferings and enjoyments as much as if they regarded their own proper persons. But it is generally so far otherwise, that the common race of esquires in this kingdom use their sons as persons that are waiting only for their funerals, and spies upon their health and happiness; as indeed they are, by their own making them such. In cases where a man takes the liberty after this manner to reprehend others, it is commonly said, Let him look at home. I am sorry to own it; but there is one branch of the house of the Bickerstaffs, who have been as erroneous in their conduct this way as any other family whatsoever. The head of this branch is now in town, and has brought up with him his son and daughter, who are all the children he has, in order to be put some way into the world, and see

fashions. They are both very ill-bred cubs; having lived together from their infancy, w knowledge of the distinctions and decenci are proper to be paid to each other's sex, squabble like two brothers. The father o those who knows no better than that all debauchery, and imagines, when he sees a become his estate, that he will certainly spen This branch are a people who never had an them one man eminent either for good or ill; h ever, have all along kept their heads just a water, not by a prudent and regular œconomy, by expedients in the matches they have made their house. When one of the family has in pursuit of foxes, and in the entertainmen clowns, run out the third part of the value of estate, such a spendthrift has dressed up his e son, and married what they call a good fortu who has supported the father as a tyrant over th during his life, in the same house or neighbourh The son, in succession, has just taken the s method to keep up his dignity, until the mortg he has ate and drunk himself into, have red him to the necessity of sacrificing his son als imitation of his progenitor. This had been, many generations, the whole that had happene the family of Sam Bickerstaff, until the time of present cousin Samuel, the father of the y people we have just now spoken of.

Samuel Bickerstaff, esquire, is so happy, as by several legacies from distant relations, deatl maiden sisters, and other instances of good fort he has, besides his real estate, a great sum ready money. His son at the same time know has a good fortune, which the father ca alienate; though he strives to make him beli he depends only on his will for maintenance,

v in his nineteenth year, Mrs. Mary in her
ıth. Cousin Samuel, who understands no
oint of good behaviour as it regards all the
f the world, is an exact critic in the dress,
otion, the looks, and gestures of his children.
adds to their misery is, that he is excessively
)f them, and the greatest part of their time is
in the presence of this nice observer. Their
one continued constraint. The girl never
her head, but she is warned not to follow the
minxes of the town. The boy is not to turn
r be quarrelsome; at the same time, not to
ın affront. I had the good fortune to dine
him to-day, and heard his fatherly table-talk
sat at dinner, which, if my memory does not
ıe, for the benefit of the world, I shall set
as he spoke it; which was much as follows,
nay be of great use to those parents who seem
ke it a rule, that their children's turn to enjoy
orld is not to commence, until they themselves
eft it.

Now, Tom, I have bought you chambers in
ns of court. I allow you to take a walk once
ice a day round the garden. If you mind
)usiness, you need not study to be as great a
r as Coke upon Littleton. I have that that
eep you; but be sure you keep an exact ac-
of your linen. Write down what you give
) your laundress, and what she brings home
. Go as little as possible to the other end of
wn; but if you do, come home early. I be-
[was as sharp as you for your ears; and I
ıy hat snatched off my head coming home late
ıtop by St. Clement's church, and I do not
from that day to this who took it. I do not
f you learn to fence a little; for I would not

have you be made a fool of. Let me have an account of every thing every post; I am willing to be at that charge, and I think you need not spare your pains. As for you, daughter Molly, do not mind one word that is said to you in London; for it is only for your money."

N° 190. TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1710.

——*Timeo Danaos & dona ferentes.*
VIRG. Æn. ii. 48.

Trojans all Greeks and Grecian gifts distrust.

Sheer-lane, June 26.

THERE are some occasions in life, wherein regard to a man's self is the most pitiful and contemptible of all passions; and such a time certainly is when the true public spirit of a nation is run into a faction against their friends and benefactors. I have hinted heretofore some things which discover the real sorrow I am in at the observation, that it is now very much so in Great-Britain, and have had the honour to be pelted with several epistles to expostulate with me on that subject. Among others, one from a person of the number of those they call Quakers, who seems to admonish me out of pure zeal and good-will. But as there is no character so unj that of talking in party upon all occasions, wi u respect to merit or worth on the contrary side; there is no part we can act so justifiable as to sp

our mind when we see things urged to extremity, against all that is praise-worthy or valuable in life, upon general and groundless suggestions. But if I have talked too frankly upon such reflections, my correspondent has laid before me, after his way, the error of it in a manner that makes me indeed thankful for his kindness, but the more inclinable to repeat the imprudence from the necessity of the circumstance.

"FRIEND ISAAC, The 23d of the 6th month, which is the month June.

"Forasmuch as I love thee, I cannot any longer refrain declaring my mind unto thee concerning some things. Thou didst thyself indite the epistle inserted in one of thy late Lucubrations, as thou wouldst have us call them; for verily thy friend of stone, and I speak according to knowledge, hath no fingers; and though he hath a mouth, yet speaketh he not therewith; nor yet did that epistle at all come unto thee from the mansion-house of the scarlet whore. It is plain therefore, that the truth is not in thee: but since thou wouldst lie, couldst not thou lie with more discretion? Wherefore shouldst thou insult over the afflicted, or add sorrow unto the heavy of heart? Truly this gall proceedeth not from the spirit of meekness. I tell thee moreover, the people of this land be marvellously given to change; insomuch that it may likely come to pass, that before thou art many years nearer to thy dissolution, thou mayest behold him sitting on a high place whom thou now laughest to scorn: and then how wilt thou be glad to humble thyself to the ground, and lick the dust of his feet, that thou mayest find favour in his sight? If thou didst meditate as much upon the word, as thou dost upon the profane scribblings of the wise ones of this generation, thou

wouldst have remembered what happe
Shimei, the son of Gera the Benjamite, wno
the good man David in his distress. David
doned his transgression; yet was he afterwa
taken as in a snare by the words of his own m
and fell by the sword of Solomon the chief n
Furthermore, I do not remember to have heard in the days of my youth and vanity, when, like thine, my conversation was with the Gentiles, that the men of Rome, which is Babylon, ever sued unto the men of Carthage, for tranquillity, as thou dost aver. Neither was Hannibal, the son of Hamilcar, called home by his countrymen, until these saw the sword of their enemies at their gates; and then was it not time for him, thinkest thou, to return? It appeareth therefore that thou dost prophesy backwards; thou dost row one way, and look another; and indeed in all things art thou too much a *time-server;* yet seemest thou not to consider what a day may bring forth. Think of this, and take tobacco. Thy friend,

AMINADAB."

If the zealous writer of the above letter has any meaning, it is of too high a nature to be the subject of my Lucubrations. I shall therefore wave such high points, and be as useful as I can to persons of less moment than any he hints at. When a man runs into a little fame in the world, as he meets with a great deal of reproach which he does not deserve, so does he also a great deal of esteem to which he has in himself no pretensions. Were it otherwise, I am sure no one would offer to put a law-case to me: but because I am an adept in physic and astrology, they will needs persuade me that I am no less a proficient in all other sciences. However, the point mentioned in the following letter is so plain a

, that I think I need not trouble myself to cast a
e to be able to discuss it.

" MR. BICKERSTAFF,

" It is some years ago since the entail of the
: of our family was altered, by passing a fine
favour of me, who now am in possession of it,
some others deceased. The heirs-general,
o lived beyond sea, were excluded by this settle-
nt, and the whole estate is to pass in a new
nnel after me and my heirs. But several tenants
the lordship persuade me to let them hereafter
d their lands of me according to the old customs
the barony, and not oblige them to act by the li-
tations of the last settlement. This, they say,
ll make me more popular among my dependants,
d the antient vassals of the estate, to whom any
viation from the line of succession is always in-
lious.

Yours, &c."

" SIR, *Sheer-lane, June* 24.

" You have by the fine a plain right, in which
ne else of your family can be your competitor;
r which reason, by all means demand vassalage
on that title. The contrary advice can be given
r no other purpose in nature but to betray you,
d favour other pretenders, by making you place a
ght which is in you only, upon a level with a right
hich you have in common with others.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithful servant until death,

I. B."

There is nothing so dangerous or so pleasing, as
mpliments made to us by our enemies: and my
rrespondent tells me, that though he knows se-
ral of those who give him this counsel were at first

against passing the fine in favour of him; yet h so touched with their homage to him, that he hardly believe they have a mind to set it aside order to introduce the heirs-general into his esta

These are great evils; but since there is no p ceeding with success in this world, without cc plying with the arts of it, I shall use the same r thod as my correspondent's tenants did with him relation to one whom I never had a kindness f but shall, notwithstanding, presume to give him advice.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, of GREAT-B TAIN, to LEWIS the Fourteenth of FRANCE.

"SIR,

"Your Majesty will pardon me while I take liberty to acquaint you, that some passages writ from your side of the water do very much obstr your interest. We take it very unkindly that prints of Paris are so very partial in favour of set of men among us, and treat the others as i concileable to your interests. Your writers are v large in recounting any thing which relates to figure and power of one party, but are dumb wl they should represent the actions of the other. T is a trifling circumstance which many here are to lay some stress upon; and therefore I thought to offer it to your consideration before you dispa the next courier.

I. B."

N° 191. THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1710.

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
JUV. Sat. viii. 84.

——Basely they
The sacred cause for which they 're born, betray,
Who give up Virtue for a worthless life.
R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, June 28.

F all the evils under the sun, that of making vice
ndable is the greatest; for it seems to be the
of society, that applause and contempt should
ays given to proper objects. But in this age
e behold things, for which we ought to have an
horrence, not only received without disdain, but
ven valued as motives of emulation. This is na-
rally the destruction of simplicity of manners,
nness of heart, and generosity of temper. When
person gives himself the liberty to range and run
ver in his thoughts the different geniuses of men
hich he meets in the world, one cannot but ob-
rve, that most of the indirection and artifice,
hich is used among men, does not proceed so much
om a degeneracy in nature, as an affectation of
pearing men of consequence by such practices.
y *this* means it is, that a cunning man is so far
om being ashamed of being esteemed such, that
e secretly rejoices in it. It has been a sort of
axim, that the greatest art is to conceal art; but I
now not how, among some people we meet with,

their greatest cunning is to appear cunning. There is Polypragmon makes it the whole business of his life to be thought a cunning fellow, and thinks it a much greater character to be terrible than agreeable. When it has once entered into a man's head to have an ambition to be thought crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavour of him, who is proud of the capacity of doing it. It is certain, Polypragmon does all the ill he possibly can, but pretends to much more than he performs. He is contented in his own thoughts, and hugs himself in his closet, that though he is locked up there, and doing nothing, the world does not know but that he is doing mischief. To favour this suspicion, he gives half-looks and shrugs in his general behaviour, to give you to understand that you do not know what he means. He is also wonderfully adverbial in his expressions, and breaks off with a "Perhaps" and a nod of the head upon matters of the most indifferent nature. It is a mighty practice with men of this genius to avoid frequent appearance in public, and to be as mysterious as possible when they do come into company. There is nothing to be done, according to them, in the common way; and let the matter in hand be what it will, it must be carried with an air of importance, and transacted, if we may so speak, with an ostentatious secrecy. These are your persons of long-heads, who would fain make the world believe their thoughts and ideas are very much superior to their neighbours; and do not value what these their neighbours think of them, provided they do not reckon them fools. These have such a romantic touch in business, that they hate to perform any thing like other men. Were it in their choice, they had rather bring their purposes to bear by over-reaching the persons they deal with,

by a plain and simple manner. They make
ılties for the honour of surmounting them.
ragmon is eternally busied after this manner,
no other prospect, than that he is in hopes to
ought the most cunning of all men, and fears
mputation of want of understanding much
than that of the abuse of it. But, alas! how
mptible is such an ambition, which is the very
se of all that is truly laudable, and the very
adiction to the only means to a just reputation,
icity of manners! Cunning can in no circum-
e imaginable be a quality worthy a man ex-
in his own defence, and merely to conceal
elf from such as are so; and in such cases, it
longer craft, but wisdom. The monstrous af-
ion of being thought artful immediately kills
ıoughts of humanity and goodness; and gives
a sense of the soft affections and impulses of
ınd, which are imprinted in us for our mutual
ıtage and succour, as of mere weaknesses and
s. According to the men of cunning, you are
t off the nature of a man as fast as you can,
cquire that of a *dæmon;* as if it were a more
le character to be a powerful enemy, than an
friend. But it ought to be a mortification to
affected this way, that there wants but little
than instinct to be considerable in it; for
ı a man has arrived at being very bad in his in-
ion, he has not much more to do but to con-
himself, and he may revenge, cheat, and de-
, without much employment for understand-
and go on with great cheerfulness with the
applause of being a prodigious cunning fellow.
indeed, when we arrive at the pitch of false
as not to think cunning a contemptible qua-
it is, methinks, a very great injustice that
pockets are had in so little veneration; who

must be admirably well turned, not only theoretic, but also the practical behaviour ning fellows. After all the endeavours of mily of men whom we call cunning, thei work falls to pieces, if others will lay d esteem for such artifices; and treat it as an u quality, which they forbear to practise only l they abhor it. When the spider is rangi different apartments of his web, it is true, only can weave so fine a thread; but it is power of the merest drone that has wings, through and destroy it.

Will's Coffee-house, June 28.

Though the taste of wit and pleasure is at but very low in this town, yet there are so preserve their relish undebauched with c impressions, and can distinguish between and imposture. A gentleman was saying h evening, that he would go to the play to-n night, to see heroism as it has been represe some of our tragedians, represented in bu It seems, the play of Alexander is to be then into ridicule for its bombast, and other fals ments in the thoughts as well as the language bluster Alexander makes is as much inco with the character of an hero, as the rough Clytus, an instance of the sincerity of a bol soldier. To be plain is not to be rude, bu inclines a man to civility and deference; not to show it in the gestures of the body, bu sentiments of the mind. It is, among other from the impertinent figures unskilful dr draw of the characters of men, that youth wildered and prejudiced in their sense of the of which they have no notions but what th from books and such representations. Thu

a very young man, let him be of never so good sense, and he shall smile when you speak of sincerity in a courtier, good sense in a soldier, or honesty in a politician. The reason of this is, that you hardly see one play, wherein each of these ways of life is not drawn by hands that know nothing of any one of them; and the truth is so far of the opposite side to what they paint, that it is more impracticable to live in esteem in courts than any where else without sincerity. Good sense is the great requisite in a soldier, and honesty the only thing that can support a politician. This way of thinking made the gentleman, of whom I was just now speaking, say, he was glad any one had taken upon him to depreciate such unnatural fustian as the tragedy of Alexander. The character of that prince indeed was, that he was unequal, and given to intemperance; but in his sober moments, when he had the precepts of his great instructor warm in his imagination, he was a pattern of generous thoughts and dispositions, in opposition to the strongest desires which are incident to a youth and conqueror. But instead of representing that hero in the glorious character of generosity and chastity, in his treatment of the beauteous family of Darius, he is drawn all along as a monster of lust, or of cruelty; as if the way to raise him to the degree of an hero, were to make his character as little like that of a worthy man as possible. Such rude and indigested draughts of things are the proper objects of ridicule and contempt; and depreciating Alexander, as we have him drawn, is the only way of restoring him to what he was in himself. It is well contrived of the players, to let this part be followed by a true picture of life, in the comedy called, "The Chances," wherein Don John and Constantia are acted to the utmost perfection. There

need not be a greater instance of the force of
than in many incidents of this play, wh
ferent passages, and such as conduce only to
tacking of the scenes together, are enliv
such an agreeable gesture and behaviour, as
rently shews what a play might be, though it
wholly what a play should be.

N° 192. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.
HOR. 3 Od. ix. ver. ult.

——Gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.
FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a coach-full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day; every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour, and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason, that I could imagine

but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess; for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when on a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowzy behaviour, until we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me, "The old gentleman," I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities: for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; until at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what

trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in th midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in th very honey-month. Some separate before the firs child, and some after the fifth; others continu good until thirty, others until forty; while sc few, whose souls are of an happier make, and bette fitted to one another, travel on together to the en of their journey in a continual intercourse of kin offices, and mutual endearments.

When we therefore choose our companions fc life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves i good humour to the last stage of it, we must b extremely careful in the choice we make, as we as in the conduct on our own part. When the per sons to whom we join ourselves can stand an exami nation, and bear the scrutiny; when they mea upon our acquaintance with them, and discove new beauties, the more we search into their charac ters; our love will naturally rise in proportion t their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of suc accomplishments of body and mind, we ought t look after those qualifications both in ourselves others which are indispensably necessary towar this happy union, and which are in the power c every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate an improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulnes and constancy. A cheerful temper joined with in nocence will make beauty attractive, knowledg delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighte sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignc rance into an amiable simplicity; and render de formity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even temper and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired b those of the greatest fickleness, violence, an

passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those, who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents, which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story, that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, "that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish." By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was

dearer to him than life, the ship was pr
It is with a secret sorrow and vexation or
that I must tell the sequel of the story, and
my reader know, that this faithful pair, who w
ready to have died in each other's arms, ab
three years after their escape, upon some tri
disgust grew to a coldness at first, and at len
fell out to such a degree, that they left one a
ther, and parted for ever. The other couple lived
gether in an uninterrupted friendship and felicit
and what was remarkable, the husband, whom
shipwreck had like to have separated from his wi
died a few months after her, not being able to s
vive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in
changeableness and inconstancy of human natu
that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Wh
ever I am at present, I tremble to think what
may be. While I find this principle in me, h
can I assure myself that I shall always be
my God, my friend, or myself? In short, w
constancy there is neither love, friendship,
tue, in the world.

N° 193. TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1710.

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hospes;—
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
— — HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 312.

The Poet, who with wild discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend or guest,—
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.
FRANCIS.

Will's Coffee-house, July 3.

AVE of late received many epistles, wherein the
's treat me as a mercenary person, for some
hints concerning matters which, they think,
ıould not have touched upon but for sordid con-
:rations. It is apparent that my motive could
be of that kind; for when a man declares him-
'openly on one side, that party will take no more
ice of him, because he is sure; and the set of
n whom he declares against, for the same reason,
violent against him. Thus it is folly in a plain-
ler to expect, that either his friends will reward
ı, or his enemies forgive him. For which rea-
ı, I thought it was the shortest way to impar-
ity, to put myself beyond further hopes or fears,
declaring myself at a time when the dispute is
: about persons and parties, but things and
ıses. To relieve myself from the vexation which

naturally attends such reflections, I came hither this evening to give my thoughts quite a new turn, and converse with men of pleasure and wit, rather than those of business and intrigue. I had hardly entered the room when I was accosted by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who desired my favour in relation to the play which was to be acted for his benefit on Thursday. He pleased me in saying it was "The Old Bachelor," in which comedy there is a necessary circumstance observed by the author, which most other poets either overlook or do not understand, that is to say, the distinction of characters. It is very ordinary with writers to indulge a certain modesty of believing all men as witty as themselves, and making all the persons of the play speak the sentiments of the author, without any manner of respect to the age, fortune, or quality, of him that is on the stage. Ladies talk like rakes, and footmen make similes: but this writer knows men; which makes his plays reasonable entertainments, while the scenes of most others are like the tunes between the acts. They are perhaps agreeable sounds; but they have no ideas affixed to them. Dogget thanked me for my visit to him in the winter; and, after his comic manner, spoke his request with so arch a leer, that I promised the droll I would speak to all my acquaintance to be at his play.

Whatever the world may think of the actors, whether it be that their parts have an effect on their lives, or whatever it is, you see a wonderful benevolence among them towards the interests and necessities of each other. Dogget therefore would not let me go, without delivering me a letter from poor old Downs, *the prompter*, wherein that retainer to the theatre desires my advice and assistance

matter of concern to him. I have sent him my ate opinion for his conduct; but the stage and e affairs being so much canvassed by parties and io , I shall for some time hereafter take leave jects which relate to either of them; and em- y my cares in the consideration of matters, ich regard that part of mankind, who live with- interesting themselves with the troubles or plea- es of either. However for a mere notion of the sent posture of the stage, I shall give you the er at large as follows:

"HONOURED SIR, *July* 1, 1710.

"Finding by divers of your late Papers, that you a friend to the profession of which I was many irs an unworthy member, I the rather make bold crave your advice touching a proposal that has en lately made me of coming again into business, d the sub-administration of stage affairs. I have, m my youth, been bred up behind the curtain, d been a prompter from the time of the Resto- on. I have seen many changes, as well of nes as of actors; and have known men within remembrance arrive to the highest dignities of e theatre, who made their entrance in the quality mutes, joint-stools, flower-pots, and tapestry ngings. It cannot be unknown to the nobility d gentry, that a gentleman of the inns of court*, d a deep intriguer, had some time since worked nself into the sole management and direction of e theatre. Nor is it less notorious, than his rest- ambition, and subtle machinations, did mani- ıy tend to the extirpation of the good old British tors, and the introduction of foreign pretenders; ch as Harlequins, French dancers, and Roman

* Christopher Rich.

singers; who, though they impoverished the p prietors, and imposed on the audience, were some time tolerated, by reason of his dextrous nuations, which prevailed upon a few deluded men, especially *the Vizard Masks*, to believe t the stage was in danger. But his schemes w soon exposed; and the great ones that support him withdrawing their favour, he made his e and remained for a season in obscurity. Dur this retreat the Machiavelian was not idle; but cretly fomented divisions, and wrought over to side some of the inferior actors, reserving a tr door to himself, to which only he had a key. T entrance secured, this cunning person, to compl his company, bethought himself of calling in t most eminent strollers from all parts of the kin dom. I have seen them all ranged together behi the scenes; but they are many of them perso that never trod the stage before, and so very aw ward and ungainly, that it is impossible to belie the audience will bear them. He was looking o his catalogue of plays, and indeed picked up a go tolerable set of grave faces for counsellors, to a pear in the famous scene of 'Venice Preserve when the danger is over; but they being but m outsides, and the actors having a great mind play 'The Tempest,' there is not a man of the when he is to perform any thing above dumb sho is capable of acting with a good grace so much the part of Trinculo. However, the master p sists in his design, and is fitting up the old storn but I am afraid he will not be able to procu able sailors or experienced officers for love money.

"Besides all this, when he comes to cast t parts, there is so great a confusion amongst the for want of proper actors, that for my part I a

wholly discouraged. The play with which they design to open is, 'The Duke and no Duke;' and they are so put to it, that the master himself is to act the Conjuror, and they have no one for the General but honest George Powell. . . .

"Now, Sir, they being so much at a loss for the *Dramatis Personæ*, viz. the persons to enact, and the whole frame of the house being designed to be altered, I desire your opinion, whether you think it advisable for me to undertake to prompt them? For though I can clash swords when they represent a battle, and have yet lungs enough left to huzza their victories, I question, if I should prompt them right, whether they would act accordingly. I am

Your honour's most humble servant,

J. DOWNS."

"P.S. Sir, since I writ this, I am credibly informed, that they design a new house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, near the Popish chapel, to be ready by Michaelmas next; which indeed is but repairing an old one that has already failed. You know, the honest man who kept the office is gone already."

N° 194. THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1710.

Militat omnis amans. OVID. Amor. El. ix. ver

The toils of love require a warrior's art,
And every lover plays the soldier's part.

R. Wyn

From my own Apartment, July 5.

I was this morning reading the tenth canto in fourth book of Spenser, in which Sir Scudam relates the progress of his courtship to Amoret un a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the m natural and unmixed of any in that most excell author. I shall transpose it, to use Mr. Bay term, for the benefit of many English Lovers, v have, by frequent letters, desired me to lay dc some rules for the conduct of their virtuous amo and shall only premise, that by the *Shield of I* is meant a generous, constant passion for the pe beloved.

"When the fame," says he, "of this celeb beauty first flew abroad, I went in pursuit of he the Temple of Love. This temple," continues "bore the name of the goddess Venus, and seated in a most fruitful island, walled by n against all invaders. There was a single bri that led into the island, and before it a castle g risoned by twenty knights.—Near the castle wa open plain, and in the midst of it a pillar, on wh was hung the *Shield of Love;* and underneath it letters of gold, was this inscription:

" Happy the man who well can use his bliss;
" Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

" My heart panted upon reading the inscription: struck upon the shield with my spear. Immediely issued forth a knight well mounted, and cometely armed, who, without speaking, ran fiercely me. I received him as well as I could, and by od fortune threw him out of the saddle. I enountered the whole twenty successively, and, aving them all extended on the plain, carried off shield in token of victory. Having thus van- d my rivals, I passed on without impediment, ntil I came to the utmost gate of the bridge, which found locked and barred. I knocked and called; ut could get no answer. At last I saw one on the ther side of the gate, who stood peeping through a nall crevice. This was the porter; he had a dou- le face resembling a Janus, and was continually oking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden anger. His name, as I afterwards learned, was oubt. Overagainst him sat Delay, who enter- ed passengers with some idle story, while they st such opportunities as were never to be recovered. s soon as the porter saw my shield, he opened the ate; but upon my entering, Delay caught hold of e, and would fain have made me listen to her oleries. However, I shook her off, and passed rward, until I came to the second gate, 'The ate of Good Desert,' which always stood wide pen, but in the porch was an hideous giant, that opped the entrance; his name was Danger. Many arriors of good reputation, not able to bear the ernness of his look, went back again. Cowards ed at the first sight of him; except some few, ho, watching their opportunity, slipt by him un- bserved. I prepared to assault him; but upon the

first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder parts much more deformed and terrible than his face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, Envy, and Detraction, lying in ambush behind him, to fall upon the heedless and unwary.

"I now entered the 'Island of Love,' which appeared in all the beauties of art and nature, and feasted every sense with the most agreeable objects. Amidst a pleasing variety of walks and alleys, shady seats and flowery banks, sunny hills, and gloomy valleys, were thousands of lovers sitting, or walking together in pairs, and singing hymns to the deity of the place.

"I could not forbear envying this happy people, who were already in possession of all they could desire. While I went forward to the temple, the structure was beautiful beyond imagination. The gate stood open. In the entrance sat a most amiable woman, whose name was Concord.

"On either side of her stood two young men, both strongly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I afterwards learned, they were both her sons, but begotten of her by two different fathers; their names Love and Hatred.

"The lady so well tempered and reconciled them both, that she forced them to join hands; though I could not but observe, that Hatred turned aside his face, as not able to endure the sight of his younger brother.

"I at length entered the inmost temple, the roof of which was raised upon an hundred marble pillars, decked with crowns, chains, and garlands. The ground was strewed with flowers. An hundred altars, at each of which stood a virgin priestess cloathed in white, blazed all at once with the sacrifice of

wers, who were perpetually sending up their vows
heaven in clouds of incense.

" In the midst stood the Goddess herself upon an
tar whose substance was neither gold nor stone,
nt infinitely more precious than either. About her
eck flew numberless flocks of little Loves, Joys,
nd Graces; and all about her altar lay scattered heaps
f lovers, complaining of the disdain, pride, or trea-
hery of their mistresses. One among the rest, no
nger able to contain his griefs, broke out into the
llowing prayer:

" Venus, queen of grace and beauty, joy of gods
nd men, who with a smile becalmest the seas, and
newest all nature; Goddess, whom all the differ-
nt species in the universe obey with joy and plea-
ure, grant that I may at last obtain the object of my
ows."

" The impatient lover pronounced this with great
hemence; but I, in a soft murmur, besought the
oddess to lend me her assistance. While I was
hus praying, I chanced to cast my eye on a compa-
y of ladies, who were assembled together in a cor-
of the temple waiting for the anthem.

" The foremost seemed something elder and of a
ore composed countenance than the rest, who all
ppeared to be under her direction. Her name was
omanhood. On one side of her sat Shamefaced-
ess, with blushes rising in her cheeks, and her eyes
xed on the ground: on the other was Cheerfulness,
ith a smiling look, that infused a secret pleasure
nto the hearts of all that saw her. With these sat
odesty, holding her hand on her heart: Courtesy,
ith a grateful aspect, and obliging behaviour: and
e two sisters, who were always linked together
nd resembled each other, Silence and Obedience,

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,
And in the midst of them a godly maid,
Ev'n in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lily white array'd;
Where silver streams among the linen stray'd,
Like to the morn, when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd.
That same was fairest Amoret in place,
Shining with beauty's light, and heavenly virtue's g

"As soon as I beheld the charming Amoret heart throbbed with hopes. I stepped to her, seized her hand; when Womanhood immedi rising up, sharply rebuked me for offering in so a manner to lay hold on a virgin. I excused m as modestly as I could, and at the same time dis ed my shield: upon which, as soon as she beheld God emblazoned with his bow and shafts, she struck mute, and instantly retired.

"I still held fast the fair Amoret; and tur my eyes towards the Goddess of the place, saw she favoured my pretensions with a smile, whic emboldened me that I carried off my prize.

"The maid, sometimes with tears, someti with smiles, intreated me to let her go: but l her through the temple gate, where the God Concord, who had favoured my entrance, befrien my retreat."

This allegory is so natural, that it explains it The persons in it are very artfully described, disposed in proper places. The posts assigned Doubt, Delay, and Danger, are admirable. *gate* of Good Desert has something noble and inst tive in it. But above all I am most pleased with beautiful groupe of figures in the corner of the t ple. Among these Womanhood is drawn like w the philosophers call an *Universal Nature*,

led with beautiful representatives of all
irtues that are the ornaments of the female
considered in its natural perfection and in-
e.

N° 195. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1710.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.

HE learned world are very much offended at many
f my ratiocinations, and have but a very mean opi-
ion of me as a politician. The reason of this is, that
me erroneously conceive a talent for politics to con-
st in the regard to a man's own interest; but I am
f quite another mind, and think the first and essen-
l quality towards being a statesman is to have a
ublic spirit. One of the gentlemen who are out
f humour with me imputes my falling into a way,
herein I am so very aukward, to a barrenness of
ivention; and has the charity to lay new matter
efore me for the future. He is at the bottom my
iend; but is at a loss to know whether I am a fool
r a physician, and is pleased to expostulate with me
vith relation to the latter. He falls heavy upon li-
entiates, and seems to point more particularly at
is who are not regularly of the faculty. But since
e has been so civil to me, as to meddle only with
hose who are employed no further than about men's
ives, and not reflected upon me as of the astrolo-
ical sect, who concern ourselves about lives and
ortunes also, I am not so much hurt as to stifle any
part of his fond letter.

"SIR,

"I am afraid there is something in the suspicion of some people, that you begin to be short of matter for your Lucubrations. Though several of them have and then did appear somewhat dull and insipid to me, I was always charitably inclined to believe the fault lay in myself, and that I wanted the true key to decypher your mysteries; and remember your advertisement upon this account. But since I have seen you fall into an unpardonable error, yea, with a relapse; I mean, since I have seen you turn politician in the present unhappy dissensions, I have begun to stagger, and could not chuse but lessen the great value I had for the Censor of our isle. How is it possible that a man, whom interest did naturally lead to a constant impartiality in these matters, who hath wit enough to judge that his opinion is not like to make many proselytes; how is it possible, I say, that a little passion, for I have still too good an opinion of you to think you was bribed by the *staggering* party, could blind you so far as to offend the very *better half* of the nation, and to lessen off so much the number of your friends? Mr. Morphew will not have cause to thank you, unless you give over, and endeavour to regain what you have lost. There are still a great many themes you have left untouched: such as the ill management of matters relating to law and physic; the setting down rules for knowing the quacks in both professions. What a large field is left in discovering the abuses of the college, who had a charter and privileges granted them to hinder the creeping in and prevailing of quacks and pretenders; and yet grant licences to barbers, and write letters of recommendation in the country towns, out of the reach of their practice; in

favour of mere boys; valuing the health and lives of their countrymen no farther than they get money by them. You have said very little or nothing about the dispensation of justice in town and country, where clerks are the counsellors to their masters.

"But as I cannot expect that the Censor of Great-Britain should publish a letter, wherein he is censured with too much reason himself; yet I hope you will be the better for it, and think upon the themes I have mentioned, which must certainly be of greater service to the world, yourself, and Mr. Morphew, than to let us know whether you are a Whig or a Tory. I am still your admirer and servant,

CATO JUNIOR."

This gentleman and I differ from the words *staggering* and *better part;* but instead of answering to the particulars of this epistle, I shall only acquaint my correspondent, that I am at present forming my thoughts upon the foundation of Sir Scudamore's progress in Spenser, which has led me from all other amusements to consider the state of Love in this island; and from the corruptions in the government of that to deduce the chief evils of life. In the mean time that I am thus employed, I have given positive orders to Don Saltero of Chelsea the tooth-drawer, and doctor Thomas Smith the corn-cutter of King-street, Westminster, who have the modesty to confine their pretensions to manual operations, to bring me in, with all convenient speed, complete lists of all who are but of equal learning with themselves, and yet administer physic beyond the feet and gums. These advices I shall reserve for my future leisure; but have now taken a resolution to dedicate the remaining part of this instant July to the service of the fair sex, and have almost finished a scheme for set-

tling the whole remainder of that sex who are t
ried, and above the age of twenty-five.

In order to this good and public service, I
consider the passion of Love in its full extent,
is attended both with joys and inquietudes;
down, for the conduct of my Lovers, such r
shall banish the cares, and heighten the pleas
which flow from that amiable spring of life and
piness. There is no less than an absolute nece
that some provision be made to take off the dead stock of women in city, town, and country. Let there happen but the least disorder in the streets, and in an instant you see the inequality of the numbers of males and females. Besides that the feminine crowd on such occasions is more numerous in the open way, you may observe them also to the very garrets huddled together, four at least at a casement. Add to this, that by an exact calculation of all that have come to town by *stage-coach or waggon* for this twelvemonth past, three times in four the treated persons have been males. This over-stock of beauty, for which there are so few bidders, calls for an immediate supply of lovers and husbands; and I am the studious knight-errant, who have suffered long nocturnal contemplations to find out methods for the relief of all British females, who at present seem to be devoted to involuntary virginity. The scheme, upon which I design to act, I have communicated to none but a beauteous young lady, who has for some time left the town, in the following letter:

To Amanda in Kent.

"Madam,

"I send with this, my discourse of ways and means for encouraging marriage, and repeopling the

nd. You will soon observe, that, according to e rules, the mean considerations, which make uty and merit cease to be the objects of love and tship, will be fully exploded. I have unanswer- y proved, that jointures and settlements are the : of happiness; and not only so, but the ruin n of their fortunes who enter into them. I beg you therefore to come to town upon the receipt this, where, I promise you, you shall have as r lovers as toasters; for there needed nothing : to make men's interests fall in with their incli- ions to render you the most courted of your :. As many as love you will now be willing to rry you. Hasten then, and be the honourable stress of mankind. Cassander, and many others, nd in *The gate of good desert* to receive you.

" I am, Madam,

" Your most obedient, most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF."

N° 196. TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1710.

Dulcis inexperto cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit.———— HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 86.

Untry'd, how sweet a court attendance!
When try'd, how dreadful the dependance! FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, July 10.

E intended course of my studies was altered this ning by a visit from an old acquaintance, who nplained to me, mentioning one upon whom he

had long depended, that he found his labour and perseverance in his patron's service and interests wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his best years were spent in a professed adherence to him and his fortunes, he should in the end be forced to break with him, and give over all further expectations from him. He sighed, and ended his discourse, by saying, "You, Mr. Censor, some time ago, gave us your thoughts of the behaviour of great men to their creditors. This sort of demand upon them, for what they invite men to expect, is a debt of honour; which according to custom they ought to be most careful of paying, and would be a worthy subject for a Lucubration."

Of all men living, I think, I am the most proper to treat of this matter; because, in the character and employment of Censor, I have had encouragement so infinitely above my desert, that what I say cannot possibly be supposed to arise from peevishness, or any disappointment in that kind, which I myself have met with. When we consider Patrons and their Clients, *those who receive addresses and those who are addressed to*, it must not be understood that the Dependents are such as are worthless in their natures, abandoned to any vice or dishonour, or such as without a call thrust themselves upon men in power; nor when we say Patrons, do we mean such as have it not in their power, or have no obligation, to assist their friends; but we speak of such leagues where there are power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. Were we to be very particular on this subject, I take it, that the division of Patron and Client may include a third part of our nation. The want of merit and real worth will strike out about ninety-nine in the hundred of these; and want of ability in the Patron will dispose of as many of that order. He who out of

mere vanity to be applied to, will take up another's time and fortune in his service, where he has no prospect of returning it, is as much more unjust, as those who took up my friend the *Upholder*'s goods without paying him for them; I say, he is as much more unjust, as our life and time is more valuable than our goods and moveables. Among many whom you see about the great, there is a contented well-pleased set, who seem to like the attendance for its own sake, and are early at the abodes of the powerful, out of mere fashion. This sort of vanity is well grounded, as if a man should lay aside his own plain suit, and dress himself up in a gay livery of another.

There are many of this species who exclude others of just expectations, and make those proper dependents appear impatient, because they are not so cheerful as those who expect nothing. I have made use of the penny-post for the instruction of these voluntary slaves, and informed them, that they will never be provided for; but they double their diligence upon admonition. Will Afterday has told his friends, that he was to have the next thing, these ten years; and Harry Linger has been fourteen, within a month, of a considerable office. However the fantastic complaisance which is paid to them, may blind the great from seeing themselves in a just light; they must needs, if they in the least reflect, at some times, have a sense of the injustice they do in raising in others a false expectation. But this is so common a practice in all the stages of power, that there are not more cripples come out of the wars, than from the attendance of Patrons. You see in one a settled melancholy, in another a bridled rage; a third has lost his memory, and a fourth his whole constitution and humour. In a word, when you see a particular cast of mind or body, which looks a

little upon the distracted, you may be sure t
gentleman has formerly had great friends. I
reason I have thought it a prudent thing
a nephew of mine out of a lady's service,
he was a page, and have bound him to a shoe

But what, of all the humours under the sur
most pleasant to consider is, that you see son
lay, as it were, a set of acquaintance by th
converse with when they are out of emplo
who had no effect of their power when they v
Here Patrons and Clients both make the mc
tastical figure imaginable. Friendship indeed
manifested in adversity; but I do not know
behave myself to a man, who thinks me hi
at no other time but that. Dick Reptile of o
had this in his head the other night, when h
"I am afraid of ill news, when I am visited
of my old friends." These Patrons are a lit
some fine gentlemen, who spend all their h
gaiety with their wenches, but when they fa
will let no one come near them but their wiv
seems, truth and honour are companions to
for prosperity. It is certainly the most black
titude, to accept of a man's best endeavour
pleasing to you, and return it with indifferenc

I am so much of this mind, that Dick Ea
the comedian, for coming one night to ou
though he laughed at us all the time he was
shall have our company at his play on Thurs
man of talents is to be favoured, or never ad
Let the ordinary world truck for money and
but men of spirit and conversation should ir
kind do others as much pleasure as they receiv
them. But men are so taken up with outward
that they do not consider their actions; els
should it be, that a man should deny that to t
treaties, and almost tears of an old friend,

he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember, when I first came out of Staffordshire, I had an intimacy with a man of quality, in whose gift there fell a very good employment. All the town cried, "There's a thing for Mr. Bickerstaff!" when, to my great astonishment, I found my Patron had been forced upon twenty artifices to surprise a man with it who never thought of it: but sure, it is a degree of murder to amuse men with vain hopes. If a man takes away another's life, where is the difference, whether he does it by taking away the minutes of his time, or the drops of his blood? But indeed, such as have hearts barren of kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ; and pass their lives away with an empty show of civility for love, and an insipid intercourse of a commerce in which their affections are no way concerned. But on the other side, how beautiful is the life of a Patron who performs his duty to his inferiors! A worthy merchant who employs a crowd of artificers! a great lord, who is generous and merciful to the several necessities of his tenants! a courtier, who uses his credit and power for the welfare of his friends! These have in their several stations a quick relish of the exquisite pleasure of doing good. In a word, good Patrons are like the *Guardian Angels* of Plato, who are ever busy, though unseen, in the care of their wards; but ill Patrons are like the *Deities* of Epicurus, supine, indolent, and unconcerned, though they see mortals in storms and tempests, even while they are offering incense to their power.

N° 197. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1710.

Semper ego auditor tantum? JUV. Sat. i.

Still shall I only hear?——— Dryden

Grecian Coffee-house, July 12.

WHEN I came hither this evening, the man of t house delivered me a book, very finely bound. Wh I received it, I overheard one of the boys w another, and say, "it was a fine thing to be a gr scholar! what a pretty book that is!" It has ind a very gay outside, and is dedicated to me by a v ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name it. The title of it, for the work is in Latin, "Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dm. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina II. &c." "Epist of the obscure Writers to Ortuinus*, &c." T purpose of the work is signified in the dedication, very elegant language, and fine raillery. It seer this is a collection of letters which some profou blockheads, who lived before our times, have w ten in honour of each other, and for their mut information in each other's absurdities. They mostly of the German nation, whence, from tim time, inundations of writers have flowed, more p nicious to the learned world, than the swarms Goths and Vandals to the politic. It is, i

* The elegant edition of the celebrated book here ment ed, is in 12mo, and dedicated "Isaaco Bickerstaff, *Armig* Magnæ Britanniæ Censori."

onderful, that fellows could be awake, and utter ich incoherent conceptions, and converse with great 'avity, like learned men, without the least taste of iowledge or good sense. It would have been an idless labour to have taken any other method of ex-ising such impertinences, than by an edition of eir own works: where you see their follies, ac-rding to the ambition of such *virtuosi*, in a most ect edition.

Looking over these accomplished labours, I could reflect upon the immense load of writings nen the commonalty of scholars have pushed into e world, and the absurdity of parents, who educate owds to spend their time in pursuit of such cold id spiritless endeavours to appear in public. It ems therefore a fruitless labour, to attempt the cor-ction of the taste of our contemporaries; except it as in our power to burn all the senseless labours our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in ature, from generation to generation, in the block-eads of one age to admire those of another; and i of the same imperfections are as great admirers each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies proceeds om a misfortune which happens in all ages, that en of barren geniuses, but fertile imaginations, are ed scholars. This may at first appear a paradox; it when we consider the talking creatures we meet public places, it will no longer be such. Ralph allow is a young fellow, that has not by nature any e least propensity to strike into what has not been served and said, every day of his life, by others; it with that inability of speaking any thing that is common, he has a great readiness at what he can eak of, and his imagination runs into all the dif-rent views of the subject he treats of in a moment.

If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-c
of the town, he would have been a disputant upc
all topics that ever were considered by men of l
own genius. As for my part, I never am teazed l
any empty-town fellow, but I bless my stars that
was not bred a scholar. This addition, we mı
consider, would have made him capable of mai
taining his follies. His being in the wrong wot
have been protected by suitable arguments;
when he was hedged in by logical terms, an
appearances, you must have owned yourself c
before you could then have got rid of him,
shame of his triumph had been added to pı
of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of m
of strong sense, which makes them much more
sufferable than mere fools, and has the further incc
venience of being attended by an endless loquaci
For which reason, it would be a very proper wo
if some well-wisher to human society would consi
the terms upon which people meet in public plac
in order to prevent the unseasonable declamatic
which we meet with there. I remember, in ı
youth, it was an humour at the university, whe
fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordina
and had formed to himself a plot to gain all our
miration, or triumph over us with an argument,
either of which he had no manner of call; I say,
either of these cases, it was the humour to shut c
eye. This whimsical way of taking notice to h
of his absurdity, has prevented many a man fr
being a coxcomb. If amongst us, on such an oc
sion, each man offered a voluntary rhetorician so
snuff, it would probably produce the same effe
As the matter now stands, whether a man will
not, he is obliged to be informed in whatever

ther pleases to entertain him with; though the preceptor makes these advances out of vanity, and not to instruct, but insult him.

There is no man will allow him who wants courage to be called a soldier; but men, who want good sense, are very frequently not only allowed to be scholars, but esteemed for being such. At the same time it must be granted, that as courage is the natural parts of a soldier, so is a good understanding of a scholar. Such little minds as these, whose productions are collected in the volume to which I have the honour to be Patron, are the instruments for artful men to work with; and become popular with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts, they make transparent flatterers; in camps, ostentatious bullies; in colleges, unintelligible pedants; and their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment is admitted into the conversation of reasonable men, he shall remember such improper circumstances, and draw such groundless conclusions from their discourse, and that with such colour of sense, as would divide the best set of company that can be got together. It is just thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books; he shall quote and recite one author against another, in such a manner as shall puzzle the best understanding to refute him; though the most ordinary capacity may observe, that it is only ignorance that makes the intricacy. All the true use of what we call learning is to ennoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itself, by the refuge of learned languages. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which nature made him; and Polyglottes, had he

studied less than he has, and writ only in his mother-tongue, had been known only in Great-Britain for a pedant.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Dorinda, and will both answer her letter, and take her advice.

N° 198. SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1710.

Quale sit id quod amas celeri circumspice mente,
Et tua læsuro substrahe colla jugo.
OVID. Rem. Amor. i. 89.

On your choice deliberate, nor rashly yield
A willing neck to HYMEN's galling yoke.

From my own Apartment, July 14.

THE HISTORY OF CÆLIA.

IT is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence only as her life has lately met with passages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a strict, but cheerful education, to the care of an aunt; to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose decease was hastened by an inconsolable affliction for the loss of her mother. As Cælia is the offspring of the most generous passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace as the most celebrated of her sex possess; but her domestic life, mode

, and religious education, gave her but tunity, and less inclination, to be admi- ic assemblies. Her abode has been for at a convenient distance from the cathe- Paul's; where her aunt and she chose to the advantage of that rapturous way of which gives ecstasy to the pleasures of in- l, in some measure, is the immediate or those heavenly enjoyments for which ldressed.

may trace the usual thoughts of men in tenances, there appeared in the face of eerfulness, the constant companion of un- rtue, and a gladness, which is as inepa- true piety. Her every look and motion peaceful, mild, resigning, humble inha- at animated her beauteous body. Her air her body a mere machine of her mind, iat her thoughts were employed in study, and attractions for her person. Such was hen she was first seen by Palamede at her e of worship. Palamede is a young man d-twenty, well-fashioned, learned, genteel, et; the son and heir of a gentleman of a estate, and himself possessed of a plenti- the gift of an uncle. He became ena- ith Cælia; and after having learned her , had address enough to communicate his nd circumstances with such an air of good integrity, as soon obtained permission to profess his inclinations towards her. Pala- resent fortune and future expectations were ejudicial to his addresses; but after the lov- assed some time in the agreeable entertain- a successful courtship, Cælia one day took to interrupt Palamede, in the midst of a g discourse of the happiness he promised

himself in so accomplished a companion; and assuming a serious air, told him, there was another heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his father. Palamede seemed much disturbed at the overture; and lamented to her, that his father was one of those too provident parents, who only place their thoughts upon bringing riches into their families by marriages, and are wholly insensible of all other considerations. But the strictness of Cælia's rules of life made her insist upon this demand; and the son, at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumstances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day the father made her a visit. The beauty of her person, the fame of her virtue, and a certain irresistible charm in her whole behaviour, on so tender and delicate an occasion, wrought so much upon him, in spite of all prepossessions, that he hastened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his son. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy suitable to the character and modesty of Cælia; and from that day, until a fatal one *last week*, they lived together with all the joy and happiness which attend minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that Palamede is a student of the Temple, and usually retired thither early in the morning; Cælia still sleeping.

It happened, *a few days since*, that she followed him thither to communicate to him something she had omitted, in her redundant fondness, to speak of the evening before. When she came to his apartment, the servant there told her, she was coming with a letter to her. While Cælia in an inner room was reading an apology from her husband, "That he had been suddenly taken by some of his acquaintance to dine at Brentford, but that he should return in the evening," a country girl, decently clad, asked,

were not the chambers of Mr. Palamede? answered, they were; but that he was not The stranger asked, when he was expected The servant replied, she would go in and ife. The young woman repeated the word l fainted. This accident raised no less cu- amazement in Cælia, who caused her noved into the inner room. Upon proper ns to revive her, the unhappy young crea- rned to herself; and said to Cælia, with an nd beseeching tone, "Are you really Mr. 's wife?" Cælia replies, "I hope I do as if I were any other in the condition you The stranger answered, "No, Madam, husband." At the same instant, she threw of letters into Cælia's lap, which confirmed of what she asserted. Their mutual inno- d sorrow made them look at each other as in distress, rather than rivals in love. The y of Cælia's understanding and genius an authority to examine into this adven- if she had been offended against, and the e delinquent. The stranger spoke in the ; manner:

ADAM,

shall please you, Mr. Palamede, having an a good estate near Winchester, was bred at ol there, to gain the more his good-will by his sight. His uncle died, and left him e which my husband now has. When he re youth, he set his affections on me; but could not gain his ends, he married me; ne and my mother, who is a farmer's widow, e would never tell it upon any account what- for that it would not look well for him to ch a one as me; besides, that his father

would cut him off of the estate. I was glad to e him in an honest way; and he now and then came and stayed a night and away at our house. But very lately, he came down to see us with a fine young gentleman, his friend, who stayed behind there with us, pretending to like the place for the summer; but ever since master Palamede went, he has attempted to abuse me; and I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the wicked intentions of his false friend."

Cælia had no more room for doubt; but left her rival in the same agonies she felt herself. Palamede returns in the evening; and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to Cælia's lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine, than express, the sentiments of either the criminal, or the injured, at this encounter.

As soon as Palamede had found way for speech, he confessed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpose to vitiate his wife, that he might break through a marriage made in his nonage, and devote his riper and knowing years to Cælia. She made him no answer; but retired to her closet. He returned to the Temple, where he soon after received from her the following letter:

"SIR,

"You, who this morning were the best, are now the worst of men who breathe vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and disdain. Can infamy and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too strong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, heaven! how bitter is my portion! How much have I to say! but the infant which I bear about me stirs with my agitation. I am, Palamede, to live in shame, and this creature be heir to it. Farewell for ever!"

N° 199. TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1710.

WHEN we revolve in our thoughts such catastrophes as that in the history of the unhappy Cælia, there seems to be something so hazardous in the changing a single state of life into that of marriage, that, it may happen, all the precautions imaginable are not sufficient to defend a virgin from ruin by her choice. It seems a wonderful inconsistence in the distribution of public justice, that a man who robs a woman of an ear-ring or a jewel, should be punished with death; but one, who by false arts and insinuations should take from her, her very self, is only to suffer disgrace. This excellent young woman has nothing to consolate herself with, but the reflection that her sufferings are not the effect of any guilt or misconduct; and has for her protection the influence of a Power, which, amidst the unjust reproach of all mankind, can give not only patience, but pleasure, to innocence in distress.

As the person, who is the criminal against Cælia, cannot be sufficiently punished according to our present law; so are there numberless unhappy persons without remedy according to present custom. That great ill, which has prevailed among us in these latter ages, is the making even beauty and virtue the purchase of money. The generality of parents, and some of those of quality, instead of looking out for introducing health of constitution, frankness of spirit, or dignity of countenance into their families, lay out all their thoughts upon finding out matches for their estates, and not for their

children. You shall have one form such a plot for the good of his family, that there shall not be six men in England capable of pretending to his daughter. A second shall have a son obliged, out of mere discretion, for fear of doing any thing below himself, to follow all the drabs in town. These sage parents meet; and, as there is no pass, no courtship between the young ones, it is no unpleasant observation to behold how they proceed to treaty. There is ever in the behaviour of each something that denotes his circumstance; and honest Coupler, the conveyancer, says, "he can distinguish upon sight of the parties, before they have opened any point of their business, which of the two has the daughter to sell." Coupler is of our club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this subject, and assert, "that the marriage-settlements, which are now used, have grown fashionable even within his memory."

When the theatre, in some late reigns, owed its chief support to those scenes which were written to put matrimony out of countenance, and render that state terrible, then was it that pin-money first prevailed; and all the other articles were inserted which create a diffidence, and intimate to the young people, that they are very soon to be in a state of war with each other; though this had seldom happened except the fear of it had been expressed. Coupler will tell you also, "that jointures were never frequent until the age before his own; but the women were contented with the third part of the estate the law allotted them, and scorned to engage with men whom they thought capable of abusing their children." He has also informed me, "that those who were the oldest benchers when he came to the Temple, told him, that the first marriage-settlement of considerable length was the invention

of an old serjeant; who took the opportunity of two testy fathers, who were ever squabbling, to bring about an alliance between their children. These fellows knew each other to be knaves; and the serjeant took hold of their mutual diffidence, for the benefit of the law, to extend the settlement to *three skins* of parchment.

To this great benefactor to the profession is owing the present price current of lines and words. Thus is tenderness thrown out of the question, and the great care is, what the young couple shall do when they come to hate each other. I do not question but from this one humour of settlements might very fairly be deduced, not only our present defection in point of morals, but also our want of people. This has given way to such unreasonable gallantries, that a man is hardly reproachable that deceives an innocent woman, though she has ever so much merit, if she is below him in fortune. The man has no dishonour following his treachery; and her own sex are so debased by force of custom, as to say in the case of the woman, "How could she expect he would marry her?"

By this means the good offices, the pleasures and graces of life, are not put into the balance. The bridegroom has given his estate out of himself; and he has no more left but to follow the blind decree of his fate, whether he shall be succeeded by a lot, or a man of merit, in his fortune. On the other side, a fine woman, who has also a fortune, is set up by way of auction; her first lover has ten to one against him. The very hour after he has opened his heart and his rent-roll, he is made no other use of but to raise her price. She and her friends lose no opportunity of publishing it, to call in new bidders. While the poor lover very innocently waits, until the plenipotentiaries at the inns

of court have debated about the alliance, a
tisans of the lady throw difficulties in the
other offers come in; and the man who
is not put in possession, until she has be
by half the town. If an abhorrence to
cenary proceedings were well settled in th
my fair readers, those of merit would h
opened to their advancement; nay, t
abound in wealth only would in reality fin
count in it. It would not be in the powe
prude acquaintance, their waiters, the
cousins, and whisperers, to persuade tl
there are not above twenty men in a king
those such as perhaps they may never se
whom they can think of with discretion
case stands now, let any one consider,
great heiresses, and those to whom they
fered, for no other reason but that they c
them suitable settlements, live together.
be more insipid, if not loathsome, that
persons to be at the head of a crowd, wh
little regard for them as they for each o
behold one another in an affected sense c
rity, without the least relish of that exqu
ness at meeting, that sweet inquietude a
together with the charms of voice, look,
and that general benevolence between we
lovers, which makes all things please, a
not the least trifle indifferent.

But I am diverted from these sketches
Essays in behalf of my numerous clients o
sex, by notice sent to my office in Sl
"That a blooming widow, in the third y
widowhood, and twenty-sixth of her
to take a colonel of twenty-eight." In
request I would draw up their terms of co
gether, as having a regard to my opinio

ng and diffident settlements; and I have sent the following Indenture:

" We John —— and Mary ——, having estates r life, resolve to take each other. I John will enture my life to enrich thee Mary; and I Mary ill consult my health to nurse thee John. To hich we have interchangeably set our hands, arts, and seals, this 17th of July, 1710."

N° 200. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1710.

From my own Apartment, July 19.

AVING devoted the greater part of my time to the rvice of the fair sex; I must ask pardon of my en correspondents, if I postpone their commands, hen I have any from the ladies which lie unan-ered. That which follows is of importance.

" SIR,

" You cannot think it strange if I, who know le of the world, apply to you for advice in the ighty affair of matrimony; since you yourself ve often declared it to be of that consequence as require the utmost deliberation. Without fur-r preface, therefore, give me leave to tell you, it my father at his death left me a fortune suf-ient to make me a match for any gentleman. y mother, for she is still alive, is very pressing th me to marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify , I shall venture upon one of two gentlemen,

who at this time make their addresses to me. My request is, that you would direct me in my choice; which that you may the better do, I shall give you their characters; and, to avoid confusion, desire you to call them by the names of Philander and Silvius. Philander is young, and has a good estate; Silvius is as young, and has a better. The former has had a liberal education, has seen the town, is retired from thence to his estate in the country, is a man of few words, and much given to books. The latter was brought up under his father's eye, who gave him just learning enough to enable him to keep his accounts; but made him withal very expert in country business, such as ploughing, sowing, buying, selling, and the like. They are both very sober men, neither of their persons is disagreeable, nor did I know which to prefer until I had heard them discourse; when the conversation of Philander so much prevailed, as to give him the advantage with me, in all other respects. My mother pleads strongly for Silvius; and uses these arguments: That he not only has the larger estate at present, but by his good husbandry and management increases it daily: that his little knowledge in other affairs will make him easy and tractable; whereas, according to her, men of letters know too much to make good husbands. To part of this, I imagine, I answer effectually, by saying, Philander's estate is large enough; that they who think two thousand pounds a year sufficient, make no difference between that and three. I easily believe him less conversant in those affairs, the knowledge of which she so much commends in Silvius; but I think them neither so necessary, or becoming a gentleman, as the accomplishments of Philander. It is no great character of a man to say, He rides in his coach and six, and understands as much as he who follows

plough. Add to this, that the conversation of se sort of men seems so disagreeable to me, that no i they make good bailiffs, I can hardly be ers ed they can be good companions. It is posil i may seem to have odd notions, when I say am not fond of a man only for being of what is alled a thriving temper. To conclude, I own I im at a loss to conceive, how good sense should nake a man an ill husband, or conversing with ooks less complaisant.

CÆLIA."

The resolution which this lady is going to take, he may very well say, is founded on reason: for after the necessities of life are served, there is no manner of competition between a man of a liberal education and an illiterate. Men are not altered by their circumstances, but as they give them opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful clown is a tyrant in the most ugly fo he possibly appear. There lies a seeming obj i m the thoughtful manner of Philander:

i consider, which she shall oftener have to wish, that Philander would speak, or us hold his tongue.

a train of my discourse is prevented by the haste of another correspondent.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, *July* 14.

"This comes to you from one of those virgins of twenty-five years old and upwards, that you, like a patron of the distressed, promised to provide for; who makes it her humble request, that no *occasional stories* or subjects may, as they have for three or four of your last days, prevent your publishing the scheme you have communicated to Amanda; for every day and hour is of the greatest

consequence to damsels of so advanced an age. Be quick then, if you intend to do any service for your admirer,

DIANA FORECAST."

In this important affair, I have not neglected the proposals of others. Among them is the following sketch of a lottery for persons. The author of it has proposed very ample encouragement, not only to myself, but also to Charles Lillie and John Morphew. If the matter bears, I shall not be unjust to his merit: I only desire to enlarge his plan; for which purpose I lay it before the town, as well for the improvement as the encouragement of it.

The amicable contribution for raising the fortune of ten young Ladies.

"*Imprimis*, It is proposed to raise one hundred thousand crowns by way of lots, which will advance for each lady two thousand five hundred pounds; which sum together with one of the ladies, the gentleman that shall be so happy as to draw a prize, provided they both like, will be entitled to, under such restrictions hereafter mentioned. And in case they do not like, then either party that refuses shall be entitled to one thousand pounds only, and the remainder to him or her that shall be willing to marry, the man being first to declare his mind. But it is provided, that if both parties shall consent to have one another, the gentleman shall, before he receives the money thus raised, settle one thousand pounds of the same in substantial hands (who shall be as trustees for the said ladies), and shall have the whole and sole disposal of it for her use only.

" *Note;* each party shall have three months time to consider, after an interview had, which shall be within ten days after the lots are drawn.

" *Note* also, the name and place of abode of the prize shall be placed on a proper ticket.

" *Item,* they shall be ladies that have had a liberal education, between fifteen and twenty-three; all genteel, witty, and of unblameable characters.

" The money to be raised shall be kept in an iron box; and when there shall be two thousand subscriptions, which amounts to five hundred pounds, it shall be taken out and put into a *goldsmith*'s hand, and the note made payable to the proper lady, or her assigns, with a clause therein to hinder her from receiving it, until the fortunate person that draws her shall first sign the note, and so on until the whole sum is subscribed for: and as soon as one hundred thousand subscriptions are completed, and two hundred crowns more to pay the charges, the lottery shall be drawn at a proper place, to be appointed a fortnight before the drawing.

" *Note,* Mr. Bickerstaff objects to the marriage-years here mentioned: and is of opinion, they not commence until after twenty-three. ne appeals to the learned, both of Warwick- and Bishopsgate street*, on this subject."

* The College of Physicians met at Warwick-lane, and the yal Society at Gresham-college, in Bishopsgate-street.

N° 201. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 17

White's Chocolate-house, July 21.

It has been often asserted in these Papers, t great source of our wrong pursuits is the imp manner with which we treat women both common and important circumstances of l vain do we say, the whole sex would run in land, while the privileges, which are allowe do no way balance the inconveniences arisi those very immunities. Our women ha much *indulged to them* in the participation fortunes and our liberty; but the errors th mit in the use of either are by no means so tially considered as the false steps which a by men. In the commerce of lovers, t makes the address, assails, and betrays; stands in the same degree of acceptance, in before he committed that treachery. man, for no other crime but believing on she thought loved her, is treated with shyn indifference at the best, and commonly proach and scorn. He that is past the p beauty may talk of this matter with the s concern, as of any other subject: therefor take upon me to consider the sex, as they liv rules, and as they transgress them. The class of the good or the ill have very little i upon the actions of others; but the emi either kind, are those who lead the worl The ill are employed in communicating sca

l disease, like Furies; the good distribute
ce, friendship, and health, like Angels.
damped with pain and anguish at the
l that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The
ıre touched with commiseration towards
, the disagreeable, and the wretched.
those who betray the innocent of their
and solicit the lewd of ours. There are
have abandoned the very memory, not
ıocence, but shame. There are those
forgave, nor could ever bear being for-
here are those also who visit the beds of
ull the cares of the sorrowful, and double
the joyful. Such is the *destroying fiend*,
uardian angel, Woman.

y to have a greater number of the amiable
omankind, and lessen the crowd of the
is to contribute what we can to the suc-
ell-grounded passions; and therefore I
th the request of an enamoured man, in
he following billet:

DAM,

Bickerstaff you always read, though me
ever hear. I am obliged therefore to his
ı for the opportunity of imploring yours—
he most accomplished of her sex. That
distinction of her, to whom I write, that
I think so is no distinction of me, who
ur good qualities are peculiar to you; my
is common with thousands. I shall be
en you read this; but fear every woman
for her character, sooner than she who
"

xt letter, which presents itself, should
the mistress of this modest lover, and I

make them break through the oppression of their passions, I shall expect gloves at their nuptials.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"You that are a philosopher, know very well the make of the mind of women, and can best instruct me in the conduct of an affair which highly concerns me. I never can admit my lover to speak to me of love; yet think him impertinent when he offers to talk of any thing else. What shall I do with a man that always believes me? It is a strange thing, this distance in men of sense! why do not they always urge their fate? If we are sincere in our severity, you lose nothing by attempting. If we are hypocrites, you certainly succeed."

From my own Apartment, July 21.

Before I withdraw from business for the night, it is my custom to receive all addresses to me, that others may go to rest as well as myself, at least as far as I can contribute to it. When I called to know if any would speak with me, I was informed that Mr. Mills, the player, desired to be admitted. He was so; and with much modesty acquainted me, as he did other people of note, "that Hamlet was to be acted on Wednesday next for his benefit." I had long wanted to speak with this person; because I thought I could admonish him of many things, which would tend to his improvement. In the general I observed to him, that though action was his business, the way to that action was not to study gesture, for the behaviour would follow the sentiments of the mind.

Action to the player is what speech is to an orator. If the matter be well conceived, words will flow with ease; and if the actor is well pos-

sessed of the nature of his part, a proper action will necessarily follow. He informed me, that Wilks was to act Hamlet: I desired him to request of him, in my name, that he would wholly forget Mr. Betterton; for that he failed in no part of Othello, but where he had him in view. An actor's forming himself by the carriage of another is like the trick among the widows, who lament their husbands as their neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own sentiments of the deceased.

There is a fault also in the audience, which interrupts their satisfaction very much; that is, the figuring to themselves the actor in some part wherein they formerly particularly liked him, and not attending to the part he is at that time performing. Thus, whatever Wilks, who is the strictest follower of nature, is acting, the vulgar spectators turn their thoughts upon Sir Harry Wildair.

When I had indulged the loquacity of an old man for some time, in such loose hints, I took my leave of Mr. Mills: and was told, Mr. Elliot of Saint James's coffee-house would speak with me. His business was to desire I would, as I am an astrologer, let him know beforehand, who were to have the benefit tickets in the ensuing lottery; which knowledge he was of opinion he could turn to great account, as he was concerned in news.

I granted his request, upon an oath of secrecy, that he would only make his own use of it, and not let it be publicly known until after they were drawn. I had not done speaking, when he produced to me a plan which he had formed of keeping books, with the names of all such adventurers, and the numbers of their tickets, as should come to him; in order to give an hourly account of what

tickets shall come up during the whole time of the lottery, the drawing of which is to begin on Wednesday next. I liked his method of disguising the secret I had told him; and pronounced him a thriving man, who could so well watch the motion of things, and profit by a prevailing humour and impatience so aptly, as to make his honest industry agreeable to his customers, as it is to be the messenger of their good fortune.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, July 20.

"Ordered, that for the improvement of the pleasures of society, a member of this house, one of the most wakeful of the soporific assembly beyond Smithfield-bars, and one of the order of story-tellers in Holborn, may meet and exchange stale matter, and report the same to their principals.

"N. B. No man is to tell above one story in the same evening; but has liberty to tell the same the night following."

Mr. Bickerstaff desires his love-correspondents to vary the names they shall assume in their future letters: for that he is overstocked with Philanders.

N° 202. TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1710.

——*Est hic,*
Est ubivis animus si te non deficit æquus.
HOR. 1 Ep. xi. ver. ult.

True happiness is to no spot confin'd;
If you preserve a firm and equal mind,
'Tis here, 'tis there, and every where.

From my own Apartment, July 24.

'HIS afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile-end; and passing through Stepney church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on the tombs and graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable memorial:

'Here lies the body of T. B.'

This fantastical desire, of being remembered only by the two first letters of a name, led me into the contemplation of the vanity and imperfect attainments of ambition in general. When I run back in my imagination all the men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole life, there are but very few who have not used their faculties in the pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire; or left the possession of what they might have been, at their setting out, masters, to search for it where it was out of their reach. In this thought it was not possible to forget the instance of Pyrrhus, who, proposing to himself in discourse with a philosopher,

one, and another, and another conquest, asked, what he would do after all that? "Th says the king, "we will make merry." He well answered, "What hinders your doing t the condition you are already?" The restless a of exerting themselves above the common lev mankind is not to be resisted in some tempers; minds of this make may be observed in every dition of life. Where such men do not mak themselves, or meet with employment, the sc their constitution runs into tares and weeds. old friend of mine, who lost a major's post f years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied n encampments, retreats, and countermarches; no other design but to feed his spleen and humour, and furnish himself with matter for arg against all the successful actions of others. that, at his first setting out in the world, was gayest man in our regiment; ventured his life alacrity, and enjoyed it with satisfaction; en raged men below him, and was courted by above him, has been ever since the most fro creature breathing. His warm complexion sp itself now only in a general spirit of contradict for which he watches all occasions, and is in conversation still *upon centry*, treats all men enemies, with every other impertinence of a culative warrior.

He, that observes in himself this natural inc tude, should take all imaginable care to put mind in some method of gratification; or he soon find himself grow into the condition of disappointed major. Instead of courting prope casions to rise above others, he will be ever stu of pulling others down to him: it being the c mon refuge of disappointed ambition, to ease t selves by detraction. It would be no great a

ment against ambition, that there are such *mortal* things in the disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible exception, that there can be no solid happiness in the success of it. If we value popular praise, it is in the power of the meanest of the people to disturb us by calumny. If the fame of being happy, we cannot look into a village, but we see crowds in actual possession of what we seek only the appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what malignity in the minds of ordinary men, to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he visibly courts it. However, this is not only the passion of great and undertaking spirits; but you see it in the lives of such as, one would believe, were far enough removed from the ways of ambition. The rural esquires of this nation even eat and drink out of vanity. A vain-glorious fox-hunter shall entertain half a county, for the ostentation of his beef and beer, without the least affection for any of the crowd about him. He feeds them, because he thinks it a superiority over them that he does so; and they devour him, because they know he treats them out of insolence. This indeed is ambition in grotesque; but may figure to us the condition of polite men, whose only pursuit is glory. When the superior acts out of a principle of vanity, the dependent will be sure to allow it him; because he knows it destructive of the very applause which is courted by the man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

But as every man living has more or less of this incentive, which makes men impatient of an inactive condition, and urges men to attempt what may tend to their reputation; it is absolutely ne-

cessary they should form to themselves an ambit
which is in every man's power to gratify.
ambition would be independent, and would co
only in acting what, to a man's own mind, app
most great and laudable. It is a pursuit in
power of every man, and is only a regular pr
cution of what he himself approves. It is what
be interrupted by no outward accidents; for no
can be robbed of his good intention. One of
society of the *Trumpet** therefore started last
notion, which I thought had reason in it. "
methinks," said he, " an unreasonable thing,
heroic virtue should, as it seems to be at pre
be confined to a certain order of men, and b
tainable by none but those whom fortune has
vated to the most conspicuous stations. I w
have every thing to be esteemed as heroic, whi
great and uncommon in the circumstances of
man who performs it." Thus there would b
virtue in human life, which every one of
species would not have a pretence to arrive at,
an ardency to exert. Since fortune is not in
power, let us be as little as possible in hers.
should it be necessary that a man should be ric
be generous? If we measured by the quality
not the quantity of things, the particulars whic
company an action is what should denomina
mean or great. The highest station of human l
to be attained by each man that pretends to it
every man can be as valiant, as generous, as
and as merciful, as the faculties and opportu
which he has from Heaven and fortune will
He that can say to himself, " I do as much
and am as virtuous as my most earnest endea

* The public-house in Shoer-lane.

'ill allow me," whatever is his station in the 'orld, is to himself possessed of the highest ho- our. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no ther than a continual succession of anxiety and xation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates ie mind; and the consciousness of its own worth reward, which is not in the power of envy, re- ch, or detraction, to take from it. Thus the of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and o one can want support who is in possession of an onest conscience, but he who would suffer the re- roaches of it for other greatness.

P. S. I was going on in my philosophy, when otice was brought me, that there was a great rowd in my antichamber, who expected audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at ny lodgings, each coming upon the same errand, o know whether they were of the fortunate in the ottery, which is now ready to be drawn. I was h at a loss how to extricate myself from their portunity; but observing the assembly made up both sexes, I signified to them, that in this case t would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the lots would fall upon the wisest and the fairest. This gave so general a satisfaction, that the room was oon emptied, and the company retired with the est air, and the most pleasing grace, I had any where observed. Mr. Elliot of St. James's coffee- ouse now stood alone before me, and signified to ne, he had now not only prepared his books, but ad received a very great subscription already. His lesign was, to advertise his subscribers at their re- ive places of abode, within an hour after their umber is drawn, whether it was a blank or be- efit, if the adventurer lives within the bills of mor- ality; if he dwells in the country, by the next

post*. I encouraged the man in his industry, a told him the ready path to good fortune was to b lieve there was no such thing.

N° 203. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1710.

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.
HOR. 1 Ep. viii. ver. ult.

As Celsus bears this change of fortune,
So will his friends bear him.—— R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, July 26.

IT is natural for the imaginations of men, who le their lives in too solitary a manner, to prey upc themselves, and form from their own conception beings and things which have no place in natur This often makes an adept as much at a loss, whe he comes into the world, as a mere savage. I avoid therefore that ineptitude for society, which frequently the fault of us scholars, and has, to me of understanding and breeding, something muc more shocking and untractable than rusticity itsel I take care to visit all public solemnities, and g into assemblies as often as my studies will permi This being therefore the first day of the drawing the lottery, I did not neglect spending a considerabl time in the crowd: but as much a philosopher as

* Hence the origin of registering tickets; and probabl of insuring, since carried to so pernicious an excess.

pretend to be, I could not but look with a sort of veneration upon the two boys who received the tickets from the wheels, as the impartial and equal dispensers of fortunes which were to be distributed among the crowd, who all stood expecting the same chance. It seems at first thought very wonderful, that one passion should so universally have the pre-eminence of another in the possession of men's minds, as that in this case all in general have a secret hope of the great ticket: and yet fear in another instance, as in going into a battle, shall have so little influence, as that, though each man believes there will be many thousands slain, each is confident he himself shall escape. This certainly proceeds from our vanity; for every man sees abundance in himself that deserves reward, and nothing which should meet with mortification. But of all the adventurers that filled the hall, there was one who stood by me, who I could not but fancy expected the thousand pounds *per annum*, as a mere justice to his parts and industry. He had his pencil and table-book; and was, at the drawing of each lot, counting how much a man with seven tickets was now nearer the great prize, by the striking out another, and another competitor. This man was of the most particular constitution I had ever observed; his passions were so active, that he worked on the utmost stretch of hope and fear. When one rival fell before him, you might see a short gleam of triumph in his countenance; which immediately vanished at the approach of another. What added to the particularity of this man was, that he every moment cast a look either upon the commissioners, the wheels, or the boys. I gently whispered him, and asked, "when he thought the thousand pounds would come up?" "Pugh," says he, "who knows that?" And then looks upon a little list of his own

tickets, which were pretty high in their numbers and said it would not come this ten days. Thi fellow will have a good chance, though not t which he has put his heart on. The man is mecha nically turned, and made for getting. The sim plicity and eagerness which he is in, argues an at tention to his point; though what he is labouring a does not in the least contribute to it. Were it no for such honest fellows as these, the men who go vern the rest of their species would have no tools t work with: for the outward show of the world carried on by such as cannot find out that they ar doing nothing. I left my man with great re luctance, seeing the care he took to observe th whole conduct of the persons concerned, and com pute the inequality of the chances with his ow hands and eyes. "Dear Sir," said I, "they mu rise early that cheat you." "Ay," said he, "ther is nothing like a man's minding his business him self." "It is very true," said I: "the master eye makes the horse fat."

As much the greater number are to go witho prizes, it is but very expedient to turn our lectur to the forming just sentiments on the subject of fo tune. One said this morning, "that the chief lo he was confident, would fall upon some puppy; but this gentleman is one of those wrong temper who approve only the unhappy, and have a natur prejudice to the fortunate. But, as it is certai that there is a great meanness in being attached to man purely for his fortune; there is no less a mean ness in disliking him for his happiness. It is th same perverseness under different colours; and bot these resentments arise from mere pride.

True greatness of mind consists in valuing me apart from their circumstances, or according t their behaviour in them. Wealth is a distinctio

r in traffic; but it must not be allowed as a re-
mmendation in any other particular, but only just
it is applied. It was very prettily said, "That
e may learn the little value of fortune by the per-
ns on whom Heaven is pleased to bestow it."
owever, there is not a harder part in human life,
becoming wealth and greatness. He must be
ry well stocked with merit, who is not willing to
aw some superiority over his friends from his for-
ne; for it is not every man that can entertain with
e air of a guest, and do good offices with the
ien of one that receives them.

I must confess, I cannot conceive how a man can
ce himself in a figure wherein he can so much
joy his own soul. and, that greatest of pleasures,
e just approbation of his own actions, than as an
lventurer on this occasion, to sit and see the lots go
f without hope or fear; perfectly unconcerned as
himself, but taking part in the good fortune of
hers.

I will believe there are happy tempers in being,
whom all the good that arrives to any of their
llow-creatures gives a pleasure. These live in a
ourse of lasting and substantial happiness, and
ve the satisfaction to see all men endeavour to gra-
ty them. This state of mind not only lets a man
nto certain enjoyments, but relieves him from as
ertain anxieties. If you will not rejoice with
appy men, you must repine at them. Dick
eptile alluded to this when he said, "he would
ate no man, out of pure idleness." As for my own
art, I look at Fortune quite in another view than
ne rest of the world; and, by my knowledge in
nturity, tremble at the approaching prize, which
see coming to a young lady for whom I have
nuch tenderness; and have therefore writ to her

the following letter, to be sent by Mr. Elliot, w the notice of her ticket.

"MADAM,

"You receive, at the instant this comes to y hands, an account of your having, what you o wanted, fortune; and to admonish you, t may not now want every thing else. You had y terday wit, virtue, beauty; but you never heard them until to-day. They say Fortune is bli but you will find she has opened the eyes of all y beholders. I beseech you, Madam, make use the advantages of having been educated with flattery. If you can still be Chloe, Fortune has deed been kind to you; if you are altered, she it not in her power to give you an equivalent."

Grecian Coffee-house, July 26.

Some time ago a *virtuoso*, my very good frie sent me a plan of a covered summer-house; wh a little after was rallied by another of my c respondents. I cannot therefore defer giving h an opportunity of making his defence to the learn in his own words.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

"SIR, *July* 15, 1710.

"I have been this summer upon a ramble, visit several friends and relations; which is the r son I have left you, and our ingenious unkno friend of South Wales, so long in your error c cerning the grass-plots in my green-house. I w not give you the particulars of my gardener's co duct in the managemeent of my covered garde but content myself with letting you know, that t little fields within doors, though by their nove they appear too extravagant to you to subsist ev

in a regular imagination, are in the effect things that require no conjuration. Your correspondent may depend upon it, that under a sashed roof, which lets in the sun at all times, and the air as often as is convenient, he may have grass-plots in the greatest perfection, if he will be at the pains to water, mow, and roll them. Grass and herbs in general, the less they are exposed to the sun and winds, the livelier is their verdure. They require only warmth and moisture; and if you were to see my plots, your eye would soon confess, that the *bowling-green at Marybone* wears not half so bright a livery.

"The motto, with which the gentleman has been pleased to furnish you, is so very proper, and pleases me so well, that I design to have it set upon the front of my green-house in letters of gold.

I am, Sir, &c."

N° 204. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1710.

Gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ———— HOR. 2 Sat. v 32.

————He with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, July 28.

MANY are the inconveniences which happen from the improper manner of address in common speech, between persons of the same or of different quality. Among these errors, there is none greater than that

ow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, id civility of friendship: for this reason, because e s for no man living, he is religiously strict erforming, what he calls, his respects to you. o this end he is very learned in pedigree; and ill abate something in the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the earing of his coat of arms. What is the most pleant of all his character is, that he acts with a sort integrity in these impertinences; and though he ould not do any solid kindness, he is wonderfully st and careful not to wrong his quality. But as tegrity is very scarce in the world, I cannot forar having respect for the impertinent: it is some rtue to be bound by any thing. Tom and I are on very good terms, for the respect he has for the use of Bickerstaff. Though one cannot but laugh his serious consideration of things so little essenl, one must have a value even for a frivolous good nscience.

N° 205. TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1710.

Νηπιοι, οδ' ισασιν οσω πλεον ημισυ παντος
Και οσον εν μαλαχη τε και ασφοδελω μεγ' ονειαρ.
HESIOD. Oper. & Dier. ver. 2

Fools! not to know how far an humble lot
Exceeds abundance by injustice got;
How Health and Temperance bless the rustic swain,
While Luxury destroys her pamper'd train.
R. WYNN

From my own Apartment, July 31.

NATURE has implanted in us two very stro sires; hunger, for the preservation of the als; and lust, for the support of the species; or, speak more intelligibly, the former to continue o own persons, and the latter to introduce others in the world. According as men behave themsel with regard to these appetites, they are above or b low the beasts of the field, which are incited t them without choice or reflection. But reasonab creatures correct these incentives, and improve the into elegant motives of friendship and society. It chiefly from this homely foundation, that we are u der the necessity of seeking for the agreeable comp nion, and the honourable mistress. By this cultiv tion of art and reason, our wants are made pleasur and the gratification of our desires, under proper r strictions, a work no way below our noblest facu ties. The wisest man may maintain his characte and yet consider in what manner he shall best ent

N° 215.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must be also considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itself, but for the purposes of it. If there be any truth in this, the expence of many hours this way is somewhat unaccountable: and placing much thought either in too great sumptuousness and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noise and riot at it, are both, though not equally, unaccountable. I have often considered these different people with very great attention, and always speak of them with the distinction of the Eaters and the Swallowers. The Eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite. The Swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without pleasing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former, degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of Dozers. *The* Dozers are a sect, who, instead of keeping their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them; nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great a distance ever to come into their presence. Within my own acquaintance, I know those that I dare say have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less utter strangers to thirst and weariness; who are beholden to sauces for their food, and to their food for their weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the excellent and choice spirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure, than they do at present. So many men of wit and spirit as there are in sacred orders, have it in their power to make the fashion of their side. The leaders in hu-

man society are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can easily be imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts at this time, capable of doing this against all the opposition of the most witty, as well as the most voluptuous. There may possibly be more acceptable subjects; but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that though men's fortunes, circumstances, and pleasures, give them prepossessions too strong to regard any mention either of punishments or rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain such topics are to be touched upon, in the light we mean, only by men of the most consummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: for these discourses are to be made, if made, to run into example, before such as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety, than the reason of the discourse. What indeed leads me into this way of thinking is, that the last thing I read was a sermon of the learned Dr. South, upon "The Ways of Pleasantness." This admirable discourse was made at court, where the preacher was too wise a man not to believe, the greatest argument in that place against the pleasures then in vogue, must be, that they lost greater pleasures by prosecuting the course they were in. The charming discourse has in it whatever wit and wisdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his hallowed profession. Happy genius! he is the better man for being a wit. The best way to praise this author is to quote him; I, I think, I may defy any man to say a greater thing of him, or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole discourse I speak of below these which follow.

After having recommended the satisfactic mind, and the pleasure of conscience, he pr

"An ennobling property of it is, that it pleasure as never satiates or wearies; for it affects the spirit; and a spirit feels no wear being privileged from the causes of it. Bu epicure say so of any of the pleasures that he dotes upon? Do they not expire while the and, after a few minutes refreshment, dete loathing and unquietness? How short is the between a pleasure and a burden! How u ible the transition from one to the other! dwells no longer upon the appetite than the ties of nature, which are quickly and easily for; and then all that follows is a load an pression. Every morsel to a satisfied Hung a new labour to a tired digestion. Every d him that has quenched his thirst, is but quenching of nature, and a provision for rh diseases, a drowning of the quickness and a the spirits.

"He that prolongs his meals, and sacr time, as well as his other conveniences, to hi how quickly does he outset his pleasure! A how is all the following time bestowed up mony and surfeit! until at length, after a tigue of eating, and drinking, and babbling cludes the great work of dining genteelly makes a shift to rise from table, that he down upon his bed; where, after he has sl self into some use of himself, by much ado gers to his table again, and there acts over brutish scene: so that he passes his whole *dozed* condition, between sleeping and wak a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon h which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to

All that is of it, dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compass of his palate. A worthy prize for a man to purchase with the loss of his time, his reason, and himself!"

N° 206. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1710.

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.
HOR. 1 Ep. vii. ver. ult.

——All should be confin'd
Within the bounds, which Nature hath assign'd.
FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

THE general purposes of men in the conduct of their lives, I mean with relation to this life only, end in gaining either the affection or the esteem of those with whom they converse. Esteem makes a man powerful in business, and affection desirable in conversation; which is certainly the reason that very agreeable men fail of their point in the world, and those who are by no means such arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a man's carriage that he has a strong passion to please, no one is much at a loss how to keep measures with him; because there is always a balance in people's hands to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a person

asks with diffidence, and ever leaves room for denial by that softness of his complexion. At the same time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other sort of man who courts esteem, having a quite different view, has as different a behaviour; and acts as much by the dictates of his reason, as the other does by the impulse of his inclination. You must pay for every thing you have of him. He considers mankind as a people in commerce, and never gives out of himself what he is sure will not come in with interest from another. All his words and actions tend to the advancement of his reputation and his fortune, towards which he makes hourly progress, because he lavishes no part of his good-will upon such as do not make some advances to merit it. The man who values affection, sometimes becomes popular; he who aims at esteem, seldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at these different men, as persons who endeavoured to be valued and beloved from design or ambition; but they appear quite in another figure, when you observe the men who are agreeable and venerable from the force of their natural inclinations. We affect the company of him who has least regard of himself in his carriage, who throws himself into unguarded gaiety, voluntary mirth, and general good humour; who has nothing in his head but the present hour, and seems to have all his interest and passions gratified, if every man else in the room is as unconcerned as himself. This man usually has no quality or character among his companions; let him be born of whom he will, have what great qualities he please; let him be capable of assuming for a moment what figure he pleases, he still dwells in the imagination of all who know him but as Jack such a one. This makes Jack brighten up the room wherever he enters, and change the

severity of the company into that gaiety and good humour, into which his conversation generally leads them. It is not unpleasant to observe even this sort of creature go out of his character, to check himself sometimes for his familiarities, and pretend so awkwardly at procuring to himself more esteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other day walking with Jack Gainly towards Lincoln's-inn-walks: we met a fellow who is a lower officer where Jack is in the direction. Jack cries to him, "So, how is it, Mr.——?" He answers, "Mr. Gainly, I am glad to see you well." This expression of equality gave my friend a pang, which appeared in the flush of his countenance. "Pr'ythee, Jack," says I, "do not be angry at the man; for do what you will, the man can only love you; be contented with the image the man has of thee; for if thou aimest at any other, it must be hatred or contempt." I went on, and told him, "Look you, Jack, I have heard thee sometimes talk like an oracle for half an hour, with the sentiments of a Roman, the closeness of a schoolman, and the integrity of a divine; but then, Jack, while I admired thee, it was upon topics which did not concern thyself; and where the greatness of the subject, added to thy being personally unconcerned in it, created all that was great in thy discourse." I did not mind his being a little out of humour; but comforted him, by giving him several instances of men of our acquaintance, who had no one quality in any eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: "but the thing is," if your character is to give pleasure, men will consider you only in that light, and not in those acts which turn to esteem and veneration."

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot but reflect also upon his sister Gatty. She is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character,

but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine woman, she is all the next day womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous. She is every moment asked in her prudential behaviour, whether she is not well? Upon which she as often answers in a fret, "Do people think one must be always romping, always a Jackpudding?" I never fail to inquire of her, if my lady such-a-one, that awful beauty, was not at the play last night? She knows the connexion between that question and her change of humour, and says, "It would be very well if some people would examine into themselves, as much as they do into others." Or, "Sure, there is nothing in the world so ridiculous as an amorous old man."

As I was saying, there is a class which every man is in by his post in nature, from which it is impossible for him to withdraw to another, and become it. Therefore it is necessary that each should be contented with it, and not endeavour at any progress out of that track. To follow nature is the only agreeable course, which is what I would fain inculcate to those jarring companions, Flavia and Lucia. They are mother and daughter. Flavia, who is the mamma, has all the charms and desires of youth still about her, and is not much turned of thirty. Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but a little above fifteen. The mother looks very much younger than she is, the girl very much older. If it were possible to fix the girl to her sick bed, and preserve the portion, the use of which the mother partakes, the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. But for fear of Lucia's escape, the mother is forced to be constantly attended with a rival, that explains her age, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. The jest is, they can never be together in strangers' company, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for something very particular in her behaviour; for which she has the malice

› say, " she hopes she shall always obey her parents." ıe carried her passion and jealousy to that height the her day, that coming suddenly into the room, and ırprising colonel Lofty speaking rapture on one ıee to her mother, she clapped down by him, and ed her blessing.

I do not know whether it is so proper to tell family currences of this nature: but we every day see ıe same thing happen in public conversation in the orld. Men cannot be contented with what is laud- ıle, but they must have al that is laudable. This fectation is what decoys the familiar man into pre- nces to take state upon him, and the contrary cha- cter to the folly of aiming at being winning and mplaisant. But in these cases men may easily y aside what they are, but can never arrive at what ey are not.

As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the ir sex are happy in this particular, that with them e one is much more nearly related to the other than men. The love of a woman is inseparable from me esteem of her; and as she is naturally the ob- ct of affection, the woman who has your esteem also some degree of your love. A man that dotes ı a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, that creature has a great deal of wit when you are ell acquainted with her." And if you examine the ottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find ou have a greater opinion of her beauty than any ody else. As to us men, I design to pass most of y time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but 'illiam Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our mily, shall be my executor.

N° 207. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 4.

HAVING yesterday morning received a paper of Latin verses, written with much elegance in honour of these my Papers, and being informed at the same time that they were composed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleasure to old age, than seeing young people entertain themselves in such a manner as that we can partake of their enjoyments. On such occasions we flatter ourselves, that we are not quite laid aside in the world; but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature virtue, must needs take delight in being ag a to his elders, as we are truly delighted when not the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing, that there should be a necessity for making that a r of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly, if not prevented agains their will, arrive at, should be more forcibly the object of that reverence, which honest spirits are in

clined to, from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom, in June last *was twelvemonth*, I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations; the first to the university, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary cheerfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to make one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me, to look into her thoughts of the company she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar, my citizen, and myself, were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed at this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon the other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this he had a load of flattery; and upon her inquiring, what sort of woman lady Lovely was in her person, "Really, Madam," says the Jackan-

apes, "she is exactly of your height and but as you are fair, she is a brown woman." was no enduring that this fop should outshi at this unmerciful rate; therefore I thoug talk to my young scholar concerning his stud because I would throw his learning into pre vice, I desired him to repeat to me the tr he had made of some tender verses in Th He did so, with an air of elegance peculi college to which I sent him. I made som tions to the turn of the phrases; which he with much modesty, as believing in that matter was rather to consult the softness of passion, than the strength of his expressions. appeared, that Will had out-stripped his b the opinion of our young lady. A little p one who is bred a scholar, has the same effe good carriage of his person has on one who in courts. The favour of women is so natu sion, that I envied both the boys their succe approbation of my guest; and I thought the son invulnerable was my young trader. D whole meal, I could observe in the childre tual contempt and scorn of each other, aris their different way of life and education, s that occasion to advertise them of such gro tastes; which might mislead them in the life, and disappoint their friends, as well selves, of the advantages, which might be from the diversity of their professions and

The prejudices, which are growing up these brothers from the different ways of e are what create the most fatal misunderstan life. But all distinctions of disparagement from our circumstances, are such as will the examination of reason. The courtier, t and the scholar, should all have an equal p

to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand, with uprightness, has much more right to that character, than the courtier that gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them. For this reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my nephews such impressions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others, than as they are conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities for which we ought to pretend to the esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them: for "free men have no superiors but benefactors." I was going on like a true old fellow to this purpose to my guests, when I received the following epistle:

"SIR,

"I have yours, with notice of a benefit ticket of four hundred pounds *per annum*, both inclosed by Mr. Elliot, who had my numbers for that purpose. Your philosophic advice came very seasonably to me with that good fortune: but I must be so sincere with you as to acknowledge, I owe my present moderation more to my own folly than your wisdom. You will think this strange until I inform you, that I had fixed my thoughts upon the thousand pounds a year, and had, with that expectation, laid down so many agreeable plans for my behaviour towards my new lovers and old friends, that I have received this favour of fortune with an air of disappointment. This is interpreted, by all who know not the springs of my heart, as a wonderful piece of humility. I hope my present state of mind will grow into that; but I confess my conduct to be now owing to ano-

ther cause. However, I know you will approve my taking hold even of imperfections to find my way towards virtue, which is so feeble in us at the best, that we are often beholden to our faults, for the first appearances of it. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

CHLOE."

N° 208. TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1710.

Si dixeris æstuo, sudat.——

JUV. Sat. iii. 103.

——If you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, August 7.

AN old acquaintance, who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years: "but," continued he, "not quite the man you were, when we visited together at lady Brightly's. Oh! those days are over. Do you think there are such fine creatures now living, as we then conversed with?" He went on with a thousand circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but I must confess mention of a set of acquaintance we

ed ten thousand things to my memory, which ne me reflect upon my present condition with re- . Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long ace, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age; and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something, that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers: for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man *for a constancy* is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections; whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook, or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world, who has not such *a led friend* of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day,

or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by *this means* they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a one of a quite contrary party said, "That though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address." When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is, never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows, advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer, *assentator*, implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you; but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the

matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of; yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than in that of the brightest man I know. It would be an hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him. It is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money be good. All that we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident, that absurd creatures often out-run the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage; and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood; and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark, "This fellow has an art of making fools madmen." The love of flattery is, indeed, sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons, who otherwise discover no manner of relish of any

thing above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves; but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity, until he is flattered. By the force of that, his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's saying, "The times are so ticklish, that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation;" answered with an air of surliness and honesty, "If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face." He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, "You abuse a man but to his face?" "Yes," says he, "I flatter him."

It is indeed the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, who, when Sir Jeffery falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffery hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself amongst us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows, prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so is a flatterer a knave of parts.

The best of this order, that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveler the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he

heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon lady Autumn's disputing with [redacted] about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, "Pray, Madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms."

N° 209. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 9.

A NOBLE painter, who has an ambition to draw a history piece, has desired me to give him a subject, on which he may shew the utmost force of his art and genius. For this purpose, I have pitched upon that remarkable incident between Alexander the Great and his physician. This prince, in the midst of his conquests in Persia, was seized by a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his vast mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery, as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed, a slow method was worse than death to him; because it was, what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the king it is well known that Darius had offered an immense sum to any one who should take away his life. But Philippus, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians,

promised that within three days time he would prepare a medicine for him, which would restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence that Darius had bribed Philippus to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and, while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From his long soliloquy, he came to this resolution: "Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy. I will not believe my physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his guilt, than my own diffidence."

At the appointed hour, Philippus enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self on this occasion the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain to place this action in its proper beauty. A prince observing the features of a suspected traitor, after having drunk the poison he offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance, from the most excellent poets and orators. The confidence, which Alexander assumes from the air of Philippus's face as he is reading his accusation, and the generous disdain which is to rise

the features of a falsely-accused man, are princi-
ly to be regarded. In this particular he must
ghten his thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not
wing only an innocent man traduced, but a man
lously affected to his person and safety, full of
entment for being thought false. How shall we
trive to express the highest admiration, mingled
h disdain? How shall we in strokes of a pencil
, what Philippus did to his prince on this occa-
n? "Sir, my life never depended on yours more
n it does now. Without knowing this secret, I
pared the potion, which you have taken as what
cerned Philippus no less than Alexander; and
re is nothing new in this adventure, but that it
kes me still more admire the generosity and con-
nce of my master." Alexander took him by the
d, and said, "Philippus, I am confident you had
ier I had any other way to have manifested the
n I have in you, than a case which so nearly con-
ns me: and in gratitude I now assure you, I am
ious for the effect of your medicine, more for
r sake than my own."

My painter is employed by a man of sense and
lth to furnish him a gallery; and I shall join with
friend in the designing part. It is the great use
pictures, to raise in our minds either agreeable
s of our absent friends, or high images of emi-
t personages. But the latter design is, methinks,
ied on in a very improper way; for to fill a
n full of battle-pieces, pompous histories of
es, and a tall hero alone in a crowd of insignifi-
figures about him, is of no consequence to pri-
men. But to place before our eyes great and
trious men in those parts and circumstances of
wherein their behaviour may have an effect
n our minds, as being such as we partake with

them merely as they were men: such as these, I say, may be just and useful ornaments of an elegant apartment. In this collection therefore that we are making, we will not have the battles, but the sentiments of Alexander. The affair we were just now speaking of has circumstances of the highest nature; and yet their grandeur has little to do with his fortune. If, by observing such a piece, as that of his taking a bowl of poison with so much magnanimity, a man, the next time he has a fit of the spleen, is less froward to his friend or his servants; thus far is some improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many draughts which were historical of certain passions, and had the true figure of the great men we see transported by them, it would be of the most solid advantage imaginable. To consider this mighty man on one occasion, administering to the wants of a poor soldier benumbed with cold, with the greatest humanity; at another, barbarously stabbing a faithful officer: at one time, so generously chaste and virtuous as to give his captive Statira her liberty; at another, burning a town at the instigation of Thais. These changes in the same person are what would be more beneficial lessons of morality than the several revolutions in a great man's fortune. There are but one or two in an age, to whom the pompous incidents of his life can be exemplary but I, or any man, may be as sick, as good-natured as compassionate, and as angry, as Alexander the Great. My purpose in all this chat, is, that so excellent a furniture may not for the future have so romantic a turn, but allude to incidents which come within the fortunes of the ordinary race of men. I do not know but it is by the force of this senseless custom, that people are drawn in postures the

ıld not for half they are worth be surprized
The unparalleled fierceness of some rural es-
·es drawn in red, or in armour, who never dream-
:o destroy any thing above a fox, is a common
ordinary offence of this kind. But I shall
ɜ an account of our whole gallery on another
asion.

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